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The Diary of  
**Samuel Pepys**

1660-1703

Edited by the Rev. James H. B. P. A.  
London

*For the First Time Fully Completed*  
From the original manuscript in the possession of  
Lady Magdalen Fitzroy, Countess of Eglar,  
Mortimer House, W. C. 1. The text and contents  
of the volume are thus guaranteed.

Edited with an introduction and notes by  
Henry G. Murray, F. R. S.

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London





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# The Diary of Samuel Pepys

M. A., F. R. S.

Clerk of the Acts and Secretary to the  
Admiralty

*For the First Time Fully Transcribed*

From the shorthand manuscript in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge, by the Rev. Mynors Bright, M. A., Late Fellow and President of the College, with Lord Braybrooke's notes

*Edited, with extensive additions, by*  
**Henry B. Wheatley, F. S. A.**

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THE  
DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

April 1st, 1661.

THIS day my waiting at the Privy Seal comes in again. Up early among my workmen. So to the office, and went home to dinner with Sir W. Batten, and after that to the Goat tavern by Charing Cross to meet Dr. Castle, where he and I drank a pint of wine and talked about Privy Seal business. Then to the Privy Seal Office and there found Mr. Moore, but no business yet. Then to Whitefryars, and there saw part of "Rule a wife and have a wife,"<sup>1</sup> which I never saw before, but do not like it. So to my father, and there finding a discontent between my father and mother about the maid (which my father likes and my mother dislikes), I staid till 10 at night, persuading my mother to understand herself, and that in some high words, which I was sorry for, but she is grown, poor woman, very froward. So leaving them in the same discontent I went away home, it being a brave moonshine, and to bed.

2d. Among my workmen early and then along with my wife and Pall to my Father's by coach there to have them lie a while till my house be done. I found my mother alone weeping upon my last night's quarrel and so left her, and took my wife to Charing Cross and there left her to see her mother who is not well. So I into St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pelemele,<sup>2</sup> the first time

<sup>1</sup> A comedy by John Fletcher, licensed October, 1624.

<sup>2</sup> The game was originally played in the road now styled Pall Mall, near St. James's Square, but at the Restoration when sports came in

that ever I saw the sport. Then to my Lord's, where I dined with my Lady, and after we had dined in comes my Lord and Ned Pickering hungry, and there was not a bit of meat left in the house, the servants having eat up all, at which my Lord was very angry, and at last got something dressed. Then to the Privy Seal, and signed some things, and so to White-fryars and saw "The Little Thiefe,"<sup>1</sup> which is a very merry and pretty play, and the little boy do very well. Then to my Father's, where I found my mother and my wife in a very good mood, and so left them and went home. Then to the Dolphin to Sir W. Batten, and Pen, and other company; among others Mr. Delabar; where strange how these men, who at other times are all wise men, do now, in their drink, betwitt and reproach one another with their former conditions, and their actions as in public concernments, till I was ashamed to see it. But parted all friends at 12 at night after drinking a great deal of wine. So home and alone to bed.

3rd. Up among my workmen, my head akeing all day from last night's debauch. To the office all the morning, and at noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Pen, who would needs have me drink two drafts of sack to-day to cure me of last night's disease, which I thought strange but I think find it true.<sup>2</sup> Then home with my workmen all the afternoon, at night into the garden to play on my flageolette, it being moonshine, where I staid a good while, and so home and to bed. This day I hear that the Dutch have sent the King a great present of money, which we think will stop the match with Portugal; and judge this to be the reason that our so great haste in sending the two ships to the East Indys is also stayed.

4th. To my workmen, then to my Lord's, and there dined with Mr. Shepley. After dinner I went in to my Lord and

fashion again the street was so much built over, that it became necessary to find another ground. The Mall in St. James's Park was then laid out for the purpose.

<sup>1</sup> The Night Walker, or the Little Thief," a comedy by John Fletcher, acted at court in 1633.

<sup>2</sup> The proverb, "A hair of the dog that bit you," which probably had originally a literal meaning, has long been used to inculcate the advice of the two Sir Williams.



there we had a great deal of musique, and then came my cozen Tom Pepys and there did accept of the security which we gave him for his £1,000 that we borrow of him, and so the money to be paid next week. Then to the Privy Seal, and so with Mr. Moore to my father's, where some friends did sup there and we with them and late went home, leaving my wife still there. So to bed.

5th. Up among my workmen and so to the office, and then to Sir W. Pen's with the other Sir William and Sir John Lawson to dinner, and after that, with them to Mr. Lucy's, a merchant, where much good company, and there drank a great deal of wine, and in discourse fell to talk of the weight of people, which did occasion some wagers, and where, among others, I won half a piece to be spent. Then home, and at night to Sir W. Batten's, and there very merry with a good barrell of oysters, and this is the present life I lead. Home and to bed.

6th. Up among my workmen, then to Whitehall, and there at Privy Seal and elsewhere did business, and among other things met with Mr. Townsend, who told of his mistake the other day, to put both his legs through one of his knees of his breeches, and went so all day. Then with Mr. Creed and Moore to the Leg in the Palace to dinner which I gave them, and after dinner I saw the girl of the house, being very pretty, go into a chamber, and I went in after her and kissed her. Then by water, Creed and I, to Salisbury Court and there saw "Love's Quarrell"<sup>1</sup> acted the first time, but I do not like the design or words. So calling at my father's, where they and my wife well, and so home and to bed.

7th (Lord's day). All the morning at home making up my accounts (God forgive me!) to give up to my Lord this afternoon. Then about 11 o'clock out of doors towards Westminster and put in at Paul's, where I saw our minister, Mr. Mills, preaching before my Lord Mayor. So to White Hall, and there I met with Dr. Fuller of Twickenham, newly come from Ireland; and took him to my Lord's, where he and I dined; and he did give my Lord and me a good account of the condition of Ireland, and how it come to pass, through the joyning of the Fanatiques and the Presby-

<sup>1</sup> The play is not known otherwise than by this notice.

terians, that the latter and the former are in their declaration put together under the names of Fanatiques. After dinner, my Lord and I and Mr. Shepley did look over our accounts and settle matters of money between us; and my Lord did tell me much of his mind about getting money and other things of his family, &c. Then to my father's, where I found Mr. Hunt and his wife at supper with my father and mother and my wife, where after supper I left them and so home, and then I went to Sir W. Batten's and resolved of a journey to-morrow to Chatham, and so home and to bed.

8th. Up early, my Lady Batten knocking at her door that comes into one of my chambers. I did give directions to my people and workmen, and so about 8 o'clock we took barge at the Tower, Sir William Batten and his lady, Mrs. Turner, Mr. Fowler and I. A very pleasant passage and so to Gravesend, where we dined, and from thence a coach took them and me, and Mr. Fowler with some others came from Rochester to meet us, on horseback. At Rochester, where alight at Mr. Alcock's and there drank and had good sport, with his bringing out so many sorts of cheese. Then to the Hill-house at Chatham,<sup>1</sup> where I never was before, and I found a pretty pleasant house and am pleased with the arms that hang up there. Here we supped very merry, and late to bed; Sir William telling me that old Edgeborough,<sup>2</sup> his predecessor, did die and walk in my chamber, did make me somewhat afeard, but not so much as for mirth's sake I did seem. So to bed in the treasurer's chamber.

9th. And lay and slept well till 3 in the morning, and then waking, and by the light of the moon I saw my pillow (which overnight I flung from me) stand upright, but not bethinking myself what it might be, I was a little afeard, but sleep overcame all and so lay till high morning, at which time I

<sup>1</sup> A plan, with front and side elevations, of the Hill-house as it was in 1698, is in King's MS. 43. The ground on which it stood is now included in the Marine Barracks. In the "Memoirs of English Affairs, chiefly Naval, from the year 1660 to 1673, written by James, Duke of York," there is a letter from James to the principal officers of the Navy (dated May 10th, 1661), in which he recommends that the lease of the Hill-house should be bought by them if it can be obtained at a reasonable rate, as the said house "is very convenient for the service of his Majesty's Navy."

<sup>2</sup> Kenrick Edisbury, Surveyor of the Navy, 1632-38.

had a candle brought me and a good fire made, and in general it was a great pleasure all the time I staid here to see how I am respected and honoured by all people; and I find that I begin to know now how to receive so much reverence, which at the beginning I could not tell how to do. Sir William and I by coach to the dock and there viewed all the store-houses and the old goods that are this day to be sold, which was great pleasure to me, and so back again by coach home, where we had a good dinner, and among other strangers that come, there was Mr. Hempson and his wife, a pretty woman, and speaks Latin; Mr. Allen and two daughters of his, both very tall and the youngest very handsome,<sup>1</sup> so much as I could not forbear to love her exceedingly, having, among other things, the best hand that ever I saw. After dinner, we went to fit books and things (Tom Hater being this morning come to us) for the sale, by an inch of candle, and very good sport we and the ladies that stood by had, to see the people bid. Among other things sold there was all the State's arms,<sup>2</sup> which Sir W. Batten bought; intending to set up some of the images in his garden, and the rest to burn on the Coronacion night. The sale being done, the ladies and I and Captain Pett<sup>3</sup> and Mr. Castle took barge and down we went to see the Sovereign, which we did, taking great pleasure therein, singing all the way, and, among other pleasures, I put my Lady, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Hempson, and the two Mrs. Allens into the lanthorn and I went in and kissed them, demanding it as a fee due to a principall officer, with all which we were exceeding merry, and drunk some bottles of wine and neat's tongue, &c. Then back again home and so supped, and after much mirth to bed.

10th. In the morning to see the Dockhouses. First, Mr. Pett's, the builder, and there was very kindly received, and among other things he did offer my Lady Batten a parrot,

<sup>1</sup> Rebecca, who afterwards married Lieutenant Jewkes. See Diary, April 1st, 1667. Her father, formerly Clerk of the Rope Yard at Chatham, is sometimes referred to as Mr. and sometimes as Captain Allen. Under the latter title he may be confused with Captain (afterwards Sir Thomas) Allen.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, coats of arms.

<sup>3</sup> Captain Phineas Pett, when in command of the "Tiger" frigate, was killed in action with a Zealand privateer. This may be the same man.

the best I ever saw, that knew Mingo<sup>1</sup> so soon as it saw him, having been bred formerly in the house with them; but for talking and singing I never heard the like. My Lady did accept of it. Then to see Commissioner Pett's house, he and his family being absent, and here I wondered how my Lady Batten walked up and down with envious looks to see how neat and rich everything is (and indeed both the house and garden is most handsome), saying that she would get it, for it belonged formerly to the Surveyor of the Navy. Then on board the *Prince*,<sup>2</sup> now in the dock, and indeed it has one and no more rich cabins for carved work, but no gold in her. After that back home, and there eat a little dinner. Then to Rochester, and there saw the Cathedrall, which is now fitting for use, and the organ then a-tuning. Then away thence, observing the great doors of the church, which, they say, was covered with the skins of the Danes,<sup>3</sup> and also had much mirth at a tomb, on which was "Come sweet Jesu," and I read "Come sweet Mall," &c., at which Captain Pett and I had good laughter. So to the Salutation tavern, where Mr. Alcock and many of the town came and entertained us with wine and oysters and other things, and

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Batten's black servant.

<sup>2</sup> The "*Prince*" (originally the "*Resolution*") was a first-rate of eighty guns, built at Woolwich in 1641 by Capt. Phineas Pett, sen. It ran aground on the Galloper Sands, and was burnt by the Dutch, 1666. See *post*, June 7th, 1666.

<sup>3</sup> Traditions similar to that at Rochester, here alluded to, are to be found in other places in England. Sir Harry Englefield, in a communication made to the Society of Antiquaries, July 2nd, 1789, called attention to the curious popular tale preserved in the village of Hadstock, Essex, that the door of the church had been covered with the skin of a Danish pirate, who had plundered the church. At Worcester, likewise, it was asserted that the north doors of the cathedral had been covered with the skin of a person who had sacrilegiously robbed the high altar. The date of these doors appears to be the latter part of the fourteenth century, the north porch having been built about 1385. Dart, in his "*History of the Abbey Church of St. Peter's, Westminster*," 1723 (vol. i., book ii., p. 64), relates a like tradition then preserved in reference to a door, one of three which closed off a chamber from the south transept — namely, a certain building once known as the Chapel of Henry VIII., and used as a "Revestry." This chamber, he states, "is inclosed with three doors, the inner cancellated, the middle, which is very thick, lined with skins like parchment, and driven full of nails. These skins, they by tradition tell us, were some skins of the Danes,

hither come Sir John Minnes<sup>1</sup> to us, who is come to-day to see "the Henery," in which he intends to ride as Vice-Admiral in the narrow seas all this summer. Here much mirth, but I was a little troubled to stay too long, because of going to Hempson's, which afterwards we did, and found it in all things a most pretty house, and rarely furnished, only it had a most ill access on all sides to it, which is a greatest fault that I think can be in a house. Here we had, for my sake, two fiddles, the one a base viall, on which he that played, played well some lyra lessons, but both together made the worst musique that ever I heard. We had a fine collacion, but I took little pleasure in that, for the illness of the musique and for the intentness of my mind upon Mrs. Rebecca Allen. After we had done eating, the ladies went to dance, and among the men we had, I was forced to dance too; and did make an ugly shift. Mrs. R. Allen danced very well, and seems the best humoured woman that ever I saw. About 9 o'clock Sir William and my Lady went home, and we continued dancing an hour or two, and so broke up very pleasant and merry, and so walked home, I leading Mrs. Rebecca, who seemed, I know not why, in that and other things, to be desirous of my favours and would in all things show me respects. Going home, she would needs have me

tann'd and given here as a memorial of our delivery from them." Portions of this supposed human skin were examined under the microscope by the late Mr. John Quekett of the Hunterian Museum, who ascertained, beyond question, that in each of the cases the skin was human. — *From a communication by the late Mr. Albert Way, F.S.A., to the late Lord Braybrooke.*

<sup>1</sup> John Minnes (Mennes or Mennis), son of Andrew Minnes of Sandwich, born in that town March 1st, 1598, and educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, became afterwards a great traveller and noted seaman. He was knighted by Charles I. at Dover in 1641, and in 1642 he was captain of the "Rainbow." When the Earl of Warwick was nominated by the Parliament Lord High Admiral he refused to act under him. After the Restoration he was appointed Governor of Dover Castle, and his warrant from the Duke of York to act as Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief in the Narrow Seas was dated May 18th, 1661. He was Comptroller of the Navy from 1661 till his death in 1671. He is buried in the Church of St. Olave, Hart Street, where, in the south aisle, part of a monument to his memory is still to be seen. Wood describes him as an honest and stout man, generous and religious, well skilled in physic and chemistry. He was part-author of "Musarum Deliciæ."

sing, and I did pretty well and was highly esteemed by them. So to Captain Allen's (where we were last night, and heard him play on the harpsicon, and I find him to be a perfect good musician), and there, having no mind to leave Mrs. Rebecca, what with talk and singing (her father and I), Mrs. Turner and I staid there till 2 o'clock in the morning and was most exceeding merry, and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often. Among other things Captain Pett was saying that he thought that he had got his wife with child since I came thither. Which I took hold of and was merrily asking him what he would take to have it said for my honour that it was of my getting? He merrily answered that he would if I would promise to be godfather to it if it did come within the time just, and I said that I would. So that I must remember to compute it when the time comes.

11th. At 2 o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging and to bed, and lay till 7, and then called up by Sir W. Batten, so I arose and we did some business, and then came Capt'n. Allen, and he and I withdrew and sang a song or two, and among others took pleasure in "Goe and bee hanged, that's good-bye." The young ladies come too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca, and about 9 o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we sett forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me. Thus we went away through Rochester, calling and taking leave of Mr. Alcock at the door, Capt'n. Cuttance going with us. We baited at Dartford, and thence to London, but of all the journeys that ever I made this was the merriest, and I was in a strange mood for mirth. Among other things, I got my Lady to let her maid, Mrs. Anne, to ride all the way on horseback, and she rides exceeding well; and so I called her my clerk, that she went to wait upon me. I met two little schoolboys going with pitchers of ale to their schoolmaster to break up against Easter, and I did drink of some of one of them and give him two pence. By and by we come to two little girls keeping cows, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her ask my blessing, and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Wooding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled



down and very simply called, "Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me," which made us very merry, and I gave her twopence. In several places, I asked women whether they would sell me their children, but they denied me all, but said they would give me one to keep for them, if I would. Mrs. Anne and I rode under the man that hangs upon Shooter's Hill,<sup>1</sup> and a filthy sight it was to see how his flesh is shrunk to his bones. So home and I found all well, and a deal of work done since I went. I sent to see how my wife do, who is well, and my brother John come from Cambridge. To Sir W. Batten's and there supped, and very merry with the young ladies. So to bed very sleepy for last nights' work, concluding that it is the pleasantest journey in all respects that ever I had in my life.

12th. Up among my workmen, and about 7 o'clock comes my wife to see me and my brother John with her, who I am glad to see, but I sent them away because of going to the office, and there dined with Sir W. Batten, all fish dinner, it being Good Friday. Then home and looking over my workmen, and then into the City and saw in what forwardness all things are for the Coronacion, which will be very magnificent. Then back again home and to my chamber, to set down in my diary all my late journey, which I do with great pleasure; and while I am now writing comes one with a tickett, to invite me to Captain Robert Blake's buriall, for whose death I am very sorry, and do much wonder at it, he being a little while since a very likely man to live as any I knew. Since my going out of town, there is one Alexander Rosse taken and sent to the Counter by Sir Thomas Allen, for counterfeiting my hand to a ticket, and we this day at the office have given order to Mr. Smith to prosecute him. To bed.

13th. To Whitehall by water from Towre-wharf, where we could not pass the ordinary way, because they were mending of the great stone steps against the Coronacion. With Sir W. Pen, then to my Lord's, and thence with Capt. Cuttance and Capt. Clark to drink our morning draught

<sup>1</sup> Shooter's Hill, Kent, between the eighth and ninth milestones on the Dover road. It was long a notorious haunt of highwaymen. The custom was to leave the bodies of criminals hanging until the bones fell to the ground.

together, and before we could get back again my Lord was gone out. So to Whitehall again and met with my Lord above with the Duke; and after a little talk with him, I went to the Banquet-house, and there saw the King heal, the first time that ever I saw him do it; which he did with great gravity, and it seemed to me to be an ugly office and a simple one. That done to my Lord's and dined there, and so by water with parson Turner<sup>1</sup> towards London, and upon my telling of him of Mr. Moore to be a fit man to do his business with Bishop Wren,<sup>2</sup> about which he was going, he went back out of my boat into another to Whitehall, and so I forwards home and there by and by took coach with Sir W. Pen and Captain Terne and went to the buriall of Captain Robert Blake, at Wapping, and there had each of us a ring, but it being dirty, we would not go to church with them, but with our coach we returned home, and there staid a little, and then he and I alone to the Dolphin (Sir W. Batten being this day gone with his wife to Walthamstow to keep Easter), and there had a supper by ourselves, we both being very hungry, and staying there late drinking I became very sleepy, and so we went home and I to bed.

14th (Easter. Lord's day). In the morning towards my father's, and by the way heard Mr. Jacomb,<sup>3</sup> at Ludgate, upon these words, "Christ loved you and therefore let us love one another," and made a lazy sermon, like a Presbyterian. Then to my father's and dined there, and Dr. Fairbrother (lately come to town) with us. After dinner I went to the Temple and there heard Dr. Griffith,<sup>4</sup> a good

<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Turner, rector of Eynesbury.

<sup>2</sup> Matthew Wren, Bishop of Hereford, 1634-35; Bishop of Norwich, 1635-38; Bishop of Ely, 1638-67. He died April 24th, 1667, aged eighty-one.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Jacomb, of Burton Lazars, Leicestershire, entered at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1640; but removing to Cambridge on the breaking out of the Rebellion, he obtained a Fellowship at Trinity College, in the place of a royalist ejected, and had the degree of M.A. conferred on him. He afterwards became rector of St. Martin's-infra-Ludgate, in London; and was put out for nonconformity in 1662, being then D.D. He subsequently followed the trade of conventicling, which brought him into trouble, and he died March 27th, 1687, in the house of the Countess of Exeter, to whom he was domestic chaplain. Abridged from Kennett's "Register." — B.

<sup>4</sup> Matthew Griffith, D.D., rector of St. Mary Magdalene, Old Fish

sermon for the day; so with Mr. Moore (whom I met there) to my Lord's, and there he shewed me a copy of my Lord Chancellor's patent for Earl, and I read the preamble, which is very short, modest, and good. Here my Lord saw us and spoke to me about getting Mr. Moore to come and govern his house while he goes to sea, which I promised him to do and did afterwards speak to Mr. Moore, and he is willing. Then hearing that Mr. Barnwell<sup>1</sup> was come, with some of my Lord's little children, yesterday to town, to see the Coronacion, I went and found them at the Goat, at Charing Cross, and there I went and drank with them a good while, whom I found in very good health and very merry. Then to my father's, and after supper seemed willing to go home, and my wife seeming to be so too I went away in a discontent, but she, poor wretch, followed me as far in the rain and dark as Fleet Bridge to fetch me back again, and so I did, and lay with her to-night, which I have not done these eight or ten days before.

15th. From my father's, it being a very foul morning for the King and Lords to go to Windsor, I went to the office and there met Mr. Coventry and Sir Robt. Slingsby, but did no business, but only appoint to go to Deptford together to-morrow. Mr. Coventry being gone, and I having at home laid up £200 which I had brought this morning home from Alderman Blackwell's, I went home by coach with Sir R. Slingsby and dined with him, and had a very good dinner. His lady<sup>2</sup> seems a good woman and very desirous they were to hear this noon by the post how the election has gone at Newcastle,<sup>3</sup> wherein he is concerned, but the letters are not come yet. To my uncle Wight's, and after a little stay with them he and I to Mr. Rawlinson's, and there staid all the afternoon, it being very foul, and had a little talk with him what good I might make of these ships that go to Port-

Street, and preacher at the Temple. He was an Episcopalian, and author of several printed sermons. He died in 1665. — B.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Barnwell, who died in June, 1662.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Radclyffe, of Dilston, Northumberland, and widow of Sir William Fenwick, Bart., of Meldon. Sir R. Slingsby's first wife was Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Robert Brooke, of Newcells. — B.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Francis Anderson and Sir John Morley were elected for Newcastle-on-Tyne, April 10th, 1661.

ugal by venturing some money by them, and he will give me an answer to it shortly. So home and sent for the Barber, and after that to bed.

16th. So soon as word was brought me that Mr. Coventry was come with the barge to the Towre, I went to him, and found him reading of the Psalms in short hand (which he is now busy about), and had good sport about the long marks that are made there for sentences in divinity, which he is never like to make use of. Here he and I sat till the Comptroller came and then we put off for Deptford, where we went on board the King's pleasure boat that Commissioner Pett is making, and indeed it will be a most pretty thing. From thence to Commr. Pett's lodging, and there had a good breakfast, and in came the two Sir Wms. from Walthamstow, and so we sat down and did a great deal of public business about the fitting of the fleet that is now going out. That done we went to the Globe and there had a good dinner, and by and by took barge again and so home. By the way they would have me sing, which I did to Mr. Coventry, who went up to Sir William Batten's, and there we staid and talked a good while, and then broke up and I home, and then to my father's and there lay with my wife.

17th. By land and saw the arches,<sup>1</sup> which are now almost done and are very fine, and I saw the picture of the ships and other things this morning, set up before the East Indy House,<sup>2</sup> which are well done. So to the office, and that being done I went to dinner with Sir W. Batten, and then home to my workmen, and saw them go on with great content to me. Then comes Mr. Allen of Chatham, and I took him to the Mitre and there did drink with him, and did get of him the song that pleased me so well there the

<sup>1</sup> Four triumphal arches were raised in the City in honour of the Coronation. The first was at the Lime Street end of Leadenhall Street, where Rebellion and Monarchy were personated. The second near the Royal Exchange, where one representing the River Thames made an address. The third, representing the Temple of Concord, was placed on the site of Cheapside Cross. The fourth arch, representing Plenty, stood in Fleet Street, near Whitefriars.

<sup>2</sup> The old East India House in Leadenhall Street, which existed from 1648 to 1726, had figures of ships and dolphins on the upper part of the front.

other day, "Of Shitten come Shites the beginning of love." His daughters are to come to town to-morrow, but I know not whether I shall see them or no. That done I went to the Dolphin by appointment and there I met Sir Wms. both and Mr. Castle, and did eat a barrel of oysters and two lobsters, which I did give them, and were very merry. Here we had great talk of Mr. Warren's being knighted by the King, and Sir W. B. seemed to be very much incensed against him. So home.

18th. Up with my workmen and then about 9 o'clock took horse with both the Sir Williams for Walthamstow, and there we found my Lady and her daughters all; and a pleasant day it was, and all things else, but that my Lady was in a bad mood, which we were troubled at, and had she been noble she would not have been so with her servants, when we came thither, and this Sir W. Pen took notice of, as well as I. After dinner we all went to the Church stile,<sup>1</sup> and there eat and drank, and I was as merry as I could counterfeit myself to be. Then, it raining hard, we left Sir W. Batten, and we two returned and called at Mr. —, and drank some brave wine there, and then homewards again and in our way met with two country fellows upon one horse, which I did, without much ado, give the way to, but Sir W. Pen would not, but struck them and they him, and so passed away, but they giving him some high words, he went back again and struck them off their horse, in a simple fury, and without much honour, in my mind, and so came away. Home, and I sat with him a good while talking, and then home and to bed.

19th. Among my workmen and then to the office, and after that dined with Sir W. Batten, and then home, where Sir W. Warren came, and I took him and Mr. Shepley and Moore with me to the Mitre, and there I cleared with Warren for the deals I bought lately for my Lord of him, and he went away, and we staid afterwards a good while

<sup>1</sup> "Church stile" is in long hand, and not in cipher. In an old book of accounts belonging to Warrington Parish, the following minute occurs: "Nov. 5, 1688. Payd for drink at the *Church-Steele*, 13s.;" and in 1732, "it is ordered that hereafter no money be spent on y<sup>e</sup> 5th of November, or any other *state* day, on the parish account, either at the *Church-Stile*, or at any other place." — *Gent. Mag.*, November, 1852, p. 442. — B.

and talked, and so parted, it being so foul that I could not go to Whitehall to see the Knights of the Bath<sup>1</sup> made to-day, which do trouble me mightily. So home, and having staid awhile till Will came in (with whom I was vexed for staying abroad), he comes and then I went by water to my father's, and then after supper to bed with my wife.

20th. Here comes my boy to tell me that the Duke of York had sent for all the principall officers, &c., to come to him to-day. So I went by water to Mr. Coventry's, and there staid and talked a good while with him till all the rest come. We went up and saw the Duke dress himself, and in his night habitt he is a very plain man. Then he sent us to his closett, where we saw among other things two very fine chests, covered with gold and Indian varnish, given him by the East Indy Company of Holland. The Duke comes; and after he had told us that the fleet was designed for Algier (which was kept from us till now), we did advise about many things as to the fitting of the fleet, and so went away. And from thence to the Privy Seal, where little to do, and after that took Mr. Creed and Moore and gave them their morning draught, and after that to my Lord's, where Sir W. Pen came to me, and dined with my Lord. After dinner he and others that dined there went away, and then my Lord looked upon his pages' and footmen's liverys, which are come home to-day, and will be handsome, though not gaudy. Then with my Lady and my Lady Wright to White Hall; and in the Banqueting-house saw the King create my Lord Chancellor and several others, Earls,<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Crew and several others, Barons:<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A large number of Knights of the Bath were made at the Coronation. A list is given in Haydn's "Book of Dignities," by Ockerby, 1890, p. 763.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Hyde (Lord Hyde), Viscount Cornbury, and Earl of Clarendon; Arthur (Lord Capel), Viscount Malden, and Earl of Essex; Thomas (Lord Brudenell), Earl of Cardigan; Charles Howard, Lord Dacre, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle; Sir Arthur Annesley (Viscount Valentia), Lord Annesley, and Earl of Anglesea; Sir John Granville, Viscount Granville of Lansdowne, and Earl of Bath.

<sup>3</sup> John Crew, Baron Crew of Stene; Denzil Holles, Baron Holles of Ifield; Sir Frederic Cornwallis, Bart., Baron Cornwallis of Eye; Sir Horace Townshend, Bart., Baron Townshend of King's Lynn (merged



the first being led up by Heralds and five old Earls to the King, and there the patent is read, and the King puts on his vest, and sword, and coronet, and gives him the patent. And then he kisseth the King's hand, and rises and stands covered before the king. And the same for the Barons, only he is led up but by three of the old Barons, and are girt with swords before they go to the King. That being done (which was very pleasant to see their habits), I carried my Lady back, and I found my Lord angry, for that his page had let my Lord's new beaver be changed for an old hat; then I went away, and with Mr. Creed to the Exchange and bought some things, as gloves and bandstrings, &c. So back to the Cockpitt,<sup>1</sup> and there, by the favour of one Mr. Bowman, he and I got in, and there saw the King and Duke of York and his Duchess (which is a plain woman, and like her mother, my Lady Chancellor). And so saw "The Humbersome Lieutenant"<sup>2</sup> acted before the King, but not very well done. But my pleasure was great to see the manner of it, and so many great beauties, but above all Mrs. Palmer, with whom the King do discover a great deal of familiarity. So Mr. Creed and I (the play being done) went to Mrs. Harper's, and there sat and drank, it being about twelve at night. The ways being now so dirty, and stopped up with the rayles which are this day set up in the streets, I would not go home, but went with him to his lodging at Mr. Ware's, and there lay all night.

21st (Lord's day). In the morning we were troubled to hear it rain as it did, because of the great show to-morrow. After I was ready I walked to my father's and there found the late maid to be gone and another come by my mother's choice, which my father do not like, and so great difference there will be between my father and mother about it. Here dined Doctor Thos. Pepys and Dr. Fayrebrother; and all our talk about to-morrow's show, and our trouble that it is like to be a wet day. After dinner comes in my coz.

in the Marquisate); Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, Bart., Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles (merged in the Earldom of Shaftesbury); Sir George Booth, Bart., Baron Delamere of Dunham Massey.

<sup>1</sup> The Cockpit at Whitehall, the residence of the Duke of Albermarle.

<sup>2</sup> "The Humorous Lieutenant," a tragi-comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher. Published in the folio of 1647.

Snow and his wife, and I think stay there till the show be over. Then I went home, and all the way is so thronged with people to see the triumphal arches, that I could hardly pass for them. So home, people being at church, and I got home unseen, and so up to my chamber and saw done these last five or six days' diarys. My mind a little troubled about my workmen, which, being foreigners,<sup>1</sup> are like to be troubled by a couple of lazy rogues that worked with me the other day, that are citizens, and so my work will be hindered, but I must prevent it if I can.

22d. KING'S GOING FROM Y TOWER TO  
WHITE HALL.<sup>2</sup>

Up early and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters and his son and wife, and Sir W. Pen and his son and I, went to Mr. Young's, the flag-maker, in Corne-hill;<sup>3</sup> and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horses-clothes, among others, my Lord Sandwich's. Embroidery and diamonds were ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarquable were the two men that represent the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine.<sup>4</sup> The Bishops come next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare

<sup>1</sup> Foreigners were workmen dwelling outside the city.

<sup>2</sup> The king in the early morning of the 22nd went from Whitehall to the Tower by water, so that he might proceed from thence through the City to Westminster Abbey, there to be crowned.

<sup>3</sup> The members of the Navy Office appear to have chosen Mr. Young's house on account of its nearness to the second triumphal arch, situated near the Royal Exchange, which was dedicated to the Navy.

<sup>4</sup> John Carie and Sir Francis Lawley, two gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, represented the Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine.

after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow,<sup>1</sup> the vintner, at the Devil,<sup>2</sup> in Fleet-street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a company of men all like Turks;<sup>3</sup> but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows, one of which over against us I took much notice of, and spoke of her, which made good sport among us. So glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome with it. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as he saw us at the window. The show being ended, Mr. Young did give us a dinner, at which we were very merry, and pleased above imagination at what we have seen. Sir W. Batten going home, he and

<sup>1</sup> Simon Wadlow was the original of "old Sir Simon the king," the favourite air of Squire Western in "Tom Jones."

"Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,  
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers."

Ben Jonson, *Verses over the door into the Apollo*.

The Simon Wadlow alluded to by Ben Jonson died March 30th, 1627. The Ashmolean Museum Catalogue mentions "Eight verses upon Simon Wadloe, Vintner, dwelling att y<sup>e</sup> sign of y<sup>e</sup> Devill and St. Dunstan," commencing "Apollo et cohors musarum." The Wadlow of Pepys was John, apparently the son of Simon. (See "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 766.)

<sup>2</sup> We do not see any reason for discrediting the statement that the whole of the Devil Tavern was pulled down in 1787, and of its having been purchased by Messrs. Child and Co. for the sum of £2,800, and in the year following the row of houses now known as Child's Place was built upon the site. It may be worth recording that excellent cellars also run beneath the open space in front of those houses, as they were in all probability the cellars in which Simon Wadlow (the landlord at the sign of "St. Dunstan pulling the Devil by the nose," commonly known as the "Old Devil") kept his celebrated wines. The great room was called the Apollo. Here Jonson lorded it with greater authority than Dryden did afterwards at Will's, or Addison at Button's. Taken from Price's y<sup>e</sup> *Marigold*. — M. B.

<sup>3</sup> This company is represented in the curious contemporary picture by Stoop, at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire. — B.

I called and drunk some mum<sup>1</sup> and laid our wager about my Lady Faulconbridge's name,<sup>2</sup> which he says not to be Mary, and so I won above 20s. So home, where Will and the boy staid and saw the show upon Towre Hill, and Jane at T. Pepys's, The. Turner, and my wife at Charles Glasse-cocke's, in Fleet Street. In the evening by water to White Hall to my Lord's, and there I spoke with my Lord. He talked with me about his suit, which was made in France, and cost him £200, and very rich it is with embroidery. I lay with Mr. Shepley, and

### CORONAÇON DAY.

23d. About 4 I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham,<sup>3</sup> the Surveyor, with some company that he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past 4 till 11 before the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair)<sup>4</sup> and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fidlers, in red vests. At

<sup>1</sup> Mum. Ale brewed with wheat at Brunswick.

"Sedulous and stout  
With bowls of fattening *mum*."

J. Phillips, *Cyder*, vol. ii. p. 231.

As soon as the beer begins to work, they put into it the inner rind of fir, tops of fir and birch, betony, marjory, pennyroyal, wild thyme, &c. Our English brewers use cardamum, ginger, and sassafras, instead of the inner rind of fir, and add also walnut rinds, madder, red sanders, and elecampane. — M. B.

<sup>2</sup> Mary, third daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and second wife of Thomas Bellasis, second Viscount Fauconberg, created Earl of Fauconberg, April 9th, 1689.

<sup>3</sup> Born at Dublin in 1615, created K.B. at the Coronation, and appointed Surveyor-General of all the King's buildings; better known as the author of "Cooper's Hill." Died March, 1668-69, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

<sup>4</sup> The Coronation chair in Westminster Abbey is an object of the greatest interest. Beneath the seat is the "Stone of Destiny," carried off from Scone by Edward I. in 1296.

last comes in the Dean<sup>1</sup> and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a scepter<sup>2</sup> (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and mond<sup>3</sup> before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Quire at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop;<sup>4</sup> and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown<sup>5</sup>) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Arms<sup>6</sup> went to the three open places on the scaffold,<sup>7</sup> and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a Generall Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and meddalls flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis,<sup>8</sup> of silver, but I could

<sup>1</sup> John Earle, D.D., see *ante*, May 24th, 1660.

<sup>2</sup> A long sceptre or staff of gold, with a cross at the top, and a pike at the foot of steel, called St. Edward's staff. There were two other sceptres.

<sup>3</sup> Mond or orb of gold, with a cross set with precious stones, carried by the Duke of Buckingham.

<sup>4</sup> Gilbert Sheldon, Bishop of London, acting for Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose age and infirmities prevented him from performing the whole of the service. Sheldon succeeded Juxon in the archbishopric when the latter died in 1663.

<sup>5</sup> As yet barons had no coronet. A grant of that outward mark of dignity was made to them by Charles soon after his coronation. Queen Elizabeth had assigned coronets to viscounts.—B.

<sup>6</sup> Sir Edward Walker, Garter King of Arms, who wrote an account of the Coronation, which was published from his MS. in 1820.

<sup>7</sup> The south, west, and north sides.—B.

<sup>8</sup> Sir Frederick Cornwallis, Baronet, had been created a baron three days before the coronation. He was Treasurer of His Majesty's Household, and a Privy Councillor. He had married Elizabeth, daughter of John Ashburnham. His wife, therefore, and her brother John Ashburnham, were first cousins to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the musique; and indeed, it was lost to every body. But I had so great a lust to . . . that I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rayles, and 10,000 people, with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I staid walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King came in with his crown on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports,<sup>1</sup> and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eat a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland,<sup>2</sup> and Suffolk,<sup>3</sup> and the Duke of Ormond,<sup>4</sup> coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and

Rugge states in July, 1660, that "the King supped with Sir Frederick Cornwallis at Durham Yard, in the Strand." He died in January, 1661-62, and was buried with his ancestors at Brome, on the 18th. See *post*, January 16th, 1661-62. Collins and other writers erroneously state his death to have occurred on the 31st. The medals which he received as his fee (nearly one hundred in number) were carefully preserved in the family, and have been arranged, so as to form the setting of a large silver cup, at Audley End. — B.

<sup>1</sup> Pepys was himself one of the Barons of the Cinque Ports at the Coronation of James II.

<sup>2</sup> Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, acting as Lord High Constable of England on this occasion. — B.

<sup>3</sup> James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk, acting as Earl Marshal of England. — B.

<sup>4</sup> James Butler, first Duke of Ormonde, Lord High Steward of England and bearer of the crown.



at last to bring up [Dymock]<sup>1</sup> the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his spear and targett carried before him. And a Herald<sup>2</sup> proclaims "That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him;"<sup>3</sup> and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. At last when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give me four rabbits and a pullet, and so I got it and Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Michell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as every body else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the musique of all sorts, but above all, the 24 violins.<sup>4</sup> About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife, and there met with a pretty lady (Mrs. Frankleyn, a Doctor's wife, a friend of Mr. Bowyer's), and kissed

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edward Dymock, as Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby, co. Lincoln. This service was last performed by one of that family at the coronation of George IV., and with the coronation dinner has since been dispensed with.—B.

<sup>2</sup> York Herald, George Owen, who, it will be seen, rescued the canopy from the *valetaille*.—B.

<sup>3</sup> The terms of the Champion's challenge were as follows: "If any person of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereigne Lord King Charles the Second, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, defender of the faith, Sonne and next heire to our Sovereigne Lord Charles the First, the last King deceased, to be right heire to the Imperiall Crowne of this Realme of England, or that hee ought not to enjoy the same; here is his champion, who sayth that he lyeth and is a false Traytor, being ready in person to combate with him, and in this quarrell will venture his life against him, on what day soever hee shall be appointed."

<sup>4</sup> See some congratulatory lines, "On the Thunder happening after the Solemnity of the Coronation of Charles II.," by Henry Bold, of New College, Oxford, in the "Somers Tracts," ed. 1817, vol. vii. p. 514. They commence thus:—

"Heavens! we thank you that you thundered so!  
As we did here, you cannonado'd too."

them both, and by and by took them down to Mr. Bowyer's. And strange it is to think, that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years:<sup>1</sup> which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, but only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports,<sup>2</sup> which they endeavoured to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's<sup>3</sup> hand till to-morrow to be decided. At

<sup>1</sup> Baxter, in his "Life," mentions this storm. "On April 23, was His Majesty's coronation-day, the day being very serene and fair, till suddenly in the afternoon, as they were returning from Westminster Hall, there was very terrible thunders when none expected it, which made me remember his father's coronation, on which, being a boy at school, and having leave to play for the solemnity, an earthquake, about two o'clock in the afternoon, did affright the boys, and all the neighbourhood. I intend no commentary on these, but only to relate the matter of fact." — B.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Kennett gives a somewhat fuller account of this unseemly broil: "No sooner had the aforesaid Barons brought up the King to the foot of the stairs in Westminster Hall, ascending to his throne, and turned on the left hand (towards their own table) out of the way, but the King's footmen most insolently and violently seized upon the canopy, which the Barons endeavouring to keep and defend, were by their number and strength dragged down to the lower end of the Hall, nevertheless still keeping their hold; and had not Mr. Owen, York Herald, being accidentally near the Hall door, and seeing the contest, caused the same to be shut, the footmen had certainly carried it away by force. But in the interim also (speedy notice hereof having been given the King) one of the Querries were sent from him, with command to imprison the footmen, and dismiss them out of his service, which put an end to the present disturbance. These footmen were also commanded to make their submission to the Court of Claims, which was accordingly done by them the 30th April following, and the canopy then delivered back to the said Barons." Whilst this disturbance happened, the upper end of the first table, which had been appointed for the Barons of the Cinque Ports, was taken up by the Bishops, Judges, &c., probably nothing loth to take precedence of them; and the poor Barons, naturally unwilling to lose their dinner, were necessitated to eat it at the bottom of the second table, below the Masters of Chancery and others of the long robe. — B.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Robert Pye, Bart., of Faringdon House, Berks; married Anne,



Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fire-works, but they were not performed to-night: only the City had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. At last I went to King-street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so after drinking a pot of ale alone at Mrs. Harper's I returned to Mr. Bowyer's, and after a little stay more I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which at the further end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolique; but these gallants continued thus a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King) to his house; and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay spewing; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. But no sooner a-bed with Mr. Shepley but my head began to hum, and I to vomit, and if ever I was foxed it was now, which I cannot say yet, because I fell asleep and slept till morning. Only when I waked I found myself wet with my spewing. Thus did the day end with joy every where; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to any body through it all, but only to Serj<sup>t</sup>. Glynne,<sup>1</sup> whose horse fell upon him

daughter of the celebrated John Hampden. They lived together sixty years, and died in 1701, within a few weeks of each other.

<sup>1</sup> John Glynne (born 1602) had been Recorder of London (1643); and during the Protectorate, Chief Justice of the Upper Bench (1655); nevertheless, he acted with considerable adroitness at the time of the Restoration, and was in consequence knighted and appointed King's Serjeant, and his son created a baronet. He died November 15th, 1666.

yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this; he being now one of the King's Serjeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard,<sup>1</sup> to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night in King-street, [a woman] had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

24th. Waked in the morning with my head in a sad taking through the last night's drink, which I am very sorry for; so rose and went out with Mr. Creed to drink our morning draft, which he did give me in chocolate<sup>2</sup> to settle my stomach. And after that I to my wife, who lay with Mrs. Frankelyn at the next door to Mrs. Hunt's, and they were ready, and so I took them up in a coach, and carried the ladies to Paul's, and there set her down, and so my wife and I home, and I to the office. That being done my wife and I went to dinner to Sir W. Batten, and all our talk about the happy conclusion of these last solemnities. After dinner home, and advised with my wife about ordering things in my

<sup>1</sup> John Maynard, the eminent lawyer; M.P. for Totnes, 1640; made Serjeant to Cromwell in 1653, and afterwards King's Serjeant by Charles II., who knighted him. In 1661 he was chosen burgess for Berealston, and sat in every Parliament till the Revolution, for that borough, or Plymouth. It was he who made one of the most famous of legal jokes. William III., in allusion to his age, having said that he must have outlived most of the judges and lawyers of his own standing, Maynard answered, "And I had like to have outlived the law itself if your Highness had not come over." In March, 1689, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal; and, soon resigning from infirmity, died October 9th, 1690, aged eighty-eight. The popular feeling respecting Glynne and Maynard was echoed by Butler, who wrote:—

"Did not the learned Glynne and Maynard  
To make good subjects traitors strain hard?"

<sup>2</sup> Chocolate was introduced into England about the year 1652. In the "Publick Advertiser" of Tuesday, June 16-22, 1657, we find the following: "In Bishopsgate Street in Queen's Head Alley, at a Frenchman's house, is an excellent West India drink called *chocolate*, to be sold, where you may have it ready at any time, and also unmade at reasonable rates."—M. B.

house, and then she went away to my father's to lie, and I staid with my workmen, who do please me very well with their work. At night, set myself to write down these three days' diary, and while I am about it, I hear the noise of the chambers,<sup>1</sup> and other things of the fire-works, which are now playing upon the Thames before the King; and I wish myself with them, being sorry not to see them. So to bed.

25th. All the morning with my workmen with great pleasure to see them near coming to an end. At noon Mr. Moore and I went to an Ordinary at the King's Head in Towre Street,<sup>2</sup> and there had a dirty dinner. Afterwards home and having done some business with him, in comes Mr. Sheply and Pierce the surgeon, and they and I to the Mitre and there staid a while and drank, and so home and after a little reading to bed.

26th. At the office all the morning, and at noon dined by myself at home on a piece of meat from the cook's, and so at home all the afternoon with my workmen, and at night to bed, having some thoughts to order my business so as to go to Portsmouth the next week with Sir Robert Slingsby.

27th. In the morning to my Lord's, and there dined with my Lady, and after dinner with Mr. Creed and Captain Ferrers to the Theatre to see "The Chances,"<sup>3</sup> and after that to the Cock alehouse,<sup>4</sup> where we had a harp and viallin played to us, and so home by coach to Sir W. Batten's, who seems so inquisitive when my house will be made an end of that I am troubled to go thither. So home with some trouble in my mind about it.

28th (Lord's day). In the morning to my father's, where I dined, and in the afternoon to their church, where come Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Edward Pepys,<sup>5</sup> and several other ladies, and so I went out of the pew into another.

<sup>1</sup> A chamber is a small piece of ordnance.

<sup>2</sup> There are several tokens of the King's Head in Tower Street. One of these of Thomas Mills, is dated 1666, see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 778.

<sup>3</sup> "The Chances," a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, published in the folio of 1647. Revived at this time.

<sup>4</sup> At Temple Bar. See *ante*, vol. i., p. 78.

<sup>5</sup> Elizabeth Walpole of Broomsthorpe, married to Edward Pepys, who died December 22nd, 1663. She died in 1669.

And after sermon home with them, and there staid a while and talked with them and was sent for to my father's, where my cozen Angier and his wife, of Cambridge, to whom I went, and was glad to see them, and sent for wine for them, and they supped with my father. After supper my father told me of an odd passage the other night in bed between my mother and him, and she would not let him come to bed to her out of jealousy of him and an ugly wench that lived there lately, the most ill-favoured slut that ever I saw in my life, which I was ashamed to hear that my mother should be become such a fool, and my father bid me to take notice of it to my mother, and to make peace between him and her. All which do trouble me very much. So to bed to my wife.

29th. Up and with my father towards my house, and by the way met with Lieut. Lambert, and with him to the Dolphin in Tower Street and drank our morning draught, he being much troubled about his being offered a fourth rate ship to be Lieutenant of her now he has been two years Lieutenant in a first rate. So to the office, where it is determined that I should go to-morrow to Portsmouth. So I went out of the office to Whitehall presently, and there spoke with Sir W. Pen and Sir George Carteret and had their advice as to my going, and so back again home, where I directed Mr. Hater what to do in order to our going to-morrow, and so back again by coach to Whitehall and there eat something in the buttery at my Lord's with John Goods and Ned Osgood. And so home again, and gave order to my workmen what to do in my absence. At night to Sir W. Batten's, and by his and Sir W. Pen's persuasion I sent for my wife from my father's, who came to us to Mrs. Turner's, where we were all at a collacion to-night till twelve o'clock, there being a gentlewoman there that did play well and sang well to the Harpsicon, and very merry we were. So home and to bed, where my wife had not lain a great while.

30th. This morning, after order given to my workmen, my wife and I and Mr. Creed took coach, and in Fish-street took up Mr. Hater and his wife, who through her mask seemed at first to be an old woman, but afterwards I found her to be a very pretty modest black woman. We got a

small bait at Leatherhead, and so to Godlyman,<sup>1</sup> where we lay all night, and were very merry, having this day no other extraordinary rencontre, but my hat falling off my head at Newington into the water, by which it was spoiled, and I ashamed of it. I am sorry that I am not at London, to be at Hide-parke to-morrow, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine.<sup>2</sup>

May 1st. Up early, and bated at Petersfield, in the room which the King lay in lately at his being there. Here very merry, and played us and our wives at bowls. Then we set forth again, and so to Portsmouth, seeming to me to be a very pleasant and strong place; and we lay at the Red Lyon, where Haselrigge and Scott and Walton did hold their councill, when they were here, against Lambert and the Committee of Safety. Several officers of the Yard came to see us to-night, and merry we were, but troubled to have no better lodgings.

2nd. Up, and Mr. Creed and I to walk round the town upon the walls. Then to our inn, and there all the officers of the Yard to see me with great respect, and I walked with them to the Dock and saw all the stores, and much pleased with the sight of the place. Back and brought them all to dinner with me, and treated them handsomely; and so after dinner by water to the Yard, and there we made the sale of the old provisions. Then we and our wives all to see the Montagu,<sup>3</sup> which is a fine ship, and so to the town again by water, and then to see the room where the Duke of Buckingham<sup>4</sup> was killed by Felton. So to our lodging, and to supper and to bed. To-night came Mr. Stevens to town to help us to pay off the Fox.

<sup>1</sup> Godalming, Surrey. It has been supposed that Godliman Street in London obtained its name from the sale of leather prepared at Godalming.

<sup>2</sup> It was an established custom for all classes to go a-maying in Hyde Park. The practice was for a time discontinued during the Commonwealth, but about 1654 it was revived, to the disgust of the Puritans.

<sup>3</sup> The "Montagu" (formerly the "Lime") was a third-rate of fifty-two guns, built at Portsmouth in 1654 by Mr. Tippetts.

<sup>4</sup> The house wherein the murder was committed in August, 1628, is situated at the upper end of the High Street, at Portsmouth, and a portion still remains. A representation of the front of the house is given in Brayley's "Graphic Illustrator," p. 240. — B.

3rd. Early to walk with Mr. Creed up and down the town, and it was in his and some others' thoughts to have got me made free of the town, but the Mayor, it seems, unwilling, and so they could not do it. Then to the pay-house, and there paid off the ship, and so to a short dinner, and then took coach, leaving Mrs. Hater there to stay with her husband's friends, and we to Petersfield, having nothing more of trouble in all my journey, but the exceeding unmannerly and most epicure-like palate of Mr. Creed. Here my wife and I lay in the room the Queen lately lay at her going into France.

4th. Up in the morning and took coach, and so to Guilford, where we lay at the Red Lion, the best Inn,<sup>1</sup> and lay in the room the King lately lay in, where we had time to see the Hospital, built by Archbishop Abbott, and the free school,<sup>2</sup> and were civilly treated by the Mayster. So to supper, and to bed, being very merry about our discourse with the Drawers concerning the minister of the Town, with a red face and a girdle. So to bed, where we lay and sleep well.

5th (Lord's day). Mr. Creed and I went to the red-faced Parson's church, and heard a good sermon of him, better than I looked for. Then home, and had a good dinner, and after dinner fell in some talk in Divinity with Mr. Stevens that kept us till it was past Church time. Anon we walked into the garden, and there played the fool a great while, trying who of Mr. Creed or I could go best over the edge of an old fountain well, and I won a quart of sack of him. Then to supper in the banquet house, and there my wife and I did talk high, she against and I for Mrs. Pierce (that she was a beauty), till we were both angry. Then to walk in the fields, and so to our quarters, and to bed.

6th. Up by four o'clock and took coach. Mr. Creed rode, and left us that we know not whither he went. We went on, thinking to be at home before the officers rose,

<sup>1</sup> A Red Lion still exists in High Street, at the corner of Market Street, but it is no longer the best inn in the town.

<sup>2</sup> Archbishop Abbot's Hospital, on the north side of the High Street, Guildford, was founded in 1619. The Grammar School, at the upper end of High Street, dates from the reign of Henry VIII.



but finding we could not we staid by the way and eat some cakes, and so home, where I was much troubled to see no more work done in my absence than there was, but it could not be helped. I sent my wife to my father's, and I went and sat till late with my Lady Batten, both the Sir Williams being gone this day to pay off some ships at Deptford. So home and to bed without seeing of them. I hear to-night that the Duke of York's son<sup>1</sup> is this day dead, which I believe will please every body; and I hear that the Duke and his Lady themselves are not much troubled at it.

7th. In the morning to Mr. Coventry, Sir G. Carteret, and my Lord's to give them an account of my return. My Lady, I find, is, since my going, gone to the Wardrobe. Then with Mr. Creed into London, to several places about his and my business, being much stopped in our way by the City trayne-bands, who go in much solemnity and pomp this day to muster before the King and the Duke, and shops in the City are shut up every where all this day. He carried me to an ordinary by the Old Exchange, where we come a little too late, but we had very good cheer for our 18*d.* a-piece, and an excellent droll too, my host, and his wife so fine a woman, and sung and played so well that I staid a great while and drunk a great deal of wine. Then home and staid among my workmen all day, and took order for things for the finishing of their work, and so at night to Sir W. Batten's, and there supped and so home and to bed, having sent my Lord a letter to-night to excuse myself for not going with him to-morrow to the Hope, whither he is to go to see in what condition the fleet is in.

8th. This morning came my brother John to take his leave of me, he being to return to Cambridge to-morrow, and after I had chid him for going with my Will the other day to Deptford with the principal officers, I did give him some good counsell and 20*s.* in money, and so he went away. All this day I staid at home with my workmen without eating anything, and took much pleasure to see my work go forward. At night comes my wife not well from my father's, having had a fore-tooth drawn out to-day, which do trouble me, and the more because I am now in

<sup>1</sup> Charles Stuart, Duke of Cambridge, born October 22nd, 1660, died May 5th, 1661. He was the first of eight children by Anne Hyde. — B.

the greatest of all my dirt. My Will also returned to-night pretty well, he being gone yesterday not very well to his father's. To-day I received a letter from my uncle, to beg an old fiddle of me for my Cozen Perkin,<sup>1</sup> the miller, whose mill the wind hath lately broke down, and now he hath nothing to live by but fiddling, and he must needs have it against Whitsuntide to play to the country girls; but it vexed me to see how my uncle writes to me, as if he were not able to buy him one. But I intend to-morrow to send him one. At night I set down my journal of my late journey to this time, and so to bed. My wife not being well and I very angry with her for her coming hither in that condition.

9th. With my workmen all the morning, my wife being ill and in great pain with her old pain, which troubled me much because that my house is in this condition of dirt. In the afternoon I went to Whitehall and there spoke with my Lord at his lodgings, and there being with him my Lord Chamberlain, I spoke for my old waterman Payne, to get into White's place, who was waterman to my Lord Chamberlain, and is now to go master of the barge to my Lord to sea, and my Lord Chamberlain<sup>2</sup> did promise that Payne should be entertained in White's place with him. From thence to Sir G. Carteret, and there did get his promise for the payment of the remainder of the bill of Mr. Creed's, wherein of late I have been so much concerned, which did so much rejoice me that I meeting with Mr. Childe took him to the Swan Tavern in King Street,<sup>3</sup> and there did give him a tankard of white wine and sugar,<sup>4</sup> and so I went by water home and set myself to get my Lord's accounts made up, which was till nine at night before I could finish, and then I walked to the Wardrobe, being the first time I was

<sup>1</sup> Frank Perkin. Jane, youngest sister of Pepys father, married J. Perkin.

<sup>2</sup> Edward, second Earl of Manchester, appointed to this office on June 1st, 1660.

<sup>3</sup> "Whatever the Swans may have done in the City,  
The Swan here in King Street has sung her last Ditty,"

from "The Search after Claret, or a Visitation of the Vintners," a poem in two cantos, printed for E. Hawkins, London, February 24th, 1691.

<sup>4</sup> The popular taste was formerly for sweet wines, and sugar was frequently mixed with the wine.



there since my Lady came thither, who I found all alone, and so she shewed me all the lodgings as they are now fitted, and they seem pretty pleasant. By and by comes in my Lord, and so, after looking over my accounts, I returned home, being a dirty and dark walk. So to bed.

10th. At the office all the morning, and the afternoon among my workmen with great pleasure, because being near an end of their work. This afternoon came Mr. Blackburn and Creed to see me, and I took them to the Dolphin, and there drank a great deal of Rhenish wine with them and so home, having some talk with Mr. Blackburn about his kinsman my Will, and he did give me good satisfaction in that it is his desire that his kinsman should do me all service, and that he would give him the best counsel he could to make him good. Which I begin of late to fear that he will not because of the bad company that I find that he do begin to take. This afternoon Mr. Hater received for me the £225 due upon Mr. Creed's bill in which I am concerned so much, which do make me very glad. At night to Sir W. Batten and sat a while. So to bed.

11th. This morning I went by water with Payne (Mr. Moore being with me) to my Lord Chamberlain at Whitehall, and there spoke with my Lord, and he did accept of Payne for his waterman, as I had lately endeavoured to get him to be. After that Mr. Cooling did give Payne an order to be entertained, and so I left him and Mr. Moore, and I went to Graye's Inne, and there to a barber's, where I was trimmed, and had my haire cut, in which I am lately become a little curious, finding that the length of it do become me very much. So, calling at my father's, I went home, and there staid and saw my workmen follow their work, which this night is brought to a very good condition. This afternoon Mr. Shepley, Moore, and Creed came to me all about their several accounts with me, and we did something with them all, and so they went away. This evening Mr. Hater brought my last quarter's salary, of which I was very glad, because I have lost my first bill for it, and so this morning was forced to get another signed by three of my fellow officers for it. All this evening till late setting my accounts and papers in order, and so to bed.

12th. My wife had a very troublesome night this night

and in great pain, but about the morning her swelling broke, and she was in great ease presently as she useth to be. So I put in a vent (which Dr. Williams sent me yesterday) into the hole to keep it open till all the matter be come out, and so I question not that she will soon be well again. I staid at home all this morning, being the Lord's day, making up my private accounts and setting papers in order. At noon went with my Lady Montagu at the Wardrobe, but I found it so late that I came back again, and so dined with my wife in her chamber. After dinner I went awhile to my chamber to set my papers right. Then I walked forth towards Westminster and at the Savoy heard Dr. Fuller preach upon David's words, "I will wait with patience all the days of my appointed time until my change comes;"<sup>1</sup> but methought it was a poor dry sermon. And I am afeard my former high esteem of his preaching was more out of opinion than judgment. From thence homewards, but met with Mr. Creed, with whom I went and walked in Grayes-Inn-walks, and from thence to Islington, and there eat and drank at the house my father and we were wont of old to go to;<sup>2</sup> and after that walked homeward, and parted in Smithfield: and so I home, much wondering to see how things are altered with Mr. Creed, who, twelve months ago, might have been got to hang himself almost as soon as go to a drinking-house on a Sunday.

13th. All the morning at home among my workmen. At noon Mr. Creed and I went to the ordinary behind the Exchange, where we lately were, but I do not like it so well as I did. So home with him and to the office, where we sat late, and he did deliver his accounts to us. The office being done I went home and took pleasure to see my work draw to an end.

14th. Up early and by water to Whitehall to my Lord, and there had much talk with him about getting some money for him. He told me of his intention to get the Muster Master's place for Mr. Pierce, the purser, who he has a mind to carry to sea with him, and spoke very slightly of Mr. Creed, as that he had no opinion at all of him,

<sup>1</sup> The text meant is Job xiv. 14, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." — B.

<sup>2</sup> The King's Head, see March 27th, 1664. — B.

but only he was forced to make use of him because of his present accounts. Thence to drink with Mr. Shepley and Mr. Pinkny, and so home and among my workmen all day. In the evening Mr. Shepley came to me for some money, and so he and I to the Mitre, and there we had good wine and a gammon of bacon. My uncle Wight, Mr. Talbot, and others were with us, and we were pretty merry. So at night home and to bed. Finding my head grow weak now-a-days if I come to drink wine, and therefore hope that I shall leave it off of myself, which I pray God I could do.

15th. With my workmen all day till the afternoon, and then to the office, where Mr. Creed's accounts were passed. Home and found all my joyner's work now done, but only a small job or two, which please me very well. This afternoon there came two men with an order from a Committee of Lords to demand some books of me out of the office, in order to the examining of Mr. Hutchinson's accounts,<sup>1</sup> but I give them a surly answer, and they went away to complain, which put me into some trouble with myself, but I resolve to go to-morrow myself to these Lords and answer them. To bed, being in great fear because of the shavings which lay all up and down the house and cellar, for fear of fire.

16th. Up early to see whether the work of my house be quite done, and I found it to my mind. Staid at home all the morning, and about 2 o'clock went in my velvet coat by water to the Savoy, and there, having staid a good while, I was called into the Lords, and there, quite contrary to my expectations, they did treat me very civilly, telling me that what they had done was out of zeal to the King's service, and that they would joyne with the governors of the chest with all their hearts, since they knew that there was any, which they did not before. I give them very respectful answer and so went away to the Theatre, and there saw the latter end of "The Mayd's Tragedy,"<sup>2</sup> which I never saw before, and methinks it is too sad and melancholy. Thence homewards, and meeting Mr. Creed I took him by

<sup>1</sup> Richard Hutchinson, Treasurer for the Navy from 1651. He was succeeded by Sir George Carteret in 1660.

<sup>2</sup> By Beaumont and Fletcher. Acted at court in 1613. After the Restoration, Mohun played Melantius; Hart, Amintor; and Mrs. Marshall, Evadne.

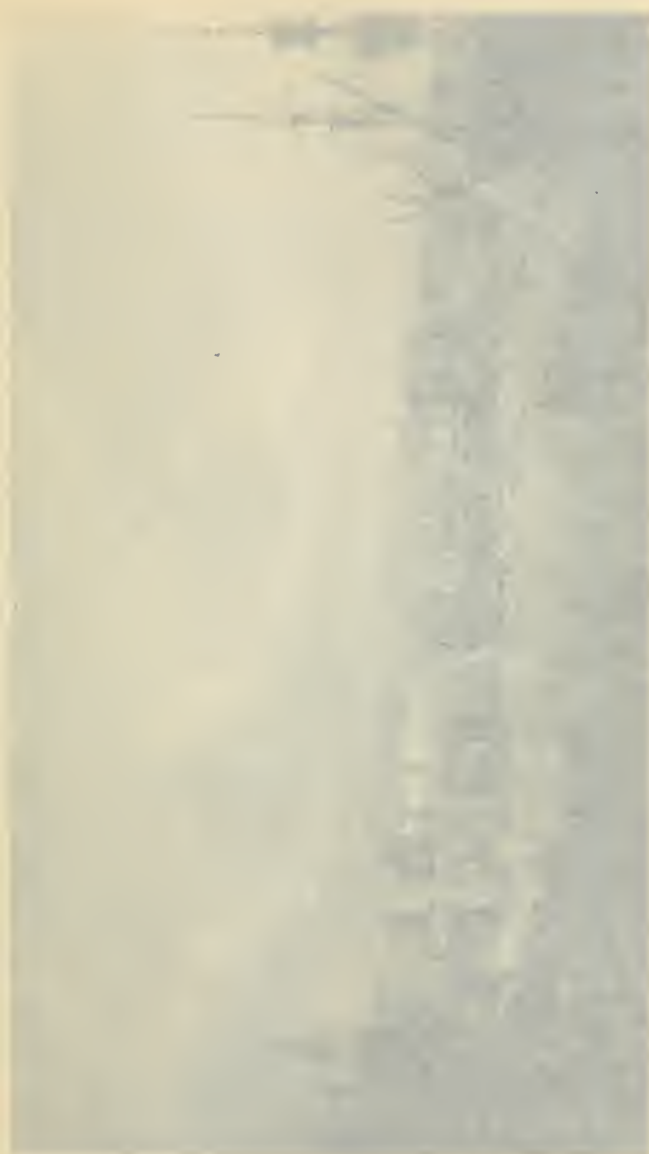
water to the Wardrobe with me, and there we found my Lord newly gone away with the Duke of Ormond and some others, whom he had had to the collacion; and so we, with the rest of the servants in the hall, sat down and eat of the best cold meats that ever I eat on in all my life. From thence I went home (Mr. Moore with me to the waterside, telling me how kindly he is used by my Lord and my Lady since his coming hither as a servant), and to bed.

17th. All the morning at home. At noon Lieutenant Lambert came to me, and he and I to the Exchange, and thence to an ordinary over against it, where to our dinner we had a fellow play well upon the bagpipes and whistle like a bird exceeding well, and I had a fancy to learn to whistle as he do, and did promise to come some other day and give him an angell to teach me. To the office, and sat there all the afternoon till 9 at night. So home to my musique, and my wife and I sat singing in my chamber a good while together, and then to bed.

18th. Towards Westminster, from the Towre, by water, and was fain to stand upon one of the piers about the bridge,<sup>1</sup> before the men could drag their boat through the lock, and which they could not do till another was called to help them. Being through bridge I found the Thames full of boats and gallys, and upon inquiry found that there was a wager to be run this morning. So spying of Payne in a gally, I went into him, and there staid, thinking to have gone to Chelsy with them. But upon the start, the wager boats fell foul one of another, till at last one of them gives over, pretending foul play, and so the other row away alone, and all our sport lost. So I went ashore at Westminster; and to the Hall I went, where it was very pleasant to see the Hall in the condition it is now, with the Judges on the benches at the further end of it,<sup>2</sup> which I had not seen all this term till now. Thence with Mr. Spicer, Creed, and

<sup>1</sup> The dangers of shooting the bridge were so great that a popular proverb has it — "London bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under."

<sup>2</sup> The Courts of Chancery and King's Bench were long held at the upper end of the hall. It is related that Sir Thomas More every day, before presiding in his own Court of Chancery, knelt for the blessing of his aged father, who was a judge of the King's Bench.













some others to drink. And so away homewards by water with Mr. Creed, whom I left in London going about business, and I home, where I staid all the afternoon, and in the garden reading "*Faber Fortunæ*" with great pleasure. So home to bed.

19th (Lord's day). I walked in the morning towards Westminster, and, seeing many people at York House,<sup>1</sup> I went down and found them at mass, it being the Spanish ambassadors;<sup>2</sup> and so I got into one of the gallerys, and there heard two masses done, I think, not in so much state as I have seen them heretofore. After that into the garden, and walked a turn or two, but found it not so fine a place as I always took it for by the outside. Thence to my Lord's and there spake with him about business, and then he went to Whitehall to dinner, and Capt. Ferrers and Mr. Howe and myself to Mr. Wilkinson's at the Crown,<sup>3</sup> and though he had no meat of his own, yet we happened to find our cook Mr. Robinson there, who had a dinner for himself and some friends, and so he did give us a very fine dinner. Then to my Lord's, where we went and sat talking and laughing in the drawing-room a great while. All our talk about their going to sea this voyage, which Capt. Ferrers is in some doubt whether he shall go or no, but swears that he would go, if he were sure never to come back again; and I, giving him some hopes, he grew so mad with joy that he fell a-dancing and leaping like a madman. Now it fell out so that the balcone windows were open, and he went to the rayle and made an offer to leap over, and asked what if he should leap over there. I told him I would give him £40 if he did not go to sea. With that

<sup>1</sup> York House belonged to the See of York, but appears to have been let to the Lord Keepers of the Great Seal, and Chancellors Egerton and Bacon resided there. It was obtained by James I. in 1624, after which it was granted to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. The second duke obtained the house again by his marriage to the daughter of Lord Fairfax. He sold it in 1672, when it was pulled down, and streets built on the site which still bear his names.

<sup>2</sup> The Baron de Batteville, or Vatteville, who is said to have concealed much observant quickness and an intriguing spirit under a plain, rough, soldierlike frankness of demeanour. He was very active in opposition to the proposed marriage of Charles II. with the Infanta of Portugal.

<sup>3</sup> The Crown in King Street, Westminster.

thought I shut the doors, and W. Howe hindered him all we could; yet he opened them again, and, with a vault, leaps down into the garden:—the greatest and most desperate frolic that ever I saw in my life. I run to see what was become of him, and we found him crawled upon his knees, but could not rise; so we went down into the garden and dragged him to the bench, where he looked like a dead man, but could not stir; and, though he had broke nothing, yet his pain in his back was such as he could not endure. With this, my Lord (who was in the little new room) come to us in amaze, and bid us carry him up, which, by our strength, we did, and so laid him in East's bed, by the door; where he lay in great pain. We sent for a doctor and chyrurgeon, but none to be found, till by-and-by by chance comes in Dr. Clerke, who is afeard of him.<sup>1</sup> So we sent to get a lodging for him, and I went up to my Lord, where Captain Cooke, Mr. Gibbons,<sup>2</sup> and others of the King's musicians were come to present my Lord with some songs and symphonys, which were performed very finely. Which being done I took leave and supped at my father's, where was my cozen Beck come lately out of the country. I am troubled to see my father so much decay of a suddain, as he do both in his seeing and hearing, and as much to hear of him how my brother Tom do grow disrespectful to him and my mother. I took leave and went home, where to prayers (which I have not had in my house a good while), and so to bed.

20th. At home all the morning; paid £50 to one Mr. Grant for Mr. Barlow, for the last half year, and was visited by Mr. Anderson, my former chamber fellow at Cambridge, with whom I parted at the Hague, but I did not go forth with him, only gave him a morning draft at home. At noon Mr. Creed came to me, and he and I to the Exchange, and so to an ordinary to dinner, and after dinner to the Mitre, and there sat drinking while it rained very much.

<sup>1</sup> Captain Ferrers recovered.

<sup>2</sup> Christopher Gibbons, Mus. Doct. Oxon. (1664), second son of the more celebrated Dr. Orlando Gibbons (who died in 1625). Born 1615. He was appointed organist to Westminster Abbey, 1660, and composed several anthems. He died October 20th, 1676, and is buried in the cloisters of the Abbey.

Then to the office, where I found Sir Williams both, choosing of masters for the new fleet of ships that is ordered to be set forth, and Pen seeming to be in an ugly humour, not willing to gratify one that I mentioned to be put in, did vex me. We sat late, and so home. Mr. Moore came to me when I was going to bed, and sat with me a good while talking about my Lord's business and our own and so good night.

21st. Up early, and, with Sir R. Slingsby (and Major Waters the deaf gentleman, his friend, for company's sake) to the Victualling-office<sup>1</sup> (the first time that I ever knew where it was), and there staid while he read a commission for enquiry into some of the King's lands and houses thereabouts, that are given his brother. And then we took boat to Woolwich, where we staid and gave order for the fitting out of some more ships presently. And then to Deptford, where we staid and did the same; and so took barge again, and were overtaken by the King in his barge, he having been down the river with his yacht this day for pleasure to try it; and, as I hear, Commissioner Pett's do prove better than the Dutch one, and that that his brother built. While we were upon the water, one of the greatest showers of rain fell that ever I saw. The Comptroller and I landed with our barge at the Temple, and from thence I went to my father's, and there did give order about some clothes to be made, and did buy a new hat, cost between 20 and 30 shillings, at Mr. Holden's. So home.

22nd. To Westminster, and there missed of my Lord, and so about noon I and W. Howe by water to the Wardrobe, where my Lord and all the officers of the Wardrobe dined, and several other friends of my Lord, at a venison pasty. Before dinner, my Lady Wright and my Lady Jem. sang songs to the harpsicon. Very pleasant and merry at dinner. And then I went away by water to the office, and there staid till it was late. At night before I went to bed the barber came to trim me and wash me, and so to bed, in order to my being clean to-morrow.

23rd. This day I went to my Lord, and about many other

<sup>1</sup> The Victualling Office was spoken of as on Tower Hill, but it was really at the end of East Smithfield, and occupied the site of East Minster, the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary Graces. The Cooperage, a portion of the Victualling Office, was burnt May 18th, 1688.

things at Whitehall, and there made even my accounts with Mr. Shepley at my Lord's, and then with him and Mr. Moore and John Bowles to the Rhenish wine house,<sup>1</sup> and there came Jonas Moore,<sup>2</sup> the mathematician, to us, and there he did by discourse make us fully believe that England and France were once the same continent, by very good arguments, and spoke very many things, not so much to prove the Scripture false as that the time therein is not well computed nor understood. From thence home by water, and there shifted myself into my black silk suit (the first day I have put it on this year), and so to my Lord Mayor's by coach, with a great deal of honourable company, and great entertainment. At table I had very good discourse with Mr. Ashmole, wherein he did assure me that frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky, ready formed. Dr. Bates's<sup>3</sup> singularity in not rising up nor drinking the King's nor other healths at the table was very much observed. From thence we all took coach, and to our office, and there sat till it was late; and so I home and to bed by day-light. This day was kept a holy-day through the town; and it pleased me to see the little boys walk up and down in procession with their broom-staffs in their hands, as I had myself long ago gone.<sup>4</sup>

24th. At home all the morning making up my private accounts, and this is the first time that I do find myself to be

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i., p. 39.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., p. 279.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. William Bates, one of the most eminent of the Puritan divines, and who took part in the Savoy Conference. His collected writings were published in 1700, and fill a large folio volume. The Dissenters called him silver-tongued Bates. Calamy affirmed that if Bates would have conformed to the Established Church he might have been raised to any bishopric in the kingdom. He died in 1699, aged seventy-four.

<sup>4</sup> Pepys here refers to the perambulation of parishes on Holy Thursday, still observed. This ceremony was sometimes enlivened by whipping the boys, for the better impressing on their minds the remembrance of the day, and the boundaries of the parish, instead of beating houses or stones. But this would not have harmonized well with the excellent Hooker's practice on this day, when he "always dropped some loving and *facetious* observations, to be remembered against the next year, especially by the boys and young people." Amongst Dorsetshire customs, it seems that, in perambulating a manor or parish, a boy is tossed into a stream, if that be the boundary; if a hedge, a sapling from it is applied for the purpose of flagellation.—B.

clearly worth £500 in money, besides all my goods in my house, &c. In the afternoon at the office late, and then I went to the Wardrobe, where I found my Lord at supper, and therefore I walked a good while till he had done, and I went in to him, and there he looked over my accounts. And they were committed to Mr. Moore to see me paid what remained due to me. Then down to the kitchen to eat a bit of bread and butter, which I did, and there I took one of the maids by the chin, thinking her to be Susan, but it proved to be her sister, who is very like her. From thence home.

25th. All the morning at home about business. At noon to the Temple, where I staid and looked over a book or two at Playford's, and then to the Theatre, where I saw a piece of "The Silent Woman,"<sup>1</sup> which pleased me. So homewards, and in my way bought "The Bondman"<sup>2</sup> in Paul's Churchyard, and so home, where I found all clean, and the hearth and range, as it is now enlarged, set up, which pleases me very much.

26th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed. To church and heard a good sermon at our own church, where I have not been a great many weeks. Dined with my wife alone at home pleasing myself in that my house do begin to look as if at last it would be in good order. This day the Parliament received the communion of Dr. Gunning at St. Margaret's, Westminster. In the afternoon both the Sir Williams came to church, where we had a dull stranger. After church home, and so to the Mitre, where I found Dr. Burnett,<sup>3</sup> the first time that ever I met him to drink with him, and my uncle Wight and there we sat and drank a great deal, and so I to Sir W. Batten's, where I have on purpose made myself a great stranger, only to get a high opinion a little more of myself in them. Here I heard how Mrs. Browne, Sir W. Batten's sister, is brought to bed, and I to be one of the godfathers, which I could not nor did deny. Which, however, did trouble me very much to be at charge to no

<sup>1</sup> Ben Jonson's "Epicene."

<sup>2</sup> Massinger's play was published in 1624.

<sup>3</sup> Alexander Burnett, M.D., who resided in Fenchurch Street, was Pepys's regular medical attendant. He died of the plague, see *post*, August 25th, 1665.

purpose, so that I could not sleep hardly all night, but in the morning I bethought myself, and I think it is very well I should do it. Sir W. Batten told me how Mr. Prin (among the two or three that did refuse to-day to receive the sacrament upon their knees) was offered by a mistake the drink afterwards, which he did receive, being denied the drink by Dr. Gunning, unless he would take it on his knees; and after that by another the bread was brought him, and he did take it sitting, which is thought very preposterous. Home and to bed.

27th. To the Wardrobe, and from thence with my Lords Sandwich and Hinchinbroke to the Lords' House by boat at Westminster, and there I left them. Then to the lobby, and after waiting for Sir G. Downing's coming out, to speak with him about the giving me up of my bond for my honesty when I was his clerk, but to no purpose, I went to Clerke's at the Legg,<sup>1</sup> and there I found both Mr. Pierces, Mr. Rolt, formerly too great a man to meet upon such even terms, and there we dined very merry, there coming to us Captain Ferrers, this being the first day of his going abroad since his leap a week ago, which I was greatly glad to see. By water to the office, and there sat late, Sir George Carteret coming in, who among other things did inquire into the naming of the maisters for this fleet, and was very angry that they were named as they are, and above all to see the maister of the Adventure (for whom there is some kind of difference between Sir W. Pen and me) turned out, who has been in her list. The office done, I went with the Comptroller to the Coffee house, and there we discoursed of this, and I seem to be fond of him, and indeed I find I must carry fair with all as far as I see it safe, but I have got of him leave to have a little room from his lodgings to my house, of which I am very glad, besides I do open him a way to get lodgings himself in the office, of which I should be very glad. Home and to bed.

28th. This morning to the Wardrobe, and thence to a little alehouse hard by, to drink with John Bowles, who is now going to Hinchinbroke this day. Thence with Mr. Shepley to the Exchange about business, and there, by Mr.

<sup>1</sup> The Leg tavern in King Street, Westminster. See vol. i., p. 71.



Rawlinson's favour, got into a balcone over against the Exchange; and there saw the hangman burn, by vote of Parliament, two old acts, the one for constituting us a Commonwealth, and the other<sup>1</sup> I have forgot. Which still do make me think of the greatness of this late turn, and what people will do to-morrow against what they all, through profit or fear, did promise and practise this day. Then to the Mitre with Mr. Shepley, and there dined with D. Rawlinson and some friends of his very well. So home, and then to Cheapside about buying a piece of plate to give away to-morrow to Mrs. Browne's child. So to the Star in Cheapside, where I left Mr. Moore telling £5 out for me, who I found in a great strait for my coming back again, and so he went his way at my coming. Then home, where Mr. Cook I met and he paid me 30s., an old debt of his to me. So to Sir W. Pen's, and there sat alone with him till ten at night in talk with great content, he telling me things and persons that I did not understand in the late times, and so I home to bed. My cozen John Holcroft<sup>2</sup> (whom I have not seen many years) this morning came to see me.

29th (King's birth-day). Rose early and having made myself fine, and put six spoons and a porringer of silver in my pocket to give away to-day, Sir W. Pen and I took coach, and (the weather and ways being foul) went to Walthamstowe; and being come there heard Mr. Radcliffe,<sup>3</sup> my former school fellow at Paul's (who is yet a mere boy), preach upon "Nay, let him take all, since my Lord the King is returned," &c.<sup>4</sup> He reads all, and his sermon very simple, but I looked for new matter. Back to dinner to Sir William Batten's; and then, after a walk in the fine gardens, we went to Mrs. Browne's, where Sir W. Pen and I

<sup>1</sup> It was an act for subscribing the Engagement. On the same day there had been burned by the hangman, in Westminster Hall, the act for "erecting an High Court of Justice for trying and judging Charles Stuart." Two more acts were similarly burned the next day.—B.

<sup>3</sup> John Holcraft of Balderton married Mary Pepys (born 1597), sister of Samuel's father. This John Holcraft was probably their son.

<sup>2</sup> Jonathan Radcliff, A.M., Vicar of Walthamstow from November, 1660, to December, 1662.

<sup>4</sup> This text is from 2 Samuel xix. 30, and the true reading is—"And Mephibosheth said unto the king, Yea, let him take all, forasmuch as my lord the king is come again in peace unto his own house."

were godfathers, and Mrs. Jordan<sup>1</sup> and Shipman<sup>2</sup> godmothers to her boy. And there, before and after the christening, we were with the woman above in her chamber; but whether we carried ourselves well or ill, I know not; but I was directed by young Mrs. Batten. One passage of a lady that eat wafers with her dog did a little displease me. I did give the midwife 10s. and the nurse 5s. and the maid of the house 2s. But for as much I expected to give the name to the child, but did not (it being called John), I forebore then to give my plate till another time after a little more advice. All being done, we went to Mrs. Shipman's, who is a great butter-woman, and I did see there the most of milk and cream, and the cleanest that ever I saw in my life. After we had filled our bellies with cream, we took our leaves and away. In our way, we had great sport to try who should drive fastest, Sir W. Batten's coach, or Sir W. Pen's chariott, they having four, and we two horses, and we beat them. But it cost me the spoiling of my clothes and velvet coat with dirt. Being come home I to bed, and give my breeches to be dried by the fire against to-morrow.

30th. To the Wardrobe and there, with my Lord, went into his new barge to try her, and found her a good boat, and like my Lord's contrivance of the door to come out round and not square as they used to do. Back to the Wardrobe with my Lord, and then with Mr. Moore to the Temple, and thence to Greatorrex, who took me to Arundell-House,<sup>3</sup> and there showed me some fine flowers in his garden, and all the fine statues in the gallery, which I formerly had seen, and is a brave sight, and thence to a blind dark cellar, where we had two bottles of good ale, and so after giving him direction for my silver side-table, I took boat at Arundell stairs, and put in at Milford. . . . So home and found Sir Williams both and my Lady going to

<sup>1</sup> The wife of Captain, afterwards Sir Joseph, Jordan. — B.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Shipman bought the great tithes of Walthamstow from the Argall family in 1663; and left them by will to his wife Dorothy, from whom they passed in 1667 to Robert Mascall, merchant. — Lysons' *Environs of London*.

<sup>3</sup> Arundel House, in the Strand, was the repository of the fine collection of works of art gathered by Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. Arundel Street, which stands on the site, was built in 1678.



Deptford to christen Captain Rooth's child, and would have had me with them, but I could not go. To the office, where Sir R. Slingsby was, and he and I into his and my lodgings to take a view of them, out of a desire he has to have mine of me to join to his, and give me Mr. Turner's. To the office again, where Sir G. Carteret came and sat a while, he being angry for Sir Williams making of the maisters of this fleet upon their own heads without a full table. Then the Comptroller and I to the Coffee House, and there sat a great while talking of many things. So home and to bed. This day, I hear, the Parliament have ordered a bill to be brought in for the restoring the Bishops to the House of Lords;<sup>1</sup> which they had not done so soon but to spite Mr. Prin, who is every day so bitter against them in his discourse in the House.

31st. I went to my father's thinking to have met with my cozen John Holcroft, but he came not, but to my great grief I found my father and mother in a great deal of discontent one with another, and indeed my mother is grown now so pettish that I know not how my father is able to bear with it. I did talk to her so as did not indeed become me, but I could not help it, she being so unsufferably foolish and simple, so that my father, poor man, is become a very unhappy man. There I dined, and so home and to the office all the afternoon till 9 at night, and then home and to supper and to bed. Great talk now how the Parliament intend to make a collection of free gifts to the King through the Kingdom; but I think it will not come to much.<sup>2</sup>

June 1st. Having taken our leaves of Sir W. Batten and my Lady, who are gone this morning to keep their Whitsuntide, Sir W. Pen and I and Mr. Gauden by water to Woolwich, and there went from ship to ship to give order for and take notice of their forwardness to go forth, and

<sup>1</sup> A Bill for the Repeal of "An Act of Parliament intituled an Act for disenableing all persons in holy orders to exercise any temporal jurisdiction or authority," was read a first time in the Commons on June 1st, and a third time on 13th. In the Lords it was read a first time on the 14th, and finally passed on the 18th.

<sup>2</sup> It will be seen from an entry further on (August 31st) that the Benevolence brought in very little.

then to Deptford and did the like, having dined at Woolwich with Captain Poole at the tavern there. From Deptford we walked to Redriffe, calling at the half-way house, and there come into a room where there was infinite of new cakes placed that are made against Whitsuntide, and there we were very merry. By water home, and there did businesses of the office. Among others got my Lord's imprest of £1,000 and Mr. Creed's of £10,000 against this voyage their bills signed. Having wrote letters into the country and read some things I went to bed.

2nd (Whitsunday). The barber having done with me, I went to church, and there heard a good sermon of Mr. Mills, fit for the day. Then home to dinner, and then to church again, and going home I found Greatorex (whom I expected to-day at dinner) come to see me, and so he and I in my chamber drinking of wine and eating of anchovies an hour or two, discoursing of many things in mathematics, and among others he showed me how it comes to pass the strength that levers have, and he showed me that what is got as to matter of strength is lost by them as to matter of time. It rained very hard, as it hath done of late so much that we begin to doubt a famine, and so he was forced to stay longer than I desired. At night after prayers to bed.

3rd. To the Wardrobe, where discoursing with my Lord, he did instruct me as to the business of the Wardrobe, in case, in his absence, Mr. Townsend should die, and told me that he do intend to joyne me and Mr. Moore with him as to the business, now he is going to sea, and spoke to me many other things, as to one that he do put the greatest confidence in, of which I am proud. Here I had a good occasion to tell him (what I have had long in my mind) that, since it has pleased God to bless me with something, I am desirous to lay out something for my father, and so have pitched upon Mr. Young's place in the Wardrobe, which I desired he would give order in his absence, if the place should fall that I might have the refusal. Which my Lord did freely promise me, at which I was very glad, he saying that he would do that at the least. So I saw my Lord into the barge going to Whitehall, and I and Mr. Creed home to my house, whither my father and my cozen Scott came to dine with me, and so we dined together very well,

and before we had done in comes my father Bowyer and my mother and four daughters, and a young gentleman and his sister, their friends, and there staid all the afternoon, which cost me great store of wine, and were very merry. By and by I am called to the office, and there staid a little. So home again, and took Mr. Creed and left them, and so he and I to the Towre, to speak for some ammunicion for ships for my Lord; and so he and I, with much pleasure, walked quite round the Towre, which I never did before. So home, and after a walk with my wife upon the leads, I and she went to bed. This morning I and Dr. Peirce went over to the Beare at the Bridge foot, thinking to have met my Lord Hinchinbroke and his brother setting forth for France; but they being not come we went over to the Wardrobe, and there found that my Lord Abbot Montagu<sup>1</sup> being not at Paris, my Lord hath a mind to have them stay a little longer before they go.

4th. The Comptroller came this morning to get me to go see a house or two near our office, which he would take for himself or Mr. Turner, and then he would have me have Mr. Turner's lodgings and himself mine and Mr. Davis's. But the houses did not like us, and so that design at present is stopped. Then he and I by water to the bridge, and then walked over the Bank-side till we came to the Temple, and so I went over and to my father's, where I met with my cozen J. Holcroft, and took him and my father and my brother Tom to the Bear tavern and gave them wine, my cozen being to go into the country again to-morrow. From thence to my Lord Crew's to dinner with him, and had very good discourse about having of young noblemen and gentlemen to think of going to sea, as being as honourable service as the land war. And among other things he told us how, in Queen Elizabeth's time, one young nobleman would wait with a trencher at the back of another till he came to age himself. And witnessed in my young Lord of Kent, that then was, who waited upon my Lord Bedford at table, when a letter came to my Lord Bedford

<sup>1</sup> Walter Montagu, second son to the first Earl of Manchester, embracing the Romish faith while on his travels, was made Abbot of Pontoise, through the influence of Mary de Medici. He afterwards became almoner to the Queen-Dowager of England, and died 1670. — B.

that the Earldom of Kent was fallen to his servant, the young Lord; and so he rose from table, and made him sit down in his place, and took a lower for himself, for so he was by place to sit.<sup>1</sup> From thence to the Theatre and saw "Harry the 4th," a good play. That done I went over the water and walked over the fields to Southwark, and so home and to my lute. At night to bed.

5th. This morning did give my wife £4 to lay out upon lace and other things for herself. I to Wardrobe and so to Whitehall and Westminster, where I dined with my Lord and Ned Pickering alone at his lodgings. After dinner to the office, where we sat and did business, and Sir W. Pen and I went home with Sir R. Slingsby to bowls in his ally, and there had good sport, and afterwards went in and drank and talked. So home Sir William and I, and it being very hot weather I took my flageolet and played upon the leads in the garden, where Sir W. Pen came out in his shirt into his leads, and there we staid talking and singing, and drinking great drafts of claret, and eating botargo<sup>2</sup> and bread and butter till 12 at night, it being moonshine; and so to bed, very near fuddled.

6th. My head hath aaked all night, and all this morning, with my last night's debauch. Called up this morning by Lieutenant Lambert, who is now made Captain of the Norwich, and he and I went down by water to Greenwich, in our way observing and discoursing upon the things of a ship, he telling me all I asked him, which was of good use to me. There we went and eat and drank and heard musique at the Globe, and saw the simple motion that is there of a woman with a rod in her hand keeping time to the musique while it plays, which is simple, methinks. Back again by water, calling at Captain Lambert's house, which is very handsome and neat, and a fine prospect at

<sup>1</sup> The earldom of Kent was erected for the Grey family in 1465; that of Bedford for the Russells, in 1550. Lord Bedford was probably Francis, second earl, and Lord Grey may have been either Reginald, fifth earl, or Henry, sixth earl.

<sup>2</sup> "Botarga. The roe of the mullet pressed flat and dried; that of commerce, however, is from the tunny, a large fish of passage which is common in the Mediterranean. The best kind comes from Tunis." — Smyth's *Sailor's Word-Book*. Botargo was chiefly used to promote drinking by causing thirst, and Rabelais makes Gargantua eat it.

top. So to the office, where we sat a little, and then the Captain and I again to Bridewell to Mr. Holland's, where his wife also, a plain dowdy, and his mother was. Here I paid Mrs. Holland the money due from me to her husband. Here came two young gentlewomen to see Mr. Holland, and one of them could play pretty well upon the viallin, but, good God! how these ignorant people did cry her up for it! We were very merry. I staid and supped there, and so home and to bed. The weather very hot, this night I left off my wastecoat.

7th. To my Lord's at Whitehall, but not finding him I went to the Wardrobe and there dined with my Lady, and was very kindly treated by her. After dinner to the office, and there till late at night. So home, and to Sir William Batten's, who is come this day from Chatham with my Lady, who is and has been much troubled with the tooth-ache. Here I staid till late, and so home and to bed.

8th. To Whitehall to my Lord, who did tell me that he would have me go to Mr. Townsend, whom he had ordered to discover to me the whole mystery of the Wardrobe, and none else but me, and that he will make me deputy with him for fear that he should die in my Lord's absence, of which I was glad. Then to the Cook's with Mr. Shepley and Mr. Creed, and dined together, and then I went to the Theatre and there saw Bartholomew Faire,<sup>1</sup> the first time it was acted now-a-days. It is a most admirable play and well acted, but too much prophane and abusive. From thence, meeting Mr. Creed at the door, he and I went to the tobacco shop under Temple Bar gate, and there went up to the top of the house and there sat drinking Lambeth ale a good while. Then away home, and in my way called upon Mr. Rawlinson (my uncle Wight being out of town), for his advice to answer a letter of my uncle Robert, wherein he do offer me a purchase to lay some money upon, that joynes upon some of his own lands, and plainly telling me that the reason of his advice is the convenience that it will give me as to his estate, of which I am exceeding glad, and am advised to give up wholly the disposal of my money to

<sup>1</sup> A comedy, by Ben Jonson; first acted at the Hope theatre, Bank-side, October 31st, 1614.

him, let him do what he will with it, which I shall do. So home and to bed.

9th (Lord's day). This day my wife put on her black silk gown, which is now laced all over with black gimp lace, as the fashion is, in which she is very pretty. She and I walked to my Lady's at the Wardrobe, and there dined and was exceeding much made of. After dinner I left my wife there, and I walked to Whitehall, and then went to Mr. Pierce's and sat with his wife a good while (who continues very pretty) till he came, and then he and I, and Mr. Symons (dancing master), that goes to sea with my Lord, to the Swan tavern, and there drank, and so again to White Hall, and there met with Dean Fuller, and walked a great while with him; among other things discoursed of the liberty the Bishop (by name he of Galloway)<sup>1</sup> takes to admit into orders any body that will; among others, Roundtree, a simple mechanic that was a person formerly in the fleet.<sup>2</sup> He told me he would complain of it. By and by we went and got a sculler, and landing him at Worcester House, I and W. Howe, who came to us at Whitehall, went to the Wardrobe, where I met with Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Murray and Heath, whose authority is generally good, assert that James Hamilton was at this time Bishop of Galloway; but the commission for his consecration bears date December 12th, 1661. Kennet also mentions Thomas Sydserf, who had been deposed from the see of Galloway by the Presbyterians in 1638, as the only Scotch prelate alive at the Restoration; and adds, that he came up to London, expecting to be advanced to the primacy. But he had so disgusted the English bishops, that he was only removed to the See of Orkney, which, though richly endowed, was considered at all times as a sinecure; and he did not long survive his translation. At all events, Hamilton was his successor, and the Bishop of Galloway mentioned in the Diary, May 15th, 1663. Lingard's testimony is in favour of Sydserf being the Bishop of Galloway here alluded to. The death of the Bishop of Orkney (late of Galloway) is mentioned in "The Intelligencer," September 29th, 1663. — B.

<sup>2</sup> The reading in the early editions of the Diary is, "a person formerly of the fleet;" in the later editions, "a parson formerly of the Fleet." The cypher for "person" or "parson" is the same. I have preferred the reading of the early editions, merely correcting "of" to "in," for two reasons — one, because the marriages were performed by clergymen, though disreputable, who would not require fresh ordination; the other because, although there were Fleet marriages at that time, yet they do not seem to be common. The date of the earliest Fleet register now preserved in the Bishop of London's Registry is 1674. — M. B.



Townsend, who is very willing he says to communicate anything for my Lord's advantage to me as to his business. I went up to Jane Shore's towre, and there W. Howe and I sang, and so took my wife and walked home, and so to bed. After I came home a messenger came from my Lord to bid me come to him to-morrow morning.

10th. Early to my Lord's, who privately told me how the King had made him Ambassador in the bringing over the Queen.<sup>1</sup> That he is to go to Algier, &c., to settle the business, and to put the fleet in order there; and so to come back to Lisbone with three ships, and there to meet the fleet that is to follow him. He sent for me, to tell me that he do intrust me with the seeing of all things done in his absence as to this great preparation, as I shall receive orders from my Lord Chancellor and Mr. Edward Montagu. At all which my heart is above measure glad; for my Lord's honour, and some profit to myself, I hope. By and by, out with Mr. Shepley, Walden,<sup>2</sup> Parliament-man for Huntingdon, Rolt, Mackworth, and Alderman Backwell, to a house hard by, to drink Lambeth ale. So I back to the Wardrobe, and there found my Lord going to Trinity House, this being the solemn day of choosing Master, and my Lord is chosen, so he dines there to-day. I staid and dined with my Lady; but after we were set, comes in some persons of condition, and so the children and I rose and dined by ourselves, all the children and I, and were very merry and they mighty fond of me. Then to the office, and there sat awhile. So home and at night to bed, where we lay in Sir R. Slingsby's lodgings in the dining room there in one green bed, my house being now in its last work of painting and whiting.

11th. At the office this morning, Sir G. Carteret with us; and we agreed upon a letter to the Duke of York, to tell him the sad condition of this office for want of money;

<sup>1</sup> Katherine of Braganza, daughter of John IV. of Portugal, born 1638, married to Charles II., May 21st, 1662. After the death of the king she lived for some time at Somerset House, and then returned to Portugal, of which country she became Regent in 1704 on the retirement of her brother Don Pedro. She died December 31st, 1705.

<sup>2</sup> Lionel Walden, elected M.P. for the borough of Huntingdon, April 12th, 1661.



how men are not able to serve us more without some money; and that now the credit of the office is brought so low, that none will sell us any thing without our personal security given for the same. All the afternoon abroad about several businesses, and at night home and to bed.

12th. Wednesday, a day kept between a fast and a feast, the Bishops not being ready enough to keep the fast for foul weather before fair weather came; and so they were forced to keep it between both.<sup>1</sup> I to Whitehall, and there with Captain Rolt<sup>2</sup> and Ferrers we went to Lambeth to drink our morning draft, where at the Three Mariners, a place noted for their ale, we went and staid awhile very merry, and so away. And wanting a boat, we found Captain Bun going down the river, and so we went into his boat having a lady with him, and he landed them at Westminster and me at the Bridge. At home all day with my workmen, and doing several things, among others writing the letter resolved of yesterday to the Duke. Then to White Hall, where I met my Lord, who told me he must have £300 laid out in cloth, to give in Barbary, as presents among the Turks. At which occasion of getting something I was very glad. Home to supper, and then to Sir R. Slingsby, who with his brother and I went to my Lord's at the Wardrobe, and there staid a great while, but he being now taking his leave of his friends staid out late, and so they went away. Anon came my Lord in, and I staid with him a good while, and then to bed with Mr. Moore in his chamber.

<sup>1</sup> A Form of Prayer was published to be used in London on the 12th, and in the country on the 19th of June, being the special days appointed for a general fast to be kept in the respective places for averting those sicknesses and diseases, that dearth and scarcity, which justly may be feared from the late immoderate rain and waters: for a thanksgiving also for the blessed change of weather; and the begging the continuance of it to us for our comfort: And likewise for beseeching a Blessing upon the High Court of Parliament now assembled: Set forth by his Majesty's authority. A sermon was preached before the Commons by Thomas Greenfield, preacher of Lincoln's Inn. The Lords taxed themselves for the poor — an earl, 30s., a baron, 20s. Those absent from prayers were to pay a forfeit. — B.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the same person who had been envoy from the Protector to the King of Sweden, and is described by Kennet, in September, 1655, as kinsman to his Highness. — B.

13th. I went up and down to Alderman Backwell's, but his servants not being up, I went home and put on my gray cloth suit and faced white coat, made of one of my wife's pettycoates, the first time I have had it on, and so in a riding garb back again and spoke with Mr. Shaw<sup>1</sup> at the Alderman's, who offers me £300 if my Lord pleases to buy this cloth with, which pleased me well. So to the Wardrobe and got my Lord to order Mr. Creed to imprest so much upon me to be paid by Alderman Backwell. So with my Lord to Whitehall by water, and he having taken leave of the King, comes to us at his lodgings and from thence goes to the garden stairs and there takes barge, and at the stairs was met by Sir R. Slingsby, who there took his leave of my Lord, and I heard my Lord thank him for his kindness to me, which Sir Robert answered much to my advantage. I went down with my Lord in the barge to Deptford, and there went on board the Dutch yacht and staid there a good while, W. Howe not being come with my Lord's things, which made my Lord very angry. By and by he comes and so we set sayle, and anon went to dinner, my Lord and we very merry; and after dinner I went down below and there sang, and took leave of W. Howe, Captain Rolt, and the rest of my friends, then went up and took leave of my Lord, who give me his hand and parted with great respect. So went and Captain Ferrers with me into our wherry, and my Lord did give five guns, all they had charged, which was the greatest respect my Lord could do me, and of which I was not a little proud. So with a sad and merry heart I left them sailing pleasantly from Erith, hoping to be in the Downs to-morrow early. We toward London in our boat. Pulled off our stockings and bathed our legs a great while in the river, which I had not done some years before. By and by we come to Greenwich, and thinking to have gone on the King's yacht, the King was in her, so we passed by, and at Woolwich went on shore, in the company of Captain Poole of Jamaica and young Mr. Kennersley, and many others, and so to the tavern where we drank a great deal both wine and beer. So we parted hence and went home with Mr. Falconer, who

<sup>1</sup> Robin Shaw, manager of Backwell's business, who died July 25th, 1665.

did give us cherrys and good wine. So to boat, and young Poole took us on board the Charity and gave us wine there, with which I had full enough, and so to our wherry again, and there fell asleep till I came almost to the Tower, and there the Captain and I parted, and I home and with wine enough in my head, went to bed.

14th. To Whitehall to my Lord's, where I found Mr. Edward Montagu and his family come to lie during my Lord's absence. I sent to my house by my Lord's order his shipp<sup>1</sup> and triangle virginall. So to my father's, and did give him order about the buying of this cloth to send to my Lord. But I could not stay with him myself, for having got a great cold by my playing the fool in the water yesterday I was in great pain, and so went home by coach to bed, and went not to the office at all, and by keeping myself warm, I broke wind and so came to some ease. Rose and eat some supper, and so to bed again.

15th. My father came and drank his morning draft with me, and sat with me till I was ready, and so he and I about the business of the cloth. By and by I left him and went and dined with my Lady, who, now my Lord is gone, is come to her poor housekeeping again. Then to my father's, who tells me what he has done, and we resolved upon two pieces of scarlet, two of purple, and two of black, and £50 in linen. I home, taking £300 with me home from Alderman Backwell's. After writing to my Lord to let him know what I had done I was going to bed, but there coming the purser of the King's yacht for victualls presently, for the Duke of York is to go down to-morrow, I got him to promise stowage for these things there, and so I went to bed, bidding Will go and fetch the things from the carrier's hither, which about 12 o'clock were brought to my house and laid there all night.

16th (Lord's day). But no purser coming in the morning for them, and I hear that the Duke went last night, and so I am at a great loss what to do; and so this day (though the Lord's day) staid at home, sending Will up and down to know what to do. Sometimes thinking to continue my resolution of sending by the carrier to be at Deal on

<sup>1</sup> Qy. glass omitted after shipp.

Wednesday next, sometimes to send them by sea by a vessel on purpose, but am not yet come to a resolution, but am at a very great loss and trouble in mind what in the world to do herein. The afternoon (while Will was abroad) I spent in reading "The Spanish Gypsey,"<sup>1</sup> a play not very good, though commended much. At night resolved to hire a Margate Hoy, who would go away to-morrow morning, which I did, and sent the things all by him, and put them on board about 12 this night, hoping to have them as the wind now serves in the Downs to-morrow night. To bed with some quiet of mind, having sent the things away.

17th. Visited this morning by my old friend Mr. Ch. Carter, who staid and went to Westminster with me, and there we parted, and I to the Wardrobe and dined with my Lady. So home to my painters, who are now about painting my stairs. So to the office, and at night we all went to Sir W. Pen's, and there sat and drank till 11 at night, and so home and to bed.

18th. All this morning at home vexing about the delay of my painters, and about four in the afternoon my wife and I by water to Captain Lambert's, where we took great pleasure in their turret-garden, and seeing the fine needle-works of his wife, the best I ever saw in my life, and afterwards had a very handsome treat and good musique that she made upon the harpsicon, and with a great deal of pleasure staid till 8 at night, and so home again, there being a little pretty witty child that is kept in their house that would not let us go without her, and so fell a-crying by the water-side. So home, where I met Jack Cole, who staid with me a good while, and is still of the old good humour that we were of at school together, and I am very glad to see him. He gone, I went to bed.

19th. All the morning almost at home, seeing my stairs finished by the painters, which pleases me well. So with Mr. Moore to Westminster Hall, it being term, and then by water to the Wardrobe, where very merry, and so home to the office all the afternoon, and at night to the Exchange to my uncle Wight about my intention of purchasing at Brampton. So back again home and at night to bed.

<sup>1</sup> A comedy, by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, printed 1653, and again in 1661. — B.

Thanks be to God I am very well again of my late pain, and to-morrow hope to be out of my pain of dirt and trouble in my house, of which I am now become very weary. One thing I must observe here while I think of it, that I am now become the most negligent man in the world as to matters of news, insomuch that, now-a-days, I neither can tell any, nor ask any of others.

20th. At home the greatest part of the day to see my workmen make an end, which this night they did to my great content.

21st. This morning going to my father's I met him, and so he and I went and drank our morning draft at the Samson<sup>1</sup> in Paul's Churchyard, and eat some gammon of bacon, &c., and then parted, having bought some green Say<sup>2</sup> for curtains in my parler. Home, and so to the Exchequer, where I met with my uncle Wight, and home with him to dinner, where among others (my aunt being out of town), Mr. Norbury and I did discourse of his wife's house and land at Brampton, which I find too much for me to buy. Home, and in the afternoon to the office, and much pleased at night to see my house begin to be clean after all the dirt.

22nd. Abroad all the morning about several businesses. At noon went and dined with my Lord Crew, where very much made of by him and his lady. Then to the Theatre, "The Alchymist,"<sup>3</sup> which is a most incomparable play. And that being done I met with little Luellin and Blirton, who took me to a friend's of theirs in Lincoln's Inn fields, one Mr. Hodges, where we drank great store of Rhenish wine and were very merry. So I went home, where I found my house now very clean, which was great content to me.

23rd (Lord's day). In the morning to church, and my wife not being well, I went with Sir W. Batten home to dinner, my Lady being out of town, where there was Sir W. Pen, Captain Allen and his daughter Rebecca, and Mr. Hempsom and his wife. After dinner to church all of us

<sup>1</sup> There are tokens of the Samson in St. Paul's Churchyard (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 735).

<sup>2</sup> A woollen cloth. "Saye clothe *serge*."—Palsgrave.

<sup>3</sup> Comedy by Ben Jonson, first printed in 1612.

and had a very good sermon of a stranger, and so I and the young company to walk first to Graye's Inn Walks, where great store of gallants, but above all the ladies that I there saw, or ever did see, Mrs. Frances Butler (Monsieur L'Impertinent's sister) is the greatest beauty. Then we went to Islington, where at the great house I entertained them as well as I could, and so home with them, and so to my own home and to bed. Pall, who went this day to a child's christening of Kate Joyce's, staid out all night at my father's, she not being well.

24th (Midsummer-day). We kept this a holiday, and so went not to the office at all. All the morning at home. At noon my father came to see my house now it is done, which is now very neat. He and I and Dr. Williams (who is come to see my wife, whose soare belly is now grown dangerous as she thinks) to the ordinary over against the Exchange, where we dined and had great wrangling with the master of the house when the reckoning was brought to us, he setting down exceeding high every thing. I home again and to Sir W. Batten's, and there sat a good while. So home.

25th. Up this morning to put my papers in order that are come from my Lord's, so that now I have nothing there remaining that is mine, which I have had till now. This morning came Mr. Goodgroome<sup>1</sup> to me (recommended by Mr. Mage), with whom I agreed presently to give him 20s. entrance, which I then did, and 20s. a month more to teach me to sing, and so we began, and I hope I have come to something in it. His first song is "La cruda la bella."<sup>2</sup> He gone my brother Tom comes, with whom I made even with my father and the two drapers for the cloths I sent to sea lately. At home all day, in the afternoon came Captain Allen and his daughter Rebecca and Mr. Hempson, and by and by both Sir Williams, who sat with me till it was late, and I had a very gallant collacion for them. At night to bed.

26th. To Westminster about several businesses, then to

<sup>1</sup> Theodore Goodgroome, Pepys's singing-master. He was probably related to John Goodgroome, a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, who is also referred to in the Diary.

<sup>2</sup> "La cruda la bella" does not appear to have been printed.



dine with my Lady at the Wardrobe, taking Dean Fuller along with me; then home, where I heard my father had been to find me about special business; so I took coach and went to him, and found by a letter to him from my aunt that my uncle Robert is taken with a dizziness in his head, so that they desire my father to come down to look after his business, by which we guess that he is very ill, and so my father do think to go to-morrow. And so God's will be done. Back by water to the office, there till night, and so home to my musique and then to bed.

27th. To my father's, and with him to Mr. Starling's to drink our morning draft, and there I told him how I would have him speak to my uncle Robert, when he comes thither, concerning my buying of land, that I could pay ready money £600 and the rest by £150 per annum, to make up as much as will buy £50 per annum, which I do, though I not worth above £500 ready money, that he may think me to be a greater saver than I am. Here I took my leave of my father, who is going this morning to my uncle upon my aunt's letter this week that he is not well and so needs my father's help. At noon home, and then with my Lady Batten, Mrs. Rebecca Allen, Mrs. Thompson, &c., two coaches of us, we went and saw "Bartholomew Fayre" acted very well, and so home again and staid at Sir W. Batten's late, and so home to bed. This day Mr. Holden sent me a bever, which cost me £4 5s.<sup>1</sup>

28th. At home all the morning practising to sing, which is now my great trade, and at noon to my Lady and dined with her. So back and to the office, and there sat till 7 at night, and then Sir W. Pen and I in his coach went to Moorefields, and there walked, and stood and saw the wrestling, which I never saw so much of before, between the north and west countrymen. So home, and this night had our bed set up in our room that we called the Nursery, where we lay, and I am very much pleased with the room.

29th. By a letter from the Duke complaining of the delay of the ships that are to be got ready, Sir Williams both and

<sup>1</sup> Whilst a hat (see January 28th 1660-61, *ante*; cost only 35s. See also Lord Sandwich's vexation at his beaver being stolen, and a hat only left in lieu of it, April 30th, 1661, *ante*; and April 19th and 26th, 1662, *post.* — B.



I went to Deptford and there examined into the delays, and were satisfied. So back again home and staid till the afternoon, and then I walked to the Bell at the Maypole<sup>1</sup> in the Strand, and thither came to me by appointment Mr. Chetwind, Gregory, and Hartlibb, so many of our old club, and Mr. Kipps, where we staid and drank and talked with much pleasure till it was late, and so I walked home and to bed. Mr. Chetwind by chewing of tobacco is become very fat and sallow, whereas he was consumptive, and in our discourse he fell commending of "Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity,"<sup>2</sup> as the best book, and the only one that made him a Christian, which puts me upon the buying of it, which I will do shortly.

30th (Lord's day). To church, where we observe the trade of briefs is come now up to so constant a course every Sunday, that we resolve to give no more to them.<sup>3</sup> A good sermon, and then home to dinner, my wife and I all alone. After dinner Sir Williams both and I by water to Whitehall, where having walked up and down, at last we met with the Duke of York, according to an order sent us yesterday from him, to give him an account where the fault lay in the not sending out of the ships, which we find to be only the wind hath been against them, and so they could not get out of the river. Hence I to Graye's Inn Walk, all alone, and with great pleasure seeing the fine ladies walk there. Myself humming to myself (which now-a-days is my constant practice since I begun to learn to sing) the trillo, and found by use that it do come upon me. Home very weary and to bed, finding my wife not sick, but yet out of order, that I fear she will come to be sick. This day the Portu-

<sup>1</sup> The Maypole in the Strand was fixed on the site of the present church of St. Mary-le-Strand. It was taken away in 1718.

<sup>2</sup> The edition of Richard Hooker's great work, "Of the Lawes of Ecclesiastical Politie," in the Pepysian Library, is dated 1666.

<sup>3</sup> It appears, from an old MS. account-book of the collections in the church of St. Olave, Hart Street, beginning in 1642, still extant, that the money gathered on the 30th June, 1661, "for several inhabitants of the parish of St. Dunstan in the West towards their losse by fire," amounted to "xxs. viiij*d*." Pepys might complain of the trade in briefs, as similar contributions had been levied fourteen weeks successively, previous to the one in question at St. Olave's church. Briefs were abolished in 1828. — B.

guese Ambassador<sup>1</sup> came to White Hall to take leave of the King; he being now going to end all with the Queen, and to send her over. The weather now very fair and pleasant, but very hot. My father gone to Brampton to see my uncle Robert, not knowing whether to find him dead or alive. Myself lately under a great expense of money upon myself in clothes and other things, but I hope to make it up this summer by my having to do in getting things ready to send with the next fleet to the Queen. Myself in good health, but mighty apt to take cold, so that this hot weather I am fain to wear a cloth before my belly.

July 1st. This morning I went up and down into the city, to buy several things, as I have lately done, for my house. Among other things, a fair chest of drawers for my own chamber, and an Indian gown for myself. The first cost me 33s., the other 34s. Home and dined there, and Theodore Goodgroome, my singing master, with me, and then to our singing. After that to the office, and then home.

2nd. To Westminster Hall and there walked up and down, it being Term time. Spoke with several, among others my cozen Roger Pepys, who was going up to the Parliament House, and inquired whether I had heard from my father since he went to Brampton, which I had done yesterday, who writes that my uncle is by fits stupid, and like a man that is drunk, and sometimes speechless. Home, and after my singing master had done, took coach and went to Sir William Davenant's<sup>2</sup> Opera; this being the fourth day that it hath begun, and the first that I have seen it. To-day was acted the second part of "The Siege of Rhodes."<sup>3</sup> We staid a very great while for the King and the Queen of Bohemia. And by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fell into the ladies'

<sup>1</sup> Don Francisco de Mello, Conde de Ponte. — B.

<sup>2</sup> This clashes with the statement of Downes, who says that his company being complete, Davenant opened his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields with the two parts of the "Siege of Rhodes," in the spring of 1662. Messrs. Maidment and Logan, in their edition of Davenant's Dramatic Works, state that this performance was at Salisbury Court.

<sup>3</sup> Davenant's opera of the "Siege of Rhodes" was published in 1656. The author afterwards wrote a second part, which Pepys saw. The two parts, as altered, and as acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields, were published in 1663.

necks and the men's hair, which made good sport. The King being come, the scene opened; which indeed is very fine and magnificent, and well acted, all but the Eunuch, who was so much out that he was hissed off the stage. Home and wrote letters to my Lord at sea, and so to bed.

3rd. To Westminster to Mr. Edward Montagu about business of my Lord's, and so to the Wardrobe, and there dined with my Lady, who is in some mourning for her brother, Mr. Saml. Crew, who died yesterday of the spotted fever. So home through Duck Lane<sup>1</sup> to inquire for some Spanish books, but found none that pleased me. So to the office, and that being done to Sir W. Batten's with the Comptroller, where we sat late talking and disputing with Mr. Mills the parson of our parish. This day my Lady Batten and my wife were at the burial of a daughter of Sir John Lawson's, and had rings for themselves and their husbands. Home and to bed.

4th. At home all the morning; in the afternoon I went to the Theatre, and there I saw "*Claracilla*"<sup>2</sup> (the first time I ever saw it), well acted. But strange to see this house, that used to be so thronged, now empty since the Opera begun; and so will continue for a while, I believe. Called at my father's, and there I heard that my uncle Robert<sup>3</sup> continues to have his fits of stupefaction every day for 10 or 12 hours together. From thence to the Exchange at night, and then went with my uncle Wight to the Mitre and were merry, but he takes it very ill that my father would go out of town to Brampton on this occasion and would not tell him of it, which I endeavoured to remove but could not. Here Mr. Batersby the apothecary was, who told me that if my uncle had the emerods<sup>4</sup> (which I think he had) and that now they are stopped, he will lay his life that bleeding behind by leeches will cure him, but I am resolved not to meddle in it. Home and to bed.

5th. At home, and in the afternoon to the office, and that being done all went to Sir W. Batten's and there had a

<sup>1</sup> Duck Lane was largely inhabited by booksellers. It is now renamed Little Britain.

<sup>2</sup> A tragi-comedy, by Thomas Killigrew, first published in 1641.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Pepys, of Brampton, who died on the following day.

<sup>4</sup> Hæmorrhoids or piles.

venison pasty, and were very merry. At night home and to bed.

6th. Waked this morning with news, brought me by a messenger on purpose, that my uncle Robert is dead, and died yesterday; so I rose sorry in some respect, glad in my expectations in another respect. So I made myself ready, went and told my uncle Wight, my Lady, and some others thereof, and bought me a pair of boots in St. Martin's, and got myself ready, and then to the Post House and set out about eleven and twelve o'clock, taking the messenger with me that came to me, and so we rode and got well by nine o'clock to Brampton, where I found my father well. My uncle's corps in a coffin standing upon joynt-stools in the chimney in the hall; but it begun to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night, and watched by two men. My aunt I found in bed in a most nasty ugly pickle, made me sick to see it. My father and I lay together to-night, I greedy to see the will, but did not ask to see it till to-morrow.

7th (Lord's day). In the morning my father and I walked in the garden and read the will; where, though he gives me nothing at present till my father's death, or at least very little, yet I am glad to see that he hath done so well for us all, and well to the rest of his kindred. After that done, we went about getting things, as ribbands and gloves, ready for the burial. Which in the afternoon was done; where, it being Sunday, all people far and near come in; and in the greatest disorder that ever I saw, we made shift to serve them what we had of wine and other things; and then to carry him to the church, where Mr. Taylor buried him, and Mr. Turner<sup>1</sup> preached a funerall sermon, where he spoke not particularly of him anything, but that he was one so well known for his honesty, that it spoke for itself above all that he could say for it. And so made a very good sermon. Home with some of the company who supped there, and things being quiet, at night to bed.

8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th. I fell to work, and my father to look over my uncle's papers and clothes, and continued all this week upon that business, much troubled

<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Turner.

with my aunt's base, ugly humours. We had news of Tom Trice's putting in a caveat against us, in behalf of his mother, to whom my uncle hath not given anything, and for good reason therein expressed, which troubled us also. But above all, our trouble is to find that his estate appears nothing as we expected, and all the world believes: nor his papers so well sorted as I would have had them, but all in confusion, that break my brains to understand them. We missed also the surrenders of his copyhold land, without which the land would not come to us, but to the heir at law, so that what with this, and the badness of the drink and the ill opinion I have of the meat, and the biting of the gnats by night and my disappointment in getting home this week, and the trouble of sorting all the papers, I am almost out of my wits with trouble, only I appear the more contented, because I would not have my father troubled. The latter end of the week Mr. Philips<sup>1</sup> comes home from London, and so we advised with him and have the best counsel he could give us, but for all that we were not quiet in our minds.

14th (Lord's day). At home, and Robert Barnwell with us, and dined, and in the evening my father and I walked round Portholme and viewed all the fields, which was very pleasant. Thence to Hinchingbroke, which is now all in dirt, because of my Lord's building, which will make it very magnificent. Back to Brampton, and to supper and to bed.

15th. Up by three o'clock this morning, and rode to Cambridge, and was there by seven o'clock, where, after I was trimmed, I went to Christ College, and found my brother John at eight o'clock in bed, which vexed me. Then to King's College chappell, where I found the scholars in their surplices at the service with the organs, which is a strange sight to what it used in my time to be here. Then with Dr. Fairbrother (whom I met there) to the Rose tavern, and called for some wine, and there met fortunately with Mr. Turner of our office, and sent for his wife, and were very merry (they being come to settle their son here), and sent also for Mr. Sanchy, of Magdalen, with whom and other gentlemen, friends of his, we were very

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Phillips.

merry, and I treated them as well as I could, and so at noon took horse again, having taken leave of my cozen Angier, and rode to Impington, where I found my old uncle<sup>1</sup> sitting all alone, like a man out of the world: he can hardly see; but all things else he do pretty livelyly. Then with Dr. John Pepys and him, I read over the will, and had their advice therein, who, as to the sufficiency thereof confirmed me, and advised me as to the other parts thereof. Having done there, I rode to Gravely<sup>2</sup> with much ado to inquire for a surrender of my uncle's in some of the copyholders' hands there, but I can hear of none, which puts me into very great trouble of mind, and so with a sad heart rode home to Brampton, but made myself as cheerful as I could to my father, and so to bed.

16th, 17th, 18th, 19th. These four days we spent in putting things in order, letting of the crop upon the ground, agreeing with Stankes<sup>3</sup> to have a care of our business in our absence, and we think ourselves in nothing happy but in lighting upon him to be our bayly; in riding to Offord and Sturtlow, and up and down all our lands, and in the evening walking, my father and I about the fields talking, and had advice from Mr. Moore from London, by my desire, that the three witnesses of the will being all legatees, will not do the will any wrong. To-night Serjeant Bernard,<sup>4</sup> I hear, is come home into the country. To supper and to bed. My aunt continuing in her base, hypocritical tricks, which both Jane Perkin (of whom we make great use), and the maid do tell us every day of.

20th. Up to Huntingdon this morning to Sir Robert Bernard, with whom I met Jasper Trice.<sup>5</sup> So Sir Robert

<sup>1</sup> Talbot Pepys, sixth son of John Pepys of Impington, was born 1583, and therefore at this time he was seventy-eight years of age. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1605. He was M.P. for Cambridge in 1625, and Recorder of Cambridge from 1624 to 1660, in which year he was succeeded by his son Roger. He died of the plague, March, 1666, aged eighty-three.

<sup>2</sup> Gravely is in Cambridgeshire, although it is contiguous to Hunts.

<sup>3</sup> William Stankes, bailiff of Robert Pepys's land.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Robert Bernard, Sergeant-at-Law, of Huntingdon, created baronet 1662, and died 1666. His second wife, here mentioned, was Elizabeth, relict of George, Lord Digby, died January, 1662. — B.

<sup>5</sup> There is a monument to "Jasper Trice, gent.," in Brampton



caused us to sit down together and began discourse very fairly between us, so I drew out the Will and show it him, and [he] spoke between us as well as I could desire, but could come to no issue till Tom Trice comes. Then Sir Robert and I fell to talk about the money due to us upon surrender from Piggott, £164, which he tells me will go with debts to the heir at law, which breaks my heart on the other side. Here I staid and dined with Sir Robert Bernard and his lady, my Lady Digby, a very good woman. After dinner I went into the town and spent the afternoon, sometimes with Mr. Phillips, sometimes with Dr. Symcottes, Mr. Vinter, Robert Ethell, and many more friends, and at last Mr. Davenport, Phillips, Jaspar Trice, myself and others at Mother—over against the Crown we sat and drank ale and were very merry till 9 at night, and so broke up. I walked home, and there found Tom Trice come, and he and my father gone to Goody Gorum's, where I found them and Jaspar Trice got before me, and Mr. Greene, and there had some calm discourse, but came to no issue, and so parted. So home and to bed, being now pretty well again of my left hand, which lately was stung and very much swelled.

21st (Lord's day). At home all the morning, putting my papers in order against my going to-morrow and doing many things else to that end. Had a good dinner, and Stankes and his wife with us. To my business again in the afternoon, and in the evening came the two Trices, Mr. Greene, and Mr. Philips, and so we began to argue. At last it came to some agreement that for our giving of my aunt £10 she is to quit the house, and for other matters they are to be left to the law, which do please us all, and so we broke up, pretty well satisfied. Then came Mr. Barnwell and J. Bowles and supped with us, and after supper away, and so I having taken leave of them and put things in the best order I could against to-morrow I went to bed. Old William Luffe having been here this afternoon and paid up his bond of £20, and I did give him into his hand my uncle's surrender of Sturtlow to me before Mr. Philips,

Church, Hunts, from which it appears that he died October 27th, 1675. He is referred to on March 8th, 1659-60, as "Jasper" without a surname. Apparently he was brother of Tom Trice.



R. Barnwell, and Mr. Pigott, which he did acknowledge to them my uncle did in his lifetime deliver to him.

22nd. Up by three, and going by four on my way to London; but the day proves very cold, so that having put on no stockings but thread ones under my boots, I was fain at Bigglesworth<sup>1</sup> to buy a pair of coarse woollen ones, and put them on. So by degrees till I come to Hatfield before twelve o'clock, where I had a very good dinner with my hostess at my Lord of Salisbury's Inn, and after dinner though weary I walked all alone to the Vineyard, which is now a very beautiful place again;<sup>2</sup> and coming back I met with Mr. Looker, my Lord's gardener (a friend of Mr. Eglin's), who showed me the house, the chappell with brave pictures, and, above all, the gardens, such as I never saw in all my life; nor so good flowers, nor so great gooseberrys, as big as nutmegs. Back to the inn, and drank with him, and so to horse again, and with much ado got to London, and set him up at Smithfield; so called at my uncle Fenner's, my mother's, my Lady's, and so home, in all which I found all things as well as I could expect. So weary and to bed.

23rd. Put on my mourning. Made visits to Sir W. Pen and Batten. Then to Westminster, and at the Hall staid talking with Mrs. Michell a good while, and in the afternoon, finding myself unfit for business, I went to the Theatre, and saw "Brenoralt,"<sup>3</sup> I never saw before. It seemed a good play, but ill acted; only I sat before Mrs. Palmer, the King's mistress, and filled my eyes with her, which much pleased me. Then to my father's, where by

<sup>1</sup> Biggleswade, the largest town in Bedfordshire after Bedford.

<sup>2</sup> Hatfield or Bishop's Hatfield, Herts. In 1109, when the abbey of Ely was erected into a bishopric, Hatfield became an episcopal residence, and a sumptuous palace was built there. In 1538 the manor was conveyed to Henry VIII. by Thomas Goodrich, Bishop of Ely, in exchange for lands in Cambridge, Essex, and Norfolk, and the palace became a royal abode. James I. in 1607 exchanged it with Lord Salisbury for Theobalds, and built a new mansion for his minister, who died the year after it was finished. The inn mentioned by Pepys was the Salisbury Arms. The vineyard is still carefully kept, and is one of the last of its age existing. William Cecil, second Earl of Salisbury, succeeded his father in 1612, and died December 3rd, 1668.

<sup>3</sup> "Brennoralt, or the Discontented Colonel," a tragedy, by Sir John Suckling. Written about 1639, and first published in Suckling's Works, 1646.

my desire I met my uncle Thomas, and discoursed of my uncle's will to him, and did satisfy [him] as well as I could. So to my uncle Wight's, but found him out of doors, but my aunt I saw and staid a while, and so home and to bed. Troubled to hear how proud and idle Pall is grown, that I am resolved not to keep her.

24th. This morning my wife in bed tells me of our being robbed of our silver tankard, which vexed me all day for the negligence of my people to leave the door open. My wife and I by water to Whitehall, where I left her to her business, and I to my cozen Thomas Pepys, and discoursed with him at large about our business of my uncle's will. He can give us no light at all into his estate, but upon the whole tells me that he do believe that he has left but little money, though something more than we have found, which is about £500. Here came Sir G. Lane by chance, seeing a bill upon the door to hire the house, with whom my coz and I walked all up and down, and indeed it is a very pretty place, and he do intend to leave the agreement for the House, which is £400 fine, and £46 rent a year to me between them. Then to the Wardrobe, but come too late, and so dined with the servants. And then to my Lady, who do shew my wife and me the greatest favour in the world, in which I take great content. Home by water and to the office all the afternoon, which is a great pleasure to me again, to talk with persons of quality and to be in command, and I give it out among them that the estate left me is £200 a year in land, besides moneys, because I would put an esteem upon myself. At night home and to bed after I had set down my Journals ever since my going from London this journey to this house. This afternoon I hear that my man Will hath lost his clock with my tankard, at which I am very glad.

25th. This morning came my box of papers from Brampton of all my uncle's papers, which will now set me at work enough. At noon I went to the Exchange, where I met my uncle Wight, and found him so discontented about my father (whether that he takes it ill that he has not been acquainted with things, or whether he takes it ill that he has nothing left him, I cannot tell), for which I am much troubled, and so staid not long to talk with him. Thence to my mother's,

where I found my wife and my aunt Bell and Mrs. Ramsey, and great store of tattle there was between the old women and my mother, who thinks that 'here is, God knows what fallen to her, which makes me mad, but it was not a proper time to speak to her of it, and so I went away with Mr. Moore, and he and I to the Theatre, and saw "The Jovial Crew,"<sup>1</sup> the first time I saw it, and indeed it is as merry and the most innocent play that ever I saw, and well performed. From thence home, and wrote to my father and so to bed. Full of thoughts to think of the trouble that we shall go through before we come to see what will remain to us of all our expectations.

26th. At home all the morning, and walking met with Mr. Hill of Cambridge at Pope's Head Alley with some women with him whom he took and me into the tavern there, and did give us wine, and would fain seem to be very knowing in the affairs of state, and tells me that yesterday<sup>2</sup> put a change to the whole state of England as to the Church; for the King now would be forced to favour Presbytery, or the City would leave him: but I heed not what he says, though upon enquiry I do find that things in the Parliament are in a great disorder. Home at noon and there found Mr. Moore, and with him to an ordinary alone and dined, and there he and I read my uncle's will, and I had his opinion on it, and still find more and more trouble like to attend it. Back to the office all the afternoon, and that done home for all night. Having the beginning of this week made a vow to myself to drink no wine this week (finding it to unfit me to look after business), and this day breaking of it against my will, I am much troubled for it, but I hope God will forgive me.

27th. To Westminster, where at Mr. Montagu's chamber I heard a Frenchman play, a friend of Monsieur Eschar's, upon the guitar, most extreme well, though at the best methinks it is but a bawble. From thence to Westminster Hall, where it was expected that the Parliament was to have been adjourned for two or three months, but some-

<sup>1</sup> "The Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars," a comedy, by Richard Brome, acted at the Cockpit, Drury Lane, in 1641.

<sup>2</sup> When the Savoy Conference ended, the Royal Commission having expired on that day. — B.

thing hinders it for a day or two. In the lobby I spoke with Mr. George Montagu, and advised about a ship to carry my Lord Hinchinbroke and the rest of the young gentlemen to France, and they have resolved of going in a hired vessell from Rye, and not in a man of war. He told me in discourse that my Lord Chancellor is much envied, and that many great men, such as the Duke of Buckingham and my Lord of Bristoll,<sup>1</sup> do endeavour to undermine him, and that he believes it will not be done; for that the King (though he loves him not in the way of a companion, as he do these young gallants that can answer him in his pleasures), yet cannot be without him, for his policy and service. From thence to the Wardrobe, where my wife met me, it being my Lord of Sandwich's birthday, and so we had many friends here, Mr. Townsend and his wife, and Captain Ferrers' lady and Captain Isham, and were very merry, and had a good venison pasty. Mr. Pargiter, the merchant, was with us also. After dinner Mr. Townsend was called upon by Captain Cooke: so we three went to a tavern hard by, and there he did give us a song or two; and without doubt he hath the best manner of singing in the world. Back to my wife, and with my Lady Jem. and Pall<sup>2</sup> by water through bridge, and showed them the ships with great pleasure, and then took them to my house to show it them (my Lady their mother having been lately all alone to see it and my wife, in my absence in the country), and we treated them well, and were very merry. Then back again through bridge, and set them safe at home, and so my wife and I by coach home again, and after writing a letter to my father at Brampton, who, poor man, is there all alone, and I have not heard from him since my coming from him, which troubles me. To bed.

28th (Lord's day). This morning as my wife and I were going to church, comes Mrs. Ramsay to see us, so we sent her to church, and we went too, and came back to dinner, and she dined with us and was wellcome. To church again in the afternoon, and then come home with us Sir W. Pen, and drank with us, and then went away, and my

<sup>1</sup> George Digby, second Earl of Bristol. Died March 20th, 1678.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Jemima Montagu and Lady Paulina Montagu, daughters of the Earl of Sandwich.

wife after him to see his daughter<sup>1</sup> that is lately come out of Ireland. I staid at home at my book; she came back again and tells me that whereas I expected she should have been a great beauty, she is a very plain girl. This evening, my wife gives me all my linen, which I have put up, and intend to keep it now in my own custody. To supper and to bed.

29th. This morning we began again to sit in the mornings at the office, but before we sat down Sir R. Slingsby and I went to Sir R. Ford's to see his house, and we find it will be very convenient for us to have it added to the office if he can be got to part with it. Then we sat down and did business in the office. So home to dinner, and my brother Tom dined with me, and after dinner he and I alone in my chamber had a great deal of talk, and I find that unless my father can forbear to make profit of his house in London and leave it to Tom, he has no mind to set up the trade any where else, and so I know not what to do with him. After this I went with him to my mother, and there told her how things do fall out short of our expectations, which I did (though it be true) to make her leave off her spending, which I find she is now-a-days very free in, building upon what is left to us by my uncle to bear her out in it, which troubles me much. While I was here word is brought that my aunt Fenner is exceeding ill, and that my mother is sent for presently<sup>2</sup> to come to her: also that my cozen Charles Glassecocke,<sup>3</sup> though very ill himself, is this day gone to the country to his brother, John Glassecocke, who is a-dying there. Home.

30th. After my singing-master had done with me this morning, I went to White Hall and Westminster Hall, where I found the King expected to come and adjourn the Parliament. I found the two Houses at a great difference, about the Lords challenging their privileges not to have their houses searched, which makes them deny to pass the House of Commons' Bill for searching for pamphlets and

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Penn, only daughter of Sir William Penn, was married to Anthony Lowther, of Mask, in the county of York, in February, 1666-67.

<sup>2</sup> Immediately.

<sup>3</sup> Pepys was very lax in his use of the term cousin. Charles Glassecocke was brother-in-law of Judith Pepys, *née* Cutter.

sedition books. Thence by water to the Wardrobe (meeting the King upon the water going in his barge to adjourn the House) where I dined with my Lady, and there met Dr. Thomas Pepys, who I found to be a silly talking fellow, but very good-natured. So home to the office, where we met about the business of Tangier this afternoon. That done, at home I found Mr. Moore, and he and I walked into the City and there parted. To Fleet Street to find when the Assizes begin at Cambridge and Huntingdon, in order to my going to meet with Roger Pepys for counsel. So in Fleet Street I met with Mr. Salisbury, who is now grown in less than two years' time so great a limner that he is become excellent, and gets a great deal of money at it. I took him to Hercules Pillars to drink, and there came Mr. Whore (whom I formerly have known), a friend of his to him, who is a very ingenious fellow, and there I sat with them a good while, and so home and wrote letters late to my Lord and to my father, and then to bed.

31st. Singing-master came to me this morning; then to the office all the morning. In the afternoon I went to the Theatre, and there I saw "The Tamer Tamed" <sup>1</sup> well done. And then home, and prepared to go to Walthamstow tomorrow. This night I was forced to borrow £40 of Sir W. Batten.

August 1st. This morning Sir Williams both, and my wife and I and Mrs. Margaret Pen (this first time that I have seen her since she came from Ireland) went by coach to Walthamstow, a-gossiping to Mrs. Browne, where I did give her six silver spoons <sup>2</sup> for her boy. Here we had a venison pasty, brought hot from London, and were very merry. Only I hear how nurse's husband has spoken strangely of my Lady Batten how she was such a man's whore, who indeed is known to leave her her estate, which we would fain have reconciled to-day, but could not and indeed I do believe that the story is true. Back again at night home.

2d. At the office all the morning. At noon Dr. Thos. Pepys dined with me, and after dinner my brother Tom

<sup>1</sup> On October 30th, 1660, Pepys saw this play at the Cockpit theatre.

<sup>2</sup> But not the porringer of silver. See May 29th, 1661. — M. B.



came to me and then I made myself ready to get a-horse-back for Cambridge. So I set out and rode to Ware, this night, in the way having much discourse with a fellow-monger,<sup>1</sup> a Quaker, who told me what a wicked man he had been all his life-time till within this two years. Here I lay, and

3rd. Got up early the next morning and got to Barkway, where I staid and drank, and there met with a letter-carrier of Cambridge, with whom I rode all the way to Cambridge, my horse being tired, and myself very wet with rain. I went to the Castle Hill, where the Judges were at the Assizes; and I staid till Roger Pepys rose and went with him, and dined with his brother, the Doctor, and Claxton<sup>2</sup> at Trinity Hall. Then parted, and I went to the Rose, and there with Mr. Pechell,<sup>3</sup> Sanchy, and others, sat and drank till night and were very merry, only they tell me how high the old doctors are in the University over those they found there, though a great deal better scholars than themselves; for which I am very sorry, and, above all, Dr. Gunning. At night I took horse, and rode with Roger Pepys and his two brothers to Impington, and there with great respect was led up by them to the best chamber in the house, and there slept.

4th (Lord's day). Got up, and by and by walked into the orchard with my cozen Roger, and there plucked some fruit, and then discoursed at large about the business I came for, that is, about my uncle's will, in which he did give me good satisfaction, but tells me I shall meet with a great deal of trouble in it. However, in all things he told me what I am to expect and what to do. To church, and had a good plain sermon, and my uncle Talbot went with us and at our coming in the country-people all rose with so much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins "Right worshipfull and dearly beloved" to us. Home to dinner, which was very good, and then to church again, and so home and to walk up and down and so to supper, and after supper to talk about publique matters, wherein

<sup>1</sup> A dealer in hides.

<sup>2</sup> Paulina Pepys, sister of Roger Pepys and Talbot Pepys, M.D., married Hamond Claxton of Booton, co. Norfolk.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i., p. 66 (note).



Roger Pepys (who I find a very sober man, and one whom I do now honour more than ever before for this discourse sake only) told me how basely things have been carried in Parliament by the young men, that did labour to oppose all things that were moved by serious men. That they are the most prophane swearing fellows that ever he heard in his life, which makes him think that they will spoil all, and bring things into a warr again if they can. So to bed.

5th. Early to Huntingdon, but was fain to stay a great while at Stanton because of the rain, and there borrowed a coat of a man for 6*d.*, and so he rode all the way, poor man, without any. Staid at Huntingdon for a little, but the judges are not come hither: so I went to Brampton, and there found my father very well, and my aunt gone from the house, which I am glad of, though it costs us a great deal of money, viz., £10. Here I dined, and after dinner took horse and rode to Yelling, to my cozen Nightingale's, who hath a pretty house here, and did learn of her all she could tell me concerning my business, and has given me some light by her discourse how I may get a surrender made for Graveley lands. Hence to Graveley, and there at an alehouse met with Chancler and Jackson (one of my tenants for Cotton closes) and another with whom I had a great deal of discourse, much to my satisfaction. Hence back again to Brampton and after supper to bed, being now very quiet in the house, which is a content to us.

6th. Up early and went to Mr. Phillips, but lost my labour, he lying at Huntingdon last night, so I went back again and took horse and rode thither, where I staid with Thos. Trice and Mr. Philips drinking till noon, and then Tom Trice and I to Brampton, where he to Goody Gorum's and I home to my father, who could discern that I had been drinking, which he did never see or hear of before, so I eat a bit of dinner and went with him to Gorum's, and there talked with Tom Trice, and then went and took horse for London, and with much ado, the ways being very bad, got to Baldwick,<sup>1</sup> and there lay and had a good supper by

<sup>1</sup> Baldock, Herts, in the district of Hitchin. It belonged at one time to the Knights Templars, who built a church there.

myself. The landlady being a pretty woman, but I durst not take notice of her, her husband being there. Before supper I went to see the church, which is a very handsome church, but I find that both here, and every where else that I come, the Quakers do still continue, and rather grow than lessen. To bed.

7th. Called up at three o'clock, and was a-horseback by four; and as I was eating my breakfast I saw a man riding by that rode a little way upon the road with me last night; and he being going with venison in his pan-yards<sup>1</sup> to London, I called him in and did give him his breakfast with me, and so we went together all the way. At Hatfield we bayted and walked into the great house through all the courts; and I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me, but I could not, which troubled me. To horse again, and by degrees with much ado got to London, where I found all well at home and at my father's and my Lady's, but no news yet from my Lord where he is. At my Lady's (whither I went with Dean Fuller, who came to my house to see me just as I was come home) I met with Mr. Moore, who told me at what a loss he was for me, for to-morrow is a Seal day at the Privy Seal, and it being my month, I am to wait upon my Lord Roberts,<sup>2</sup> Lord Privy Seal, at the Seal. Home and to bed.

8th. Early in the morning to Whitehall, but my Lord Privy Seal came not all the morning. At noon Mr. Moore and I to the Wardrobe to dinner, where my Lady and all merry and well. Back again to the Privy Seal; but my Lord comes not all the afternoon, which made me mad and gives all the world reason to talk of his delaying of business, as well as of his severity and ill using of the Clerks of the Privy Seal. In the evening I took Mons. Eschar and Mr. Moore and Dr. Pierce's brother (the souldier) to the tavern next the Savoy, and there staid and drank with them. Here I met with Mr. Mage,<sup>3</sup> and discoursing of

<sup>1</sup> Panyards = panniers.

<sup>2</sup> John, second Lord Robartes, created Viscount Bodmin and Earl of Radnor in July, 1679. At the Restoration William Viscount Say and Sele was appointed Lord Privy Seal, but he was succeeded in May, 1661, by Lord Robartes, who held the office until April, 1673. Lord Radnor died July 17th, 1685.

<sup>3</sup> Probably Henry Madge, who was one of the King's twenty-four fiddlers in 1674.

musique Mons. Eschar spoke so much against the English and in praise of the French that made him mad, and so he went away. After a stay with them a little longer we parted and I home.

9th. To the office, where word is brought me by a son-in-law of Mr. Pierce's,<sup>1</sup> the purser, that his father is a dying and that he desires that I would come to him before he dies. So I rose from the table and went, where I found him not so ill as I thought that he had been ill. So I did promise to be a friend to his wife and family if he should die, which was all he desired of me, but I do believe he will recover. Back again to the office, where I found Sir G. Carteret had a day or two ago invited some of the officers to dinner to-day at Deptford. So at noon, when I heard that he was a-coming, I went out, because I would see whether he would send to me or no to go with them; but he did not, which do a little trouble me till I see how it comes to pass. Although in other things I am glad of it because of my going again to-day to the Privy Seal. I dined at home, and having dined news is brought by Mr. Hater that his wife is now falling into labour, so he is come for my wife, who presently went with him. I to White Hall, where, after four o'clock, comes my Lord Privy Seal, and so we went up to his chamber over the gate at White Hall,<sup>2</sup> where he asked me what deputaçon I had from my Lord. I told him none; but that I am sworn my Lord's deputy by both of the Secretaries, which did satisfy him. So he caused Mr. Moore to read over all the bills as is the manner, and all ended very well. So that I see the Lyon is not so fierce as he is painted. That being done Mons. Eschar (who all this afternoon had been waiting at the Privy Seal for the Warrant for £5,000 for my Lord of Sandwich's preparation for Portugal) and I took some wine with us and went to visit la belle Pierce, who we find very big with child, and a pretty lady, one Mrs. Clifford, with her, where we staid and were extraordinary merry. From thence I took coach to my father's, where I found him come home

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pierce did not die at this time, and is mentioned in the Diary on September 18th, 1665.

<sup>2</sup> The Signet and Privy Seal office was situated in what is now Whitehall Yard, a little north of the site of the United Service Institution.

this day from Brampton (as I expected) very well, and after some discourse about business and it being very late I took coach again home, where I hear by my wife that Mrs. Hater is not yet delivered, but continues in her pains. So to bed.

10th. This morning came the maid that my wife hath lately hired for a chamber maid. She is very ugly, so that I cannot care for her, but otherwise she seems very good. But however she do come about three weeks hence, when my wife comes back from Brampton, if she go with my father. By and by came my father to my house, and so he and I went and found out my uncle Wight at the Coffee House, and there did agree with him to meet the next week with my uncle Thomas and read over the Captain's will before them both for their satisfaction. Having done with him I went to my Lady's and dined with her, and after dinner took the two young gentlemen and the two ladies and carried them and Captain Ferrers to the Theatre, and shewed them "The merry Devill of Edmunton,"<sup>1</sup> which is a very merry play, the first time I ever saw it, which pleased me well. And that being done I took them all home by coach to my house and there gave them fruit to eat and wine. So by water home with them, and so home myself.

11th (Lord's day). To our own church in the forenoon, and in the afternoon to Clerkenwell Church,<sup>2</sup> only to see the two fayre Botelers;<sup>3</sup> and I happened to be placed in the pew where they afterwards came to sit, but the pew by their coming being too full, I went out into the next, and there sat, and had my full view of them both, but I am out of conceit now with them, Colonel Dillon being come back from Ireland again, and do still court them, and comes to church with them, which makes me think they are not honest. Hence to Graye's-Inn walks, and there staid a

<sup>1</sup> A comedy acted at the Globe, and first printed in 1608. In the original entry in the Stationers' books it is said to be by T. B., which may stand for Tony or Anthony Brewer. The play has been attributed without authority both to Shakespeare and to Drayton.

<sup>2</sup> The old parish church of St. James the Less, Clerkenwell, was pulled down in 1788, and the first stone of the present church was laid on December 16th of that year. The church was completed in 1792.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Frances Butler and her sister.

good while; where I met with Ned Pickering, who told me what a great match of hunting of a stag the King had yesterday; and how the King tired all their horses, and come home with not above two or three able to keep pace with him. So to my father's, and there supped, and so home.

12th. At the office this morning. At home in the afternoon, and had notice that my Lord Hinchinbroke is fallen ill, which I fear is with the fruit that I did give them on Saturday last at my house: so in the evening I went thither and there found him very ill, and in great fear of the small-pox. I supped with my Lady, and did consult about him, but we find it best to let him lie where he do; and so I went home with my heart full of trouble for my Lord Hinchinbroke's sickness, and more for my Lord Sandwich's himself, whom we are now confirmed is sick ashore at Alicante, who, if he should miscarry, God knows in what condition would his family be. I dined to-day with my Lord Crew, who is now at Sir H. Wright's, while his new house is making fit for him, and he is much troubled also at these things.

13th. To the Privy Seal in the morning, then to the Wardrobe to dinner, where I met my wife, and found my young Lord very ill. So my Lady intends to send her other three sons, Sidney, Oliver, and John,<sup>1</sup> to my house, for fear of the small-pox. After dinner I went to my father's, where I found him within, and went up to him, and there found him settling his papers against his removal, and I took some old papers of difference between me and my wife and took them away. After that Pall being there I spoke to my father about my intention not to keep her longer for such and such reasons, which troubled him and me also, and had like to have come to some high words between my mother and me, who is become a very simple woman. By and by comes in Mrs. Cordery to take her leave of my father, thinking he was to go presently into the country, and will have us to come and see her before he do go. Then my father and I went forth to Mr. Rawlinson's, where afterwards

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Sidney Montagu assumed the name of Wortley, and was father of Edward Wortley Montagu (husband of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu). He died in 1727.

comes my uncle Thomas<sup>1</sup> and his two sons, and then my uncle Wight by appointment of us all, and there we read the will and told them how things are, and what our thoughts are of kindness to my uncle Thomas if he do carry himself peaceable, but otherwise if he persist to keep his caveat up against us. So he promised to withdraw it, and seemed to be very well contented with things as they are. After a while drinking, we paid all and parted, and so I home, and there found my Lady's three sons come, of which I am glad that I am in condition to do her and my Lord any service in this kind, but my mind is yet very much troubled about my Lord of Sandwich's health, which I am afeard of.

14th. This morning Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen and I, waited upon the Duke of York in his chamber, to give him an account of the condition of the Navy for lack of money, and how our own very bills are offered upon the Exchange, to be sold at 20 in the 100 loss. He is much troubled at it, and will speak to the King and Council of it this morning. So I went to my Lady's and dined with her, and found my Lord Hinchinbroke somewhat better. After dinner Captain Ferrers and I to the Theatre, and there saw "The Alchymist;" and there I saw Sir W. Pen, who took us when the play was done and carried the Captain to Paul's and set him down, and me home with him, and he and I to the Dolphin, but not finding Sir W. Batten there, we went and carried a bottle of wine to his house, and there sat a while and talked, and so home to bed. At home I found a letter from Mr. Creed of the 15th of July last, that tells me that my Lord is rid of his pain (which was wind got into the muscles of his right side) and his fever, and is now in hopes to go aboard in a day or two, which do give me mighty great comfort.

15th. To the Privy Seal and Whitehall, up and down, and at noon Sir W. Pen carried me to Paul's, and so I walked to the Wardrobe and dined with my Lady, and there told her of my Lord's sickness (of which though it hath been the town-talk this fortnight, she had heard noth-

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Pepys of London, next brother to Robert Pepys of Brampton. His two sons were Thomas and Charles.



ing<sup>1</sup>) and recovery, of which she was glad, though hardly persuaded of the latter. I found my Lord Hinchinbroke better and better, and the worst past. Thence to the Opera, which begins again to-day with "The Witts,"<sup>2</sup> never acted yet with scenes; and the King and Duke and Duchess were there (who dined to-day with Sir H. Finch,<sup>3</sup> reader at the Temple, in great state); and indeed it is a most excellent play, and admirable scenes. So home and was overtaken by Sir W. Pen in his coach, who has been this afternoon with my Lady Batten, &c., at the Theatre. So I followed him to the Dolphin, where Sir W. Batten was, and there we sat awhile, and so home after we had made shift to tuddle Mr. Falconer of Woolwich. So home.

16th. At the office all the morning, though little to be done; because all our clerks are gone to the buriall of Tom Whitton, one of the Controller's clerks, a very ingenious, and a likely young man to live, as any in the Office. But it is such a sickly time both in City and country every where (of a sort of fever), that never was heard of almost, unless it was in a plague-time. Among others, the famous Tom Fuller is dead of it;<sup>4</sup> and Dr. Nichols,<sup>5</sup> Dean of Paul's; and my Lord General Monk is very dangerously ill. Dined at home with the children and were merry, and my father with me, who after dinner he and I went forth about business. Among other things we found one Dr. John Williams at an alehouse, where we staid till past nine at night, in Shoe Lane, talking about our country business, and I

<sup>1</sup> So of the Emperor Claudius:

"Dabitur mora parvula dum res  
Nota urbi et populo contingat Principis aures.  
Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus."

Juv., *Sat.*, x. 340. — M. B.

<sup>2</sup> A comedy, by Sir W. Davenant, licensed in January, 1633-34.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Heneage Finch, the Solicitor-General, was treasurer of the Inner Temple, and was selected as autumn reader, when he revived the splendid festivities which had long been discontinued.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Thomas Fuller, who died on this day, was buried at Cranford, Middlesex, by his patron, Lord Berkeley. Dr. Hardy, Dean of Rochester, preached his funeral sermon. — Smyth's *Obituary*, p. 54.

<sup>5</sup> Matthew Nicholas, LL.D., installed Dean of St. Paul's, July, 1660. Died August 14th, 1661, and was buried at Winterbourn-Erles, Wilts. He was brother to Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State.



found him so well acquainted with the matters of Gravelly that I expect he will be of great use to me. So by link home. I understand my Aunt Fenner is upon the point of death.

17th. At the Privy Seal, where we had a seal this morning. Then met with Ned Pickering, and walked with him into St. James's Park (where I had not been a great while), and there found great and very noble alterations. And, in our discourse, he was very forward to complain and to speak loud of the lewdness and beggary of the Court, which I am sorry to hear, and which I am afraid will bring all to ruin again. So he and I to the Wardrobe to dinner, and after dinner Captain Ferrers and I to the Opera, and saw "The Witts" again, which I like exceedingly. The Queen of Bohemia was here, brought by my Lord Craven.<sup>1</sup> So the Captain and I and another to the Devil tavern and drank, and so by coach home. Troubled in mind that I cannot bring myself to mind my business, but to be so much in love of plays. We have been at a great loss a great while for a vessel that I sent about a month ago with things of my Lord's to Lynn, and cannot till now hear of them, but now we are told that they are put into Soale Bay, but to what purpose I know not.

18th (Lord's day). To our own church in the morning and so home to dinner, where my father and Dr. Tom Pepys came to me to dine, and were very merry. After dinner I took my wife and Mr. Sidney to my Lady to see my Lord Hinchingbroke, who is now pretty well again, and sits up and walks about his chamber. So I went to White Hall, and there hear that my Lord General Monk continues very ill: so I went to la belle Pierce and sat with her; and then to walk in St. James's Park, and saw great variety of fowl which I never saw before and so home. At

<sup>1</sup> William, first Earl of Craven, eldest son of Sir William Craven, born 1606. Knighted by Charles I. in 1627, and a few days later created Baron Craven of Hampstead Marshall, Berks. He was rich, and aided the king with money; but in 1649 his estates were confiscated. He recovered them at the Restoration, and in 1664 he was created Earl of Craven. High Steward of the University of Cambridge, 1667, and Master of the Trinity House, 1670-71. He was a devoted adherent of the Queen of Bohemia, and was supposed to be married to her, but there is no direct evidence of such marriage. He died April 9th, 1697.

night fell to read in "Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity," which Mr. Moore did give me last Wednesday very handsomely bound; and which I shall read with great pains and love for his sake. So to supper and to bed.

19th. At the office all the morning; at noon the children are sent for by their mother my Lady Sandwich to dinner, and my wife goes along with them by coach, and she to my father's and dines there, and from thence with them to see Mrs. Cordery, who do invite them before my father goes into the country, and thither I should have gone too but that I am sent for to the Privy Seal, and there I found a thing of my Lord Chancellor's<sup>1</sup> to be sealed this afternoon, and so I am forced to go to Worcester House, where severall Lords are met in Council this afternoon. And while I am waiting there, in comes the King in a plain common riding-suit and velvet cap, in which he seemed a very ordinary man to one that had not known him. Here I staid till at last, hearing that my Lord Privy Seal had not the seal here, Mr. Moore and I hired a coach and went to Chelsy,<sup>2</sup> and there at an alehouse sat and drank and past the time till my Lord Privy Seal came to his house, and so we to him and examined and sealed the thing, and so homewards, but when we came to look for our coach we found it gone, so we were fain to walk home afoot and saved our money. We met with a companion that walked

<sup>1</sup> This "thing" was probably one of those large grants which Clarendon quietly, or, as he himself says, "without noise or scandal," procured from the king. Besides lands and manors, Clarendon states at one time that the king gave him a "little billet into his hand, that contained a warrant of his own hand-writing to Sir Stephen Fox to pay to the Chancellor the sum of £20,000, of which nobody could have notice." In 1662 he received £25,000 out of the money voted to the king by the Parliament of Ireland, as he mentions in his vindication of himself against the impeachment of the Commons; and we shall see that Pepys, in February, 1664, names another sum of £20,000 given to the Chancellor to clear *the* mortgage upon Clarendon Park; and this last sum, it was believed, was paid from the money received from France by the sale of Dunkirk. — B.

<sup>2</sup> The Lord Privy Seal was John, Lord Robartes, and his house stood at the corner of Paradise Row and Robinson's Lane. Lord Robartes was created Earl of Radnor in 1679, and one of the streets in the neighbourhood of his house is called Radnor Street.

with us, and coming among some trees near the Neate<sup>1</sup> houses, he began to whistle, which did give us some suspicion, but it proved that he that answered him was Mr. Marsh<sup>2</sup> (the Lutenist) and his wife, and so we all walked to Westminster together, in our way drinking a while at my cost, and had a song of him, but his voice is quite lost. So walked home, and there I found that my Lady do keep the children at home, and lets them not come any more hither at present, which a little troubles me to lose their company. This day my aunt Fenner dyed.

20th. At the office in the morning and all the afternoon at home to put my papers in order. This day we come to some agreement with Sir R. Ford for his house to be added to the office to enlarge our quarters.

21st. This morning by appointment I went to my father, and after a morning draft he and I went to Dr. Williams, but he not within we went to Mrs. Terry, a daughter of Mr. Whately's, who lately offered a proposal of her sister for a wife for my brother Tom, and with her we discoursed about and agreed to go to her mother this afternoon to speak with her, and in the meantime went to Will. Joyce's and to an alehouse, and drank a good while together, he being very angry that his father Fenner will give him and his brother no more for mourning than their father did give him and my aunt at their mother's death, and a very troublesome fellow I still find him to be, that his company ever wearys me. From thence about two o'clock to Mrs. Whately's, but she being going to dinner we went to Whitehall and there staid till past three, and here I understand by Mr. Moore that my Lady Sandwich<sup>3</sup> is brought to bed yesterday of a young Lady, and is very well. So to Mrs. Whately's again, and there were well received, and she desirous to have the thing go forward, only is afeard that her daughter is too young and portion not big enough, but offers £200 down with her. The girl is very well

<sup>1</sup> Houses at Chelsea situated on the low ground on the banks of the Thames. The church of St. Gabriel's, Pimlico, marks the site.

<sup>2</sup> Alphonso, son of Robert Marsh, one of the musicians in ordinary to Charles I., baptized at St. Margaret's, Westminster, January 28th, 1627.

<sup>3</sup> The child was christened Katherine, see *post*, September 3rd, 1661.

favoured, and a very child, but modest, and one I think will do very well for my brother: so parted till she hears from Hatfield from her husband, who is there; but I find them very desirous of it, and so am I. Hence home to my father's, and I to the Wardrobe, where I supped with the ladies,<sup>1</sup> and hear their mother is well and the young child, and so home.

22nd. To the Privy Seal, and sealed; so home at noon, and there took my wife by coach to my uncle Fenner's, where there was both at his house and the Sessions, great deal of company, but poor entertainment, which I wonder at; and the house so hot, that my uncle Wight, my father and I were fain to go out, and stay at an alehouse awhile to cool ourselves. Then back again and to church, my father's family being all in mourning, doing him the greatest honour, the world believing that he did give us it: so to church, and staid out the sermon, and then with my aunt Wight, my wife, and Pall and I to her house by coach, and there staid and supped upon a Westphalia ham, and so home and to bed.

23rd. This morning I went to my father's, and there found him and my mother in a discontent, which troubles me much, and indeed she is become very simple and unquiet. Hence he and I to Dr. Williams, and found him within, and there we sat and talked a good while, and from him to Tom Trice's to an alehouse near, and there sat and talked, and finding him fair we examined my uncle's will before him and Dr. Williams, and had them sign the copy and so did give T. Trice the original to prove, so he took my father and me to one of the Judges of the Court, and there we were sworn, and so back again to the alehouse and drank and parted. Dr. Williams and I to a cook's where we eat a bit of mutton, and away, I to W. Joyce's, where by appointment my wife was, and I took her to the Opera, and shewed her "The Witts," which I had seen already twice, and was most highly pleased with it. So with my wife to the Wardrobe to see my Lady, and then home.

24th. At the office all the morning and did business; by and by we are called to Sir W. Batten's to see the strange

<sup>1</sup> Lady Jemima and Lady Paulina Montagu.

creature that Captain Holmes hath brought with him from Guiny; it is a great baboon, but so much like a man in most things, that though they say there is a species of them, yet I cannot believe but that it is a monster got of a man and she-baboon. I do believe that it already understands much English, and I am of the mind it might be taught to speak or make signs. Hence the Comptroller and I to Sir Rd. Ford's and viewed the house again, and are come to a complete end with him to give him £200 per an. for it. Home and there met Capt. Isham inquiring for me to take his leave of me, he being upon his voyage to Portugal, and for my letters to my Lord which are not ready. But I took him to the Mitre and gave him a glass of sack, and so adieu, and then straight to the Opera, and there saw "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," done with scenes very well, but above all, Betterton<sup>1</sup> did the prince's part beyond imagination. Hence homeward, and met with Mr. Spong and took him to the Sampson in Paul's churchyard, and there staid till late, and it rained hard, so we were fain to get home wet, and so to bed.

25th (Lord's day). At church in the morning, and dined at home alone with my wife very comfortably, and so again to church with her, and had a very good and pungent sermon of Mr. Mills, discoursing the necessity of restitution. Home, and I found my Lady Batten and her daughter to look something askew upon my wife, because my wife do not buckle to them, and is not solicitous for their acquaintance, which I am not troubled at at all. By and by comes in my father (he intends to go into the country to-morrow), and he and I among other discourse at last called Pall up to us, and there in great anger told her before my father that I would keep her no longer, and my father he said he would have nothing to do with her. At last, after we had brought down her high spirit, I got my father to yield that she should go into the country with my mother and him, and stay there awhile to see how she will demean herself. That being done, my father and I to my

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Davenant introduced the use of scenery. The character of Hamlet was one of Betterton's masterpieces. Downes tells us that he was taught by Davenant how the part was acted by Taylor of the Blackfriars, who was instructed by Shakespeare himself.









BETTERTON.



uncle Wight's, and there supped, and he took his leave of them, and so I walked with [him] as far as Paul's and there parted, and I home, my mind at some rest upon this making an end with Pall, who do trouble me exceedingly.

26th. This morning before I went out I made even with my maid Jane, who has this day been my maid three years, and is this day to go into the country to her mother. The poor girl cried, and I could hardly forbear weeping to think of her going, for though she be grown lazy and spoilt by Pall's coming, yet I shall never have one to please us better in all things, and so harmless, while I live. So I paid her her wages and gave her 2*s.* 6*d.* over, and bade her adieu, with my mind full of trouble at her going. Hence to my father, where he and I and Thomas together setting things even, and casting up my father's accounts, and upon the whole I find that all he hath in money of his own due to him in the world is but £45, and he owes about the same sum: so that I cannot but think in what a condition he had left my mother if he should have died before my uncle Robert. Hence to Tom Trice for the probate of the will and had it done to my mind, which did give my father and me good content. From thence to my Lady at the Wardrobe and thence to the Theatre, and saw the "Antipodes,"<sup>1</sup> wherein there is much mirth, but no great matter else. Hence with Mr. Bostock whom I met there (a clerk formerly of Mr. Phelps) to the Devil tavern, and there drank and so away. I to my uncle Fenner's, where my father was with him at an alehouse, and so we three went by ourselves and sat talking a great while about a broker's daughter that he do propose for a wife for Tom, with a great portion, but I fear it will not take, but he will do what he can. So we broke up, and going through the street we met with a mother and son, friends of my father's man, Ned's, who are angry at my father's putting him away, which troubled me and my father, but all will be well as to that. We have news this morning of my uncle Thomas and his son Thomas being gone into the country without giving notice thereof to anybody, which puts us to

<sup>1</sup> A comedy, by Richard Brome, first acted at Salisbury Court, 1638, and published in 1640.

a stand, but I fear them not. At night at home I found a letter from my Lord Sandwich, who is now very well again of his fever, but not yet gone from Alicante, where he lay sick, and was twice let blood. This letter dated the 22nd July last, which puts me out of doubt of his being ill. In my coming home I called in at the 3 Crane tavern<sup>1</sup> at the Stocks by appointment, and there met and took leave of Mr. Fanshaw, who goes to-morrow and Captain Isham toward their voyage to Portugal. Here we drank a great deal of wine, I too much and Mr. Fanshaw till he could hardly go. So we took leave one of another.

27th. This morning to the Wardrobe, and there took leave of my Lord Hinchinbroke and his brother, and saw them go out by coach toward Rye in their way to France, whom God bless. Then I was called up to my Lady's bedside, where we talked an hour about Mr. Edward Montagu's disposing of the £5,000 for my Lord's departure for Portugal, and our fears that he will not do it to my Lord's honour, and less to his profit, which I am to enquire a little after. Hence to the office, and there sat till noon, and then my wife and I by coach to my cozen, Thos. Pepys, the Executor, to dinner, where some ladies and my father and mother, where very merry, but methinks he makes but poor dinners for such guests, though there was a poor venison pasty. Hence my wife and I to the Theatre, and there saw "The Joviall Crew,"<sup>2</sup> where the King, Duke and Duchess, and Madame Palmer, were; and my wife, to her great content, had a full sight of them all the while. The play full of mirth. Hence to my father's, and there staid to talk a while and so by foot home by moonshine. In my way and at home, my wife making a sad story to me of her brother Balty's<sup>3</sup> condition, and would have me to do something for him, which I shall endeavour to do, but am afraid to meddle therein for fear I shall not be able to wipe my

<sup>1</sup> This Three Cranes tavern was situated in the Poultry. There is a token of George Twine, dated 1665 (see "Boyne's Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 704).

<sup>2</sup> "The Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars," a comedy, by Richard Brome, first acted at the Cockpit, Drury Lane, in 1641. Published in 1652.

<sup>3</sup> Balthazar St. Michel, see vol. i., p. 45 (note).

hands of him again, when I once concern myself for him. I went to bed, my wife all the while telling me his case with tears, which troubled me.

28th. At home all the morning setting papers in order. At noon to the Exchange, and there met with Dr. Williams by appointment, and with him went up and down to look for an attorney, a friend of his, to advise with about our bond of my aunt Pepys of £200, and he tells me absolutely that we shall not be forced to pay interest for the money yet. I do doubt it very much. I spent the whole afternoon drinking with him and so home. This day I counterfeited a letter to Sir W. Pen, as from the thief that stole his tankard lately, only to abuse and laugh at him.

29th. At the office all the morning, and at noon my father, mother, and my aunt Bell (the first time that ever she was at my house) come to dine with me, and were very merry. After dinner the two women went to visit my aunt Wight, &c., and my father about other business, and I abroad to my bookseller, and there staid till four o'clock, at which time by appointment I went to meet my father at my uncle Fenner's. So thither I went and with him to an alehouse, and there came Mr. Evans, the taylor, whose daughter we have had a mind to get for a wife for Tom, and then my father, and there we sat a good while and talked about the business; in fine he told us that he hath not to except against us or our motion, but that the estate that God hath blessed him with is too great to give where there is nothing in present possession but a trade and house; and so we friendly ended. There parted, my father and I together, and walked a little way, and then at Holborn he and I took leave of one another, he being to go to Brampton (to settle things against my mother comes) to-morrow morning. So I home.

30th. At noon my wife and I met at the Wardrobe, and there dined with the children, and after dinner up to my Lady's bedside, and talked and laughed a good while. Then my wife and I to Drury Lane to the French comedy,<sup>1</sup> which was so ill done, and the scenes and company and

<sup>1</sup> The French comedians acted at the Cockpit. The Theatre Royal on the site of the present Drury Lane Theatre was not built till 1663.

everything else so nasty and out of order and poor, that I was sick all the while in my mind to be there. Here my wife met with a son of my Lord Somerset,<sup>1</sup> whom she knew in France, a pretty man; I showed him no great countenance, to avoyd further acquaintance. That done, there being nothing pleasant but the foolery of the farce, we went home.

31st. At home and the office all the morning, and at noon comes Luellin to me, and he and I to the tavern and after that to Bartholomew fair, and there upon his motion to a pitiful alehouse, where we had a dirty slut or two come up that were whores, but my very heart went against them, so that I took no pleasure but a great deal of trouble in being there and getting from thence for fear of being seen. From hence he and I walked towards Ludgate and parted. I back again to the fair all alone, and there met with my Ladies Jemimah and Paulina, with Mr. Pickering and Madamoiselle,<sup>2</sup> at seeing the monkeys dance, which was much to see, when they could be brought to do so, but it troubled me to sit among such nasty company. After that with them into Christ's Hospitall, and there Mr. Pickering bought them some fairings, and I did give every one of them a bauble, which was the little globes of glass with things hanging in them, which pleased the ladies very well. After that home with them in their coach, and there was called up to my Lady, and she would have me stay to talk with her, which I did I think a full hour. And the poor lady did with so much innocency tell me how Mrs. Crispe had told her that she did intend, by means of a lady that lies at her house, to get the King to be godfather to the young lady that she is in childbed now of; but to see in what a manner my Lady told it me, protesting that she sweat in the very telling of it, was the greatest pleasure to me in the world to see the simplicity and harmlessness of a lady. Then down to supper with the ladies, and so home,

<sup>1</sup> Lord John Somerset, second son of the first Marquis of Worcester, had himself three sons, Henry, Thomas, and Charles, but it is uncertain which is here meant. There was no other Lord Somerset to whom the passage could apply. It was probably Thomas, as the other brothers were married.—B.

<sup>2</sup> The young ladies' governess.



Mr. Moore (as he and I cannot easily part) leading me as far as Fenchurch Street to the Mitre, where we drank a glass of wine and so parted, and I home and to bed.

Thus ends the month. My maid Jane newly gone, and Pall left now to do all the work till another maid comes, which shall not be till she goes away into the country with my mother. Myself and wife in good health. My Lord Sandwich in the Straits and newly recovered of a great sickness at Alicante. My father gone to settle at Brampton, and myself under much business and trouble for to settle things in the estate to our content. But what is worst, I find myself lately too much given to seeing of plays, and expense, and pleasure, which makes me forget my business, which I must labour to amend. No money comes in, so that I have been forced to borrow a great deal for my own expenses, and to furnish my father, to leave things in order. I have some trouble about my brother Tom, who is now left to keep my father's trade, in which I have great fears that he will miscarry for want of brains and care. At Court things are in very ill condition, there being so much emulation, poverty, and the vices of drinking, swearing, and loose amours, that I know not what will be the end of it, but confusion. And the Clergy so high, that all people that I meet with do protest against their practice. In short, I see no content or satisfaction any where, in any one sort of people. The Benevolence<sup>1</sup> proves so little, and an occasion of so much discontent every where, that it had better it had never been set up. I think to subscribe £20. We are at our Office quiet, only for lack of money all things go to rack. Our very bills offered to be sold upon the Exchange at 10 per cent. loss. We are upon getting Sir R. Ford's house added to our Office. But I see so many difficulties will follow in pleasing of one another in the dividing of it, and in becoming bound personally to pay the rent of £200 per annum, that I do believe it will yet scarce come to pass. The season very sickly every where of strange and fatal fevers.

September 1st (Lord's day). Last night being very rainy

<sup>1</sup> A voluntary contribution made by the subjects to their sovereign. Upon this occasion the clergy alone gave £33,743. See May 31st, 1661. — B.



[the rain] broke into my house, the gutter being stopped, and spoiled all my ceilings almost. At church in the morning, and dined at home with my wife. After dinner to Sir W. Batten's, where I found Sir W. Pen and Captain Holmes. Here we were very merry with Sir W. Pen about the loss of his tankard, though all be but a cheat, and he do not yet understand it; but the tankard was stole by Sir W. Batten, and the letter, as from the thief, wrote by me, which makes very good sport. Here I staid all the afternoon, and then Captain Holmes and I by coach to White Hall; in our way, I found him by discourse, to be a great friend of my Lord's, and he told me there was many did seek to remove him; but they were old seamen, such as Sir J. Minnes (but he would name no more, though I do believe Sir W. Batten is one of them that do envy him), but he says he knows that the King do so love him, and the Duke of York too, that there is no fear of him. He seems to be very well acquainted with the King's mind, and with all the several factions at Court, and spoke all with so much frankness, that I do take him to be my Lord's good friend, and one able to do him great service, being a cunning fellow, and one (by his own confession to me) that can put on two several faces, and look his enemies in the face with as much love as his friends. But, good God! what an age is this, and what a world is this! that a man cannot live without playing the knave and dissimulation. At Whitehall we parted, and I to Mrs. Pierce's, meeting her and Madam Clifford in the street, and there staid talking and laughing with them a good while, and so back to my mother's, and there supped, and so home and to bed.

2nd. In the morning to my cozen Thos. Pepys, executor, and there talked with him about my uncle Thomas, his being in the country, but he could not advise me to anything therein, not knowing what the other has done in the country, and so we parted. And so to Whitehall, and there my Lord Privy Seal, who has been out of town this week, not being yet come, we can have no seal, and therefore meeting with Mr. Battersby the apothecary in Fenchurch Street to the King's Apothecary's chamber in Whitehall, and there drank a bottle or two of wine, and so he and I by water towards London. I landed at Blackfriars and so

to the Wardrobe and dined, and then back to Whitehall with Captain Ferrers, and there walked, and thence to Westminster Hall, where we met with Mr. Pickering, and so all of us to the Rhenish wine house (Prior's), where the master of the house is laying out some money in making a cellar with an arch in his yard, which is very convenient for him. Here we staid a good while, and so Mr. Pickering and I to Westminster Hall again, and there walked an hour or two talking, and though he be a fool, yet he keeps much company, and will tell all he sees or hears, and so a man may understand what the common talk of the town is, and I find by him that there are endeavours to get my Lord out of play at sea, which I believe Mr. Coventry and the Duke do think will make them more absolute; but I hope, for all this, they will not be able to do it. He tells me plainly of the vices of the Court, and how the pox is so common there, and so I hear on all hands that it is as common as eating and swearing. From him by water to the bridge, and thence to the Mitre, where I met my uncle and aunt Wight come to see Mrs. Rawlinson (in her husband's absence out of town), and so I staid with them and Mr. Lucas and other company, very merry, and so home, where my wife has been busy all the day making of pies, and had been abroad and bought things for herself, and tells me that she met at the Change with my young ladies of the Wardrobe, and there helped them to buy things, and also with Mr. Somerset, who did give her a bracelet of rings, which did a little trouble me, though I know there is no hurt yet in it, but only for fear of further acquaintance. So to bed. This night I sent another letter to Sir W. Pen to offer him the return of his tankard upon his leaving of 30s. at a place where it should be brought. The issue of which I am to expect.

3rd. This day some of us Commissioners went down to Deptford to pay off some ships, but I could not go, but staid at home all the morning setting papers to rights, and this morning Mr. Howell, our turner, sent me two things to file papers on very handsome. Dined at home, and then with my wife to the Wardrobe, where my Lady's child was christened (my Lord Crew and his Lady, and my Lady Montagu, my Lord's mother-in-law, were the witnesses),

and named Katherine<sup>1</sup> (the Queen elect's name); but to my and all our trouble, the Parson of the parish christened her, and did not sign the child with the sign of the cross. After that was done, we had a very fine banquet, the best I ever was at, and so (there being very little company) we by and by broke up, and my wife and I to my mother, who I took a liberty to advise about her getting things ready to go this week into the country to my father, and she (being become now-a-days very simple) took it very ill, and we had a great deal of noise and wrangling about it. So home by coach.

4th. In the morning to the Privy Seal to do some things of the last month, my Lord Privy Seal having been some time out of town. Then my wife came to me to Whitehall, and we went and walked a good while in St. James's Park to see the brave alterations, and so to Wilkinson's, the Cook's, to dinner, where we sent for Mrs. Sarah and there dined and had oysters, the first I have eat this year, and were pretty good. After dinner by agreement to visit Mrs. Symonds, but she is abroad, which I wonder at, and so missing her my wife again to my mother's (calling at Mrs. Pierce's, who we found brought to bed of a girl last night) and there staid and drank, and she resolves to be going to-morrow without fail. Many friends come in to take their leave of her, but a great deal of stir I had again to-night about getting her to go to see my Lady Sandwich before she goes, which she says she will do to-morrow. So I home.

5th. To the Privy Seal this morning about business, in my way taking leave of my mother, who goes to Brampton to-day. But doing my business at the Privy Seal pretty soon, I took boat and went to my uncle Fenner's, and there I found my mother and my wife and Pall (of whom I had this morning at my own house taken leave, and given her 20s. and good counsel how to carry herself to my father and mother), and so I took them, it being late, to Beard's,

<sup>1</sup> Lady Katherine Montagu, youngest daughter of Lord Sandwich, married, first, Nicholas Bacon, eldest son and heir of Sir Nicholas Bacon, K.B., of Shrubland Hall, co. Suffolk; and, secondly, the Rev. Balthazar Gardeman. She died January 15th, 1757, æt. ninety-six years, four months. — B.

where they were staid for, and so I put them into the waggon, and saw them going presently, Pall crying exceedingly. Then in with my wife, my aunt Bell and Charles Pepys, whom we met there, and drank, and so to my uncle Fenner's to dinner (in the way meeting a French footman<sup>1</sup> with feathers, who was in quest of my wife, and spoke with her privately, but I could not tell what it was, only my wife promised to go to some place to-morrow morning, which do trouble my mind how to know whither it was), where both his sons and daughters were, and there we were merry and dined. After dinner news was brought that my aunt Kite, the butcher's widow in London, is sick ready to die and sends for my uncle and me to come to take charge of things, and to be intrusted with the care of her daughter. But I through want of time to undertake such a business, I was taken up by Antony Joyce, which came at last to very high words, which made me very angry, and I did not think that he would ever have been such a fool to meddle with other people's business, but I saw he spoke worse to his father than to me, and therefore I bore it the better, but all the company was offended with him, so we parted angry he and I, and so my wife and I to the fair, and I showed her the Italians dancing the ropes, and the women that do strange tumbling tricks, and so by foot home vexed in my mind about Antony Joyce.

6th. This morning my uncle Fenner by appointment came and drank his morning draft with me, and from thence he and I to see my aunt Kite (my wife holding her resolution to go this morning as she resolved yesterday, and though there could not be much hurt in it, yet my own jealousy put a hundred things into my mind, which did much trouble me all day), whom we found in bed and not like to live as we think, and she told us her mind was that if she should die she should give all she had to her daughter, only £5 apiece to her second husband's children, in case they live to come out of their apprenticeships, and that if her daughter should die before marrying, then £10 to be divided between Sarah Kite's children and the rest as her own daughter shall dispose of it, and this I set down that I

<sup>1</sup> Apparently a servant of Mr. Somerset's. — B.

may be able to swear in case there should be occasion. From thence to an alehouse while it rained, which kept us there I think above two hours, and at last we were fain to go through the rainy street home, calling on his sister Utbeck and drank there. Then I home to dinner all alone, and thence my mind being for my wife's going abroad much troubled and unfit for business, I went to the Theatre, and saw "Elder Brother"<sup>1</sup> ill acted; that done, meeting here with Sir G. Askew,<sup>2</sup> Sir Theophilus Jones,<sup>3</sup> and another Knight, with Sir W. Pen, we to the Ship tavern, and there staid and were merry till late at night, and so got a coach, and Sir Wm. and I home, where my wife had been long come home, but I seemed very angry, as indeed I am, and did not all night show her any countenance, neither before nor in bed, and so slept and rose discontented.

7th. At the office all the morning. At noon Mr. Moore dined with me, and then in comes Wm. Joyce to answer a letter of mine I wrote this morning to him about a maid of his that my wife had hired, and she sent us word that she was hired to stay longer with her master, which mistake he came to clear himself of, and I took it very kindly. So I having appointed the young ladies at the Wardrobe to go with them to a play to-day, I left him and my brother Tom who came along with him to dine, and my wife and I took them to the Theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was "Bartholomew Fayre," with the puppet-show, acted to-day, which had not been these forty years (it being so satyricall against Puritanism, they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to

<sup>1</sup> A comedy, by John Fletcher, acted at the Blackfriars. It was published first in 1637.

<sup>2</sup> Admiral Sir George Ayscue, knighted by Charles I., but appointed Admiral of the Fleet in the Irish Seas in 1649 "for his fidelity and good affection to the Parliament." Vice-Admiral of the Blue Squadron under the Duke of York in the action with the Dutch fleet on June 3rd, 1665, and Admiral of the White under Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle in 1666, when he was taken prisoner by the Dutch (see Diary, June 7th, 1666).

<sup>3</sup> Sir Theophilus Jones had represented the county of Dublin in Parliament, and served as a Colonel in the Commonwealth army. — B.

do it, and the King do countenance it), but I do never a whit like it the better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home with the ladies, it being by reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done, and so in their coach home, and still in discontent with my wife, to bed, and rose so this morning also.

8th (Lord's day). To church, it being a very wet night last night and to-day, dined at home, and so to church again with my wife in the afternoon, and coming home again found our new maid Doll<sup>1</sup> asleep, that she could not hear to let us in, so that we were fain to send the boy in at a window to open the door to us. So up to my chamber all alone, and troubled in mind to think how much of late I have addicted myself to expense and pleasure, that now I can hardly reclaim myself to look after my great business of settling Gravely business, till it is now almost too late. I pray God give me grace to begin now to look after my business, but it always was, and I fear will ever be, my foible that after I am once got behindhand with business, I am hard to set to it again to recover it. In the evening I begun to look over my accounts, and upon the whole I do find myself, by what I can yet see, worth near £600, for which God be blessed, which put me into great comfort. So to supper and to bed.

9th. To the Privy Seal in the morning, but my Lord did not come, so I went with Captain Morrice at his desire into the King's Privy Kitchen to Mr. Sayres, the Master Cook, and there we had a good slice of beef or two to our breakfast, and from thence he took us into the wine cellar where, by my troth, we were very merry, and I drank too much wine, and all along had great and particular kindness from Mr. Sayres, but I drank so much wine that I was not fit for business, and therefore at noon I went and walked in Westminster Hall a while, and thence to Salisbury Court play house, where was acted the first time "'Tis pity Shee's a Whore,"<sup>2</sup> a simple play and ill acted, only it was my for-

<sup>1</sup> Dorothy or Doll did not stay long, for on November 27th we find that Mrs. Pepys parted with her.

<sup>2</sup> A tragedy, by John Ford, acted at the Phoenix, Drury Lane, and printed 1633.



tune to sit by a most pretty and most ingenious lady, which pleased me much. Thence home, and found Sir Williams both and much more company gone to the Dolphin to drink the 30s. that we got the other day of Sir W. Pen about his tankard. Here was Sir R. Slingsby, Holmes, Captn. Allen, Mr. Turner, his wife and daughter, my Lady Batten, and Mrs. Martha, &c., and an excellent company of fiddlers; so we exceeding merry till late; and then we begun to tell Sir W. Pen the business, but he had been drinking to-day, and so is almost gone, that we could not make him understand it, which caused us more sport. But so much the better, for I believe when he do come to understand it he will be angry, he has so talked of the business himself and the letter up and down that he will be ashamed to be found abused in it. So home and to bed.

10th. At the office all the morn, dined at home; then my wife into Wood Street to buy a chest, and thence to buy other things at my uncle Fenner's (though by reason of rain we had ill walking), thence to my brother Tom's, and there discoursed with him about business, and so to the Wardrobe to see my Lady, and after supper with the young ladies, bought a link and carried it myself till I met one that would light me home for the link. So he light me home with his own, and then I did give him mine. This night I found Mary, my cozen W. Joyce's maid, come to me to be my cook maid, and so my house is full again. So to bed.

11th. Early to my cozen Thomas Trice to discourse about our affairs, and he did make demand of the £200 and the interest thereof. But for the £200 I did agree to pay him, but for the other I did desire to be advised. So from him to Dr. Williams,<sup>1</sup> who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes; and did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered; that if but the tip of the tail hangs out he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper. Which is very strange; and he tells me that he do believe that he hath killed above 100 cats.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Williams's house was in Holborn.



After he was ready we went up and down to inquire about my affairs and then parted, and to the Wardrobe, and there took Mr. Moore to Tom Trice, who promised to let Mr. Moore have copies of the bond and my aunt's deed of gift, and so I took him home to my house to dinner, where I found my wife's brother, Balty, as fine as hands could make him, and his servant, a Frenchman, to wait on him, and come to have my wife to visit a young lady which he is a servant to, and have hope to trepan and get for his wife. I did give way for my wife to go with him, and so after dinner they went, and Mr. Moore and I out again, he about his business and I to Dr. Williams to talk with him again, and he and I walking through Lincoln's Inn Fields observed at the Opera a new play, "Twelfth Night,"<sup>1</sup> was acted there, and the King there; so I, against my own mind and resolution, could not forbear to go in, which did make the play seem a burthen to me, and I took no pleasure at all in it; and so after it was done went home with my mind troubled for my going thither, after my swearing to my wife that I would never go to a play without her. So that what with this and things going so cross to me as to matters of my uncle's estate, makes me very much troubled in my mind, and so to bed. My wife was with her brother to see his mistress to-day, and says she is young, rich, and handsome, but not likely for him to get.

12th. Though it was an office day, yet I was forced to go to the Privy Seal, at which I was all the morning, and from thence to my Lady's to dinner at the Wardrobe; and in my way upon the Thames, I saw the King's new pleasure-boat that is come now for the King to take pleasure in above bridge; and also two Gundaloes<sup>2</sup> that are lately brought, which are very rich and fine. After dinner I went into my Lady's chamber where I found her up now out of her child-bed, which I was glad to see, and after an hour's talk with

<sup>1</sup> Pepys seldom liked any play of Shakespeare's, and he sadly blundered when he supposed "Twelfth Night" was a new play.

<sup>2</sup> "Two long boats that were made in Venice, called gondolas, were by the Duke of Venice (Dominico Contareni) presented to His Majesty; and the attending watermen, being four, were in very rich clothes, crimson satin; very big were their breeches and doublets; they wore also very large shirts of the same satin, very richly laced." — *Rugge's Diurnal*. — B.

her I took leave and to Tom Trice again, and sat talking and drinking with him about our business a great while. I do find I am likely to be forced to pay interest for the £200. By and by in comes my uncle Thomas, and as he was always a close cunning fellow, so he carries himself to me, and says nothing of what his endeavours are, though to my trouble I know that he is about recovering of Gravely, but neither I nor he began any discourse of the business. From thence to Dr. Williams (at the little blind alehouse in Shoe Lane, at the Gridiron, a place I am ashamed to be seen to go into), and there with some bland counsel of his we discuss our matters, but I find men of so different minds that by my troth I know not what to trust to. It being late I took leave, and by link home and called at Sir W. Batten's, and there hear that Sir W. Pen do take our jest of the tankard very ill, which I am sorry for.

13th. This morning I was sent for by my uncle Fenner to come and advise about the buriall of my aunt, the butcher, who died yesterday; and from thence to the Anchor, by Doctor's Commons, and there Dr. Williams and I did write a letter for my purpose to Mr. Sedgewick, of Cambridge, about Gravely business, and after that I left him and an attorney with him and went to the Wardrobe, where I found my wife, and thence she and I to the water to spend the afternoon in pleasure; and so we went to old George's, and there eat as much as we would of a hot shoulder of mutton, and so to boat again and home. So to bed, my mind very full of business and trouble.

14th. At the office all the morning, at noon to the Change, and then home again. To dinner, where my uncle Fenner by appointment came and dined with me, thinking to go together to my aunt Kite's that is dead; but before we had dined comes Sir R. Slingsby and his lady, and a great deal of company, to take my wife and I out by barge to shew them the King's and Duke's yachts. So I was forced to leave my uncle and brother Tom at dinner and go forth with them, and we had great pleasure, seeing all four yachts, viz., these two and the two Dutch ones. And so home again, and after writing letters by post, to bed.

15th (Lord's day). To my aunt Kite's in the morning to help my uncle Fenner to put things in order against anon

for the buriall, and at noon home again; and after dinner to church, my wife and I, and after sermon with my wife to the buriall of my aunt Kite, where besides us and my uncle Fenner's family, there was none of any quality, but poor rascally people. So we went to church with the corps, and there had service read at the grave, and back again with Pegg Kite, who will be, I doubt, a troublesome car-  
rion to us executors; but if she will not be ruled, I shall fling up my executorship. After that home, and Will Joyce along with me, where we sat and talked and drank and ate an hour or two, and so he went away and I up to my chamber and then to prayers and to bed.

16th. This morning I was busy at home to take in my part of our freight of Coles, which Sir G. Carteret, Sir R. Slingsby, and myself sent for, which is 10 Chaldron, 8 of which I took in, and with the other to repay Sir W. Pen what I borrowed of him a little while ago. So that from this day I should see how long 10 chaldron of coals will serve my house, if it please the Lord to let me live to see them burned. In the afternoon by appointment to meet Dr. Williams and his attorney, and they and I to Tom Trice, and there got him in discourse to confess the words that he had said that his mother did desire him not to see my uncle about her £200 bond while she was alive. Here we were at high words with T. Trice and then parted, and we to Standing's, in Fleet Street, where we sat and drank and talked a great while about my going down to Gravely Court,<sup>1</sup> which will be this week, whereof the Doctor had notice in a letter from his sister this week. In the middle of our discourse word was brought me from my brother's that there is a fellow come from my father out of the country, on purpose to speak to me, so I went to him and he made a story how he had lost his letter, but he was sure it was for me to go into the country, which I believed, and thought it might be to give me notice of Gravely Court, but I afterwards found that it was a rogue that did use to play such tricks to get money of people, but he got none of me. At night I went home, and there found letters from

<sup>1</sup> The manorial court of Graveley, in Huntingdonshire, to which Impington owed suit or service, and under which the Pepys's copyhold estates were held. See July 8th, 1661, *ante*. — B.

my father informing me of the Court, and that I must come down and meet him at Impington, which I presently resolved to do,

17th. And the next morning got up, telling my wife of my journey, and she with a few words got me to hire her a horse to go along with me. So I went to my Lady's and elsewhere to take leave, and of Mr. Townsend did borrow a very fine side-saddle for my wife; and so after all things were ready, she and I took coach to the end of the town towards Kingsland, and there got upon my horse and she upon her pretty mare that I hired for her, and she rides very well. By the mare at one time falling she got a fall, but no harm; so we got to Ware, and there supped, and to bed very merry and pleasant.

18th. The next morning up early and begun our march; the way about Puckeridge<sup>1</sup> very bad, and my wife, in the very last dirty place of all, got a fall, but no hurt, though some dirt. At last she begun, poor wretch, to be tired, and I to be angry at it, but I was to blame; for she is a very good companion as long as she is well. In the afternoon we got to Cambridge, where I left my wife at my cozen Angier's while I went to Christ's College, and there found my brother in his chamber, and talked with him; and so to the barber's, and then to my wife again, and remounted for Impington, where my uncle received me and my wife very kindly. And by and by in comes my father, and we supped and talked and were merry, but being weary and sleepy my wife and I to bed without talking with my father anything about our business.

19th. Up early, and my father and I alone into the garden, and there talked about our business, and what to do therein. So after I had talked and advised with my coz Claxton, and then with my uncle by his bedside, we all horsed away to Cambridge, where my father and I, having left my wife at the Beare with my brother, went to Mr. Sedgewicke, the steward of Gravely, and there talked with him, but could get little hopes from anything that he would tell us; but at last I did give him a fee, and then he was

<sup>1</sup> Puckeridge, a village in Hertfordshire six and a half miles N.N.E. of Ware.

free to tell me what I asked, which was something, though not much comfort. From thence to our horses, and with my wife went and rode through Sturbridge<sup>1</sup> fair, but the fair was almost done. So we did not 'light there at all, but went back to Cambridge, and there at the Beare had some herrings, we and my brother, and after dinner set out for Brampton, where we come in very good time, and found all things well, and being somewhat weary, after some talk about to-morrow's business with my father, we went to bed.

20th. Will Stankes and I set out in the morning betimes for Gravely, where to an ale-house and drank, and then, going towards the Court House, met my uncle Thomas and his son Thomas, with Bradly, the rogue that had betrayed us, and one Young, a cunning fellow, who guides them. There passed no unkind words at all between us, but I seemed fair and went to drink with them. I said little till by and by that we come to the Court, which was a simple meeting of a company of country rogues, with the Steward, and two Fellows of Jesus College, that are lords of the town where the jury were sworn; and I producing no surrender, though I told them I was sure there is and must be one somewhere, they found my uncle Thomas heir at law,<sup>2</sup> as he is, and so, though I did tell him and his son that they would find themselves abused by these fellows, and did advise them to forbear being admitted this Court (which they could have done, but that these rogues did persuade them to do it now), my uncle was admitted, and his son also, in reversion after his father, which he did well in to secure his money. The father paid a year and a half for his fine, and the son half a year, in all £48, besides about £3 fees; so that I do believe the charges of his journeys, and what he gives those two rogues, and other expenses herein, cannot be less than £70, which will be a sad thing for them if a surrender be found. After all was done, I openly wished them joy in it, and so rode to Offord

<sup>1</sup> Sturbridge fair is of great antiquity. The first trace of it is found in a charter granted about 1211 by King John to the Lepers of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen at Sturbridge by Cambridge, a fair to be held in the close of the hospital on the vigil and feast of the Holy Cross (see Cornelius Walford's "Fairs Past and Present," 1883, p. 54).

<sup>2</sup> To Robert Pepys of Brampton, his eldest brother.

with them and there parted fairly without any words. I took occasion to bid them money for their half acre of land, which I had a mind to do that in the surrender I might secure Piggott's, which otherwise I should be forced to lose. So with Stankes home and supped, and after telling my father how things went, I went to bed with my mind in good temper, because I see the matter and manner of the Court and the bottom of my business, wherein I was before and should always have been ignorant.

21st. All the morning pleasing myself with my father, going up and down the house and garden with my father and my wife, contriving some alterations. After dinner (there coming this morning my aunt Hanes and her son from London, that is to live with my father) I rode to Huntingdon, where I met Mr. Philips, and there put my Bugden<sup>1</sup> matter in order against the Court, and so to Hinchinbroke, where Mr. Barnwell shewed me the condition of the house, which is yet very backward, and I fear will be very dark in the cloyster when it is done. So home and to supper and to bed, very pleasant and quiet.

22nd (Lord's day). Before church time walking with my father in the garden contriving. So to church, where we had common prayer, and a dull sermon by one Mr. Case,<sup>2</sup> who yet I heard sing very well. So to dinner, and busy with my father about his accounts all the afternoon, and people came to speak with us about business. Mr. Barnwell at night came and supped with us. So after setting matters even with my father and I, to bed.

23rd. Up, and sad to hear my father and mother wrangle as they used to do in London, of which I took notice to both, and told them that I should give over care for anything unless they would spend what they have with more love and quiet. So (John Bowles coming to see us before we go) we took horse and got early to Baldwick,<sup>3</sup> where there was a fair, and we put in and eat a mouthfull of pork, which they made us pay 14*d.* for, which vexed us much.

<sup>1</sup> Bugden, or Buckden, a village and parish in the St. Neots district of Huntingdonshire, four miles S.W. of Huntingdon.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Thomas Case, see *ante*, May 15th, 1660.

<sup>3</sup> Baldock, a town, parish, and sub-district in the district of Hitchin, Herts.



And so away to Stevenage, and staid till a showre was over, and so rode easily to Welling, where we supped well, and had two beds in the room and so lay single, and still remember it that of all the nights that ever I slept in my life I never did pass a night with more epicurism of sleep; there being now and then a noise of people stirring that waked me, and then it was a very rainy night, and then I was a little weary, that what between waking and then sleeping again, one after another, I never had so much content in all my life, and so my wife says it was with her.

24th. We rose, and set forth, but found a most sad alteration in the road by reason of last night's rains, they being now all dirty and washy, though not deep. So we rode easily through, and only drinking at Holloway, at the sign of a woman with cakes in one hand and a pot of ale in the other,<sup>1</sup> which did give good occasion of mirth, resembling her to the maid that served us, we got home very timely and well, and finding there all well, and letters from sea, that speak of my Lord's being well, and his action, though not considerable of any side, at Argier.<sup>2</sup> I went straight to my Lady, and there sat and talked with her, and so home again, and after supper we to bed somewhat weary, hearing of nothing ill since my absence but my brother Tom, who is pretty well though again.

25th. By coach with Sir W. Pen to Covent Garden. By the way, upon my desire, he told me that I need not fear any reflection upon my Lord for their ill success at Argier, for more could not be done than was done. I went to my cozen, Thos. Pepys, there, and talked with him a good while about our country business, who is troubled at my uncle Thomas his folly, and so we parted; and then meeting Sir R. Slingsby in St. Martin's Lane, he and I in his coach through the Mews,<sup>3</sup> which is the way that now all coaches are forced to go, because of a stop at Charing

<sup>1</sup> Probably the original of the well-known Mother Red-Cap at Upper Holloway.

<sup>2</sup> Algiers.

<sup>3</sup> The Mews stood on the site of the present National Gallery. The place was originally occupied by the king's falcons, but in the reign of Henry VIII. it was turned into a stable. After the battle of Naseby it was used as a prison for a time. The Mews was rebuilt in 1732, and taken down in 1830.



Cross, by reason of a drain there to clear the streets. To Whitehall, and there to Mr. Coventry, and talked with him, and thence to my Lord Crew's and dined with him, where I was used with all imaginable kindness both from him and her. And I see that he is afraid that my Lord's reputation will a little suffer in common talk by this late success; but there is no help for it now. The Queen of England (as she is now owned and called) I hear doth keep open Court, and distinct at Lisbon. Hence, much against my nature and will, yet such is the power of the Devil over me I could not refuse it, to the Theatre, and saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor," ill done. And that ended, with Sir W. Pen and Sir G. More to the tavern, and so home with him by coach, and after supper to prayers and to bed. In full quiet of mind as to thought, though full of business, blessed be God.

26th. At the office all the morning, so dined at home, and then abroad with my wife by coach to the Theatre to shew her "King and no King,"<sup>1</sup> it being very well done. And so by coach, though hard to get it, being rainy, home. So to my chamber to write letters and the Journal for these six last days past.

27th. By coach to Whitehall with my wife (where she went to see Mrs. Pierce, who was this day churched, her month of childbed being out). I went to Mrs. Montagu and other businesses, and at noon met my wife at the Wardrobe; and there dined, where we found Captain Country<sup>2</sup> (my little Captain that I loved, who carried me to the Sound), come with some grapes and millions<sup>3</sup> from my Lord at Lisbon, the first that ever I saw any, and my wife and I eat some, and took some home; but the grapes are rare things. Here we staid, and in the afternoon comes Mr. Edwd. Montagu (by appointment this morning) to talk with my Lady and me about the provisions fit to be bought,

<sup>1</sup> Pepys saw this play acted well on March 14th, 1660-61.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Country, captain of the "Hind," a vessel of six guns and thirty-five men, in the fleet at Scheveling.

<sup>3</sup> The antiquity of the cultivation of the melon is very remote. Both the melon (*cucumis melo*) and the water-melon (*cucumis citrullus*) were introduced into England at the end of the sixteenth century. See vol. i., p. 212.

and sent to my Lord along with him. And told us, that we need not trouble ourselves how to buy them, for the King would pay for all, and that he would take care to get them: which put my Lady and me into a great deal of ease of mind. Here we staid and supped too, and, after my wife had put up some of the grapes in a basket for to be sent to the King, we took coach and home, where we found a hampire of millons sent to me also.

28th. At the office in the morning, dined at home, and then Sir W. Pen and his daughter and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw "Father's own Son,"<sup>1</sup> a very good play, and the first time I ever saw it, and so at night to my house, and there sat and talked and drank and merrily broke up, and to bed.

29th (Lord's day). To church in the morning, and so to dinner, and Sir W. Pen and daughter, and Mrs. Poole, his kinswoman, Captain Poole's wife, came by appointment to dinner with us, and a good dinner we had for them, and were very merry, and so to church again, and then to Sir W. Pen's and there supped, where his brother,<sup>2</sup> a traveller, and one that speaks Spanish very well, and a merry man, supped with us, and what at dinner and supper I drink I know not how, of my own accord, so much wine, that I was even almost foxed, and my head aked all night; so home and to bed, without prayers, which I never did yet, since I came to the house, of a Sunday night: I being now so out of order that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was. So to bed.

30th. This morning up by moon-shine, at 5 o'clock, to White Hall, to meet Mr. Moore at the Privy Seal, but he not being come as appointed, I went into King Street to the Red Lyon<sup>3</sup> to drink my morning draft, and there I heard

<sup>1</sup> The only mention of this piece occurs in a MS. list of plays belonging to Will. Beeston, as governor of the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, preserved in the Lord Chamberlain's office. The list is dated August 10th, 1639. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips states that a small portion of the piece formed into a droll under the title of "The Doctors of Dullhead College," is printed in the "Wits, or Sport upon Sport," 1672.

<sup>2</sup> George Penn, elder brother of Sir William, was a merchant at San Lucar.

<sup>3</sup> The Red Lion in King Street is not mentioned in the "List of Taverns in London and Westminster in 1698" (Harl. MS. 4716).

of a fray between the two Embassadors of Spain<sup>1</sup> and France;<sup>2</sup> and that, this day, being the day of the entrance of an Embassador from Sweden,<sup>3</sup> they intended to fight for the precedence.<sup>4</sup> Our King, I heard, ordered that no Englishman should meddle in the business,<sup>5</sup> but let them do what they would. And to that end all the soldiers in the town were in arms all the day long, and some of the train-bands in the City; and a great bustle through the City all the day. Then I to the Privy Seal, and there Mr. Moore and a gentleman being come with him, we took coach (which was the business I come for) to Chelsy, to my Lord Privy Seal, and there got him to seal the business. Here I saw by day-light two very fine pictures in the gallery, that a little while ago I saw by night; and did also go all over the house, and found it to be the prettiest contrived house that ever I saw in my life. So to coach back again; and at White Hall 'light, and saw the soldiers and people running up and down the streets. So I went to the Spanish Embassador's and the French, and there saw great preparations on both sides; but the French made the most noise

<sup>1</sup> The Baron de Batteville, or, as is more often written, Vatteville. See *ante*, p. 35.

<sup>2</sup> Godefroi, Comte d'Estrades, Marshal of France, and Viceroy of America. He proved himself, upon many occasions, an able diplomatist, and particularly at the conferences of Nimeguen when acting as plenipotentiary in 1678. Died February 26th, 1686, aged seventy-nine.

<sup>3</sup> The Count Brahé.

<sup>4</sup> This had been a frequent source of contention, and many absurd incidents had occurred. In 1618, Gaspar Dauvet, Comte des Marets, ambassador to James I., left our court in dissatisfaction upon a point of precedence claimed by him over Gondomar, which was not allowed by James. The question now came to a crisis, and was settled. See Evelyn's account, drawn up by royal command, printed at the end of his Diary. — B.

<sup>5</sup> The Comte de Brienne insinuates, in his "Memoirs," that Charles purposely abstained from interfering, in the belief that it was for his interest to let France and Spain quarrel, in order to further his own designs in the match with Portugal. Louis certainly held that opinion; and he afterwards instructed D'Estrades to solicit from the English court the punishment of those Londoners who had insulted his ambassador, and to demand the dismissal of De Batteville. Either no Londoner had interfered, or Louis's demand had not in England the same force as in Spain; for no one was punished. The latter part of his request it was clearly not for Charles to entertain, much less enforce. — B.

and vaunted most, the other made no stir almost at all; so that I was afraid the other would have had too great a conquest over them. Then to the Wardrobe, and dined there, and then abroad and in Cheapside hear that the Spanish hath got the best of it, and killed three of the French coach-horses and several men, and is gone through the City next to our King's coach; at which, it is strange to see how all the City did rejoice. And indeed we do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French. But I, as I am in all things curious, presently got to the water-side, and there took oars to Westminster Palace, thinking to have seen them come in thither with all the coaches, but they being come and returned, I ran after them with my boy after me through all the dirt and the streets full of people; till at last, at the Mewes, I saw the Spanish coach go, with fifty drawn swords at least to guard it, and our soldiers shouting for joy. And so I followed the coach, and then met it at York House,<sup>1</sup> where the ambassador lies; and there it went in with great state. So then I went to the French house, where I observe still, that there is no men in the world of a more insolent spirit where they do well, nor before they begin a matter, and more abject if they do miscarry, than these people are; for they all look like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads. The truth is, the Spaniards were not only observed to fight most desperately, but also they did outwitt them; first in lining their own harness with chains of iron that they could not be cut, then in setting their coach in the most advantageous place, and to appoint men to guard every one of their horses, and others for to guard the coach, and others the coachmen. And, above all, in setting upon the French horses and killing them, for by that means the French were not able to stir. There were several men slain of the French, and one or two of the Spaniards, and one Englishman by a bullet.<sup>2</sup> Which is very observable, the French were at least four to

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, May 19th (p. 35).

<sup>2</sup> This fray was the occasion of a good joke at the French court, thus related in the "*Menagiana*," vol. ii., p. 336:—"Lors qu'on demandoit, 'Que fait Batteville en Angleterre?' on repondoit, '*Il bat L'Estrade*.'" This expression, as is well known, means "battre la campagne avec de la cavalerie pour avoir des nouvelles des ennemis."—Chambaud's *Dictionary*.—B.

one in number,<sup>1</sup> and had near 100 case of pistols among them, and the Spaniards had not one gun among them; which is for their honour for ever, and the others' disgrace. So, having been very much daubed with dirt, I got a coach, and home; where I vexed my wife in telling of her this story, and pleading for the Spaniards against the French. So ends this month; myself and family in good condition of health, but my head full of my Lord's and my own and the office business; where we are now very busy about the business of sending forces to Tangier,<sup>2</sup> and the fleet to my Lord of Sandwich, who is now at Lisbon to bring over the Queen, who do now keep a Court as Queen of England. The business of Argier hath of late troubled me, because my Lord hath not done what he went for, though he did as much as any man in the world could have done. The want of money puts all things, and above all things the Navy, out of order; and yet I do not see that the King takes care to bring in any money, but thinks of new designs to lay out money.

October 1st. This morning my wife and I lay long in bed, and among other things fell into talk of musique, and desired that I would let her learn to sing, which I did con-

<sup>1</sup> The French accounts swell the number of the Spanish ambassador's attendants to two thousand; two hundred would, perhaps, be the truth. — B.

<sup>2</sup> This place, so often mentioned, was first given up to the English fleet under Lord Sandwich, by the Portuguese, January 30th, 1662; and Lord Peterborough left governor, with a garrison. The greatest pains were afterwards taken to preserve the fortress, and a fine mole was constructed at a vast expense, to improve the harbour. At length, after immense sums of money had been wasted there, the House of Commons expressed a dislike to the management of the garrison, which they suspected to be a nursery for a popish army, and seemed disinclined to maintain it any longer. The king consequently, in 1683, sent Lord Dartmouth to bring home the troops, and destroy the works; which he performed so effectually, that it would puzzle all our engineers to restore the harbour. It were idle to speculate on the benefits which might have accrued to England, by its preservation and retention; Tangier fell into the hands of the Moors, its importance having ceased with the demolition of the mole. Many curious views of Tangier were taken by Hollar, during its occupation by the English; and his drawings are preserved in the British Museum. Some have been engraved by himself; but the impressions are of considerable rarity. — B.

sider, and promised her she should. So before I rose, word was brought me that my singing master, Mr. Goodgroome, was come to teach me; and so she rose and this morning began to learn also. To the office, where busy all day. So to dinner and then to the office again till night, and then to my study at home to set matters and papers in order, which, though I can hardly bring myself to do, yet do please me much when it is done. So eat a bit of bread and cheese, and to bed.

2nd. All this morning at Pegg Kite's with my uncle Fenner, and two friends of his, appraising her goods that her mother has left; but the slut is like to prove so troublesome that I am out of heart with troubling myself in her business. After we had done we all went to a cook's shop in Bishopsgate Street and dined, and then I took them to the tavern and did give them a quart of sack, and so parted. I home and then took my wife out, and in a coach of a gentlewoman's that had been to visit my Lady Batten and was going home again our way, we went to the Theatre, but coming late, and sitting in an ill place, I never had so little pleasure in a play in my life, yet it was the first time that ever I saw it, "*Victoria Corombona*."<sup>1</sup> Methinks a very poor play. Then at night troubled to get my wife home, it being very dark, and so we were forced to have a coach. So to supper and to bed.

3rd. At the office all the morning; dined at home, and in the afternoon Mr. Moore came to me, and he and I went to Tower Hill to meet with a man, and so back all three to my house, and there I signed a bond to Mr. Battersby, a friend of Mr. Moore's, who lends me £50, the first money that ever I borrowed upon bond for my own occasion, and so I took them to the Mitre and a Portugal millon with me; there sat and discoursed in matters of religion till night with great pleasure, and so parted, and I home, calling at Sir W. Batten's, where his son and his wife were, who had yesterday been at the play where we were, and it was good sport to hear how she talked of it with admiration like a

<sup>1</sup> "*The White Devil; or, the Tragedie of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, with the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Courtezan*," by John Webster. Acted at the Phoenix, in Drury Lane, and first printed in 1612.



fool. So home, and my head was not well with the wine that I drank to-day.

4th. By coach to White Hall with Sir W. Pen. So to Mr. Montagu, where his man, Mons. Eschar, makes a great complaint against the English, that they did help the Spaniards against the French the other day; and that their Ambassador do demand justice of our King,<sup>1</sup> and that he

<sup>1</sup> The courier sent by D'Estrades to Paris, with the news of his discomfiture, arrived at the hôtel of the Comte de Brienne (Louis-Henri de Lomenie, who had succeeded his father, Henri-Auguste, as Secretary of State) at eleven at night. Brienne instantly repaired to the king, then at supper with the queen-mother, his own queen, and his brother, Philippe of Anjou (Monsieur); and, requesting Louis to appear composed before the numerous spectators, he told him that the Spanish ambassador's people had cut the traces of his ambassador's coach, killed two coachmen, and cut the horses' bridles; and that the Spanish ambassador's coach had taken precedence of that of D'Estrades, whose own son had also been wounded in the affray. In spite of the caution which he had received, Louis rose up in such agitation, as nearly to overturn the table; seized Brienne by the arm, led him into the queen-mother's chamber, and bade him read D'Estrades's despatch. The queen-mother followed in haste. "What is the matter?" said she. "It is," replied the king, "an attempt to embroil the King of Spain and myself." The queen-mother begged him to return to the company. "I have supped, madam," said he, raising his voice. "I will be righted in this affair, or I will declare war against the King of Spain; and I will force him to yield precedence to my ambassadors in every court in Europe." "Oh, my son!" replied the queen-mother, "break not a peace which has cost me so dear; and remember, that the King of Spain is my brother." "Leave me, madam," rejoined Louis, "to hear D'Estrades's despatch. Return to the table, and let some fruit only be prepared for me." Anne of Austria having retired, Louis listened to the despatch, and instantly gave his commands to Brienne; which were, in substance, to order the Conde de Fuensaldagna, the Spanish ambassador, to quit France instantly, and to forbid the Marques de las Fuentes, his intended successor, to set foot on the French territory — to recall his commissioners on the boundary question, as well as the Archbishop of Embrun, his ambassador at Madrid — to demand from the King of Spain an apology proportionable to the offence; that De Batteville should be punished in person; and that in all the courts of Europe the Spanish ambassador should give place to the French; and, on the refusal of any part of his demands, to declare war. Louis gained all and every point. After much paper war, and many protocols, Spain gave way. The Baron de Batteville was recalled; the Marques de las Fuentes was sent ambassador extraordinary to Paris, to tender apologies; and on March 24th, 1662, in the presence of twenty-seven ambassadors and envoys from various courts of Europe,



do resolve to be gone for France the next week; which I, and all that I met with, are very glad of. Thence to Pater-noster Row, where my Will did receive the £50 I borrowed yesterday. I to the Wardrobe to dinner, and there staid most of the afternoon very merry with the ladies. Then Captain Ferrers and I to the Theatre, and there came too late, so we staid and saw a bit of "Victoria," which pleased me worse than it did the other day. So we staid not to see it out, but went out and drank a bottle or two of China ale, and so home, where I found my wife vexed at her people for grumbling to eat Suffolk cheese,<sup>1</sup> which I also am vexed at. So to bed.

5th. At the office all the morning, then dined at home, and so staid at home all the afternoon putting up my Lord's model of the Royal James, which I borrowed of him long ago to hang up in my room. And at night Sir W. Pen and I alone to the Dolphin, and there eat some bloat-herrings<sup>2</sup> and drank good sack. Then came in Sir W. Warren and another and staid a while with us, and then Sir Arnold Brames, with whom we staid late and till we had drank too much wine. So home and I to bed pleased at my afternoon's work in hanging up the ship. So to bed.

6th (Lord's day). To church in the morning; Mr.

the Marques de las Fuentes declared to Louis XIV. that the king, his master, had sent orders to all his ambassadors and ministers to abstain from all rivalry with those of Louis. Louis, turning to the foreign ministers, desired them to communicate this declaration to their masters. The Dutch ambassador drily remarked, that he had heard of embassies to tender obedience to the Pope, but that he had never before known of such from one prince to another. An amusing volume might be written on the absurd punctilios of the ambassadors of the seventeenth century. A medal was struck by the French to commemorate this great event. — B.

<sup>1</sup> This prejudice extended to the days of Pope, whose country mouse entertained his courtly guest with

"Cheese such as men in Suffolk make,  
But wished it Stilton for his sake."

*Imitations of Horace*, Sat. vi., b. ii.

See also Shadwell's "Works," vol. iv., p. 350. — B

<sup>2</sup> To bloat is to dry by smoke, a method chiefly used to cure herrings or bloaters. "I have more smoke in my mouth than would blote a hundred herrings." — Beaumont and Fletcher, *Island Princess*. "Why, you stink like so many bloat-herrings newly taken out of the chimney." — Ben Jonson, *Masque of Augurs*.

Mills preached, who, I expect, should take in snuff<sup>1</sup> that my wife did not come to his child's christening the other day. The winter coming on, many of parish ladies are come home and appear at church again; among others, the three sisters of the 'Thornbury's,'<sup>2</sup> very fine, and the most zealous people that ever I saw in my life, even to admiration, if it were true zeal. There was also my pretty black girl, Mrs. Dekins,<sup>3</sup> and Mrs. Margaret Pen, this day come to church in a new flowered satin suit that my wife helped to buy her the other day. So home to dinner, and to church in the afternoon to St. Gregory's,<sup>4</sup> by Paul's, where I saw Mr. Moore in the gallery and so went up to him and heard a good sermon of Dr. Buck's,<sup>5</sup> one I never heard before, a very able man. So home, and in the evening I went to my Valentine, her father and mother being out of town, to fetch her to supper to my house, and then came Sir W. Pen and would have her to his, so with much sport I got them all to mine, and we were merry, and so broke up and to bed.

7th. Up in the morning and to my uncle Fenner's, thinking to have met Peg Kite about her business but she comes not, so I went to Dr. Williams, where I found him sick in bed and was sorry for it. So about business all day, troubled in my mind till I can hear from Brampton, how things go on at Sturtlow, at the Court, which I was cleared in at night by a letter, which tells me that my cozen Tom

<sup>1</sup> Snuff, anger.

"Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
*Took it in snuff.*"

Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.*, act i., sc. 3. — M. B.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Thornbury was yeoman of the wine cellar to the king. See *ante*, April 23, 1661 (p. 23).

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth Dekins or Dickins, sometimes styled *Morena* (or brunette), daughter of John Dekins. She died in October, 1662 (see *post*, Oct. 3, 1662).

<sup>4</sup> St. Gregory's Church was at the west end of old St. Paul's. It was destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt. The parish was then joined to that of St. Mary Magdalen's, Knight-riding Street, and is now united to St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill.

<sup>5</sup> James Buck, D.D., afterwards preacher at the Temple, a man of great learning, and rector of St. James's, Garlickhithe, from 1661 till his death, at an advanced age, in 1685. — B.

was there to be admitted, in his father's name, as heir-at-law, but that he was opposed, and I was admitted by proxy, which put me out of great trouble of mind.

8th. At the office all the morning. After office done, went and eat some Colchester oysters with Sir W. Batten at his house, and there, with some company, dined and staid there talking all the afternoon; and late after dinner took Mrs. Martha out by coach, and carried her to the Theatre in a frolique, to my great expense, and there shewed her part of the "Beggar's Bush," without much pleasure, but only for a frolique, and so home again.

9th. This morning went out about my affairs, among others to put my Theorbo out to be mended, and then at noon home again, thinking to go with Sir Williams both to dinner by invitation to Sir W. Rider's,<sup>1</sup> but at home I found Mrs. Pierce la belle, and Madam Clifford, with whom I was forced to stay, and made them the most welcome I could; and I was (God knows) very well pleased with their beautiful company, and after dinner took them to the Theatre, and shewed them "The Chances;" and so saw them both at home and back to the Fleece tavern, in Covent Garden, where Luellin and Blurton, and my old friend Frank Bagge, was to meet me, and there staid till late very merry. Frank Bagge tells me a story of Mrs. Pepys that lived with my Lady Harvy,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Montagu's sister, a good woman; that she had been very ill, and often asked for me; that she is in good condition, and that nobody could get her to make her will; but that she did still enquire for me, and that now she is well she desires to have a chamber at my house. Now I do not know whether this is a trick of Bagge's, or a good will of her's to do something for me; but I will not trust her, but told him I should be glad to see her, and that I would be sure to do all that I could to provide a place for her. So by coach home late.

10th. At the office all the morning; dined at home, and

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Rider's house was at Bethnal Green, and was popularly associated with the ballad of the "Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green." It was long known as the "Blind Beggar's House."

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth Montagu, wife of Sir Daniel Harvey, who was appointed ambassador to Constantinople in 1668.

after dinner Sir W. Pen and my wife and I to the Theatre (she first going into Covent Garden to speak a word with a woman to enquire of her mother, and I in the meantime with Sir W. Pen's coach staying at W. Joyce's), where the King came to-day, and there was "The Traytor"<sup>1</sup> most admirably acted; and a most excellent play it is. So home, and intended to be merry, it being my sixth wedding night; but by a late bruise . . . I am in so much pain that I eat my supper and in pain to bed, yet my wife and I pretty merry.

11th. All day in bed with a cataplasm . . . and at night rose a little, and to bed again in more ease than last night. This noon there came my brother and Dr. Tom and Snow to dinner, and by themselves were merry.

12th. In bed the greatest part of this day also, and my swelling in some measure gone. I received a letter this day from my father, that Sir R. Bernard do a little fear that my uncle has not observed exactly the custom of Brampton in his will about his lands there, which puts me to a great trouble in mind, and at night wrote to him and to my father about it, being much troubled at it.

13th (Lord's day). Did not stir out all day, but rose and dined below, and this day left off half skirts and put on a wastecoate, and my false taby wastecoate with gold lace; and in the evening there came Sir W. Batten to see me, and sat and supped very kindly with me, and so to prayers and to bed.

14th. This morning I ventured by water abroad to Westminster, but lost my labour, for Mr. Montagu was not in town. So to the Wardrobe, and there dined with my Lady, which is the first time I have seen her dine abroad since her being brought to bed of my Lady Katherine. In the afternoon Captain Ferrers and I walked abroad to several places, among others to Mr. Pim's, my Lord's taylour's, and there he went out with us to the Fountain tavern and did give us store of wine, and it being the Duke of York's birthday, we drank the more to his health. But, Lord! what a sad story he makes of his being abused by a Dr. of

<sup>1</sup> Pepys had seen Shirley's "Traitor" on November 22nd, 1660.

Physique who is in one part of the tenement wherein he dwells. It would make one laugh, though I see he is under a great trouble in it. Thence home by link and found a good answer from my father that Sir R. Bernard do clear all things as to us and our title to Brampton, which puts my heart in great ease and quiet.

15th. At the office all the morning, and in the afternoon to Paul's Churchyard to a blind place, where Mrs. Goldsborough was to meet me (who dare not be known where she lives) to treat about the difference which remains between my uncle and her. But, Lord! to hear how she talks and how she rails against my uncle would make one mad. But I seemed not to be troubled at it, but would indeed gladly have an agreement with her. So I appoint Mr. Moore and she another against Friday next to look into our papers and to see what can be done to conclude the matter. So home in much pain by walking too much yesterday . . . which much troubles me.

16th. In bed till 12 o'clock. This morning came several maids to my wife to be hired, and at last she pitched upon one Nell, whose mother, an old woman, came along with her, but would not be hired under half a year, which I am pleased at their drollness. This day dined by appointment with me, Dr. Thos. Pepys and my Coz: Snow, and my brother Tom, upon a fin of ling and some sounds, neither of which did I ever know before, but most excellent meat they are both, that in all my life I never eat the like fish. So after dinner came in W. Joyce and eat and drank and were merry. So up to my chamber and put all my papers at rights, and in the evening our maid Mary (who was with us upon trial for a month) did take leave of us, going as we suppose to be married, for the maid liked us and we her, but all she said was that she had a mind to live in a tradesman's house where there was but one maid. So to supper and to bed.

17th. At the office all the morning, at noon my wife being gone to my coz Snow's with Dr. Thomas Pepys and my brother Tom to a venison pasty (which proved a pasty of salted pork), by appointment I went with Captain David Lambert to the Exchequer, and from thence by appointment he and I were to meet at a cook's shop to dine. But

before I went to him Captain Cock,<sup>1</sup> a merchant I had not long known, took me to the Sun tavern and gave me a glass of sack, and being a man of great observation and repute, did tell me that he was confident that the Parliament, when it comes the next month to sit again, would bring trouble with it, and enquire how the King had disposed of offices and money, before they will raise more; which, I fear, will bring all things to ruin again. Thence to the Cook's and there dined with Captain Lambert and his father-in-law, and had much talk of Portugall; from whence he is lately come, and he tells me it is a very poor dirty place; I mean the City and Court of Lisbon; that the King<sup>2</sup> is a very rude and simple fellow; and, for reviling of somebody a little while ago, and calling of him cuckold, was run into . . . with a sword and had been killed, had he not told them that he was their king. That there are there no glass windows, nor will they have any; which makes sport among our merchants there to talk of an English factor that, being newly come thither, writ into England that glass would be a good commodity to send thither, &c. That the King has his meat sent up by a dozen of lazy guards and in pipkins, sometimes, to his own table; and sometimes nothing but fruits, and, now and then, half a hen. And now that the Infanta is become our Queen, she is come to have a whole hen or goose to her table, which is not ordinary. So home and to look over my papers that concern the difference between Mrs. Goldsborough and us, which cost me much pains, but contented me much after it was done. So at home all the evening and to supper and to bed.

18th. To White Hall, to Mr. Montagu's, where I met with Mr. Pierce, the purser, to advise about the things to be sent to my Lord for the Queen's provision, and was cleared in it, and now there is all haste made, for the fleet's

<sup>1</sup> Captain George Cock, a merchant possessed of large tanning works in Limerick. On July 31st, 1660, he was rewarded for his services during the Civil War with the office of searcher of the port of Newcastle, his native place; commissioner for inspecting the chest; and in November, 1664, steward for sick and wounded seamen. Elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, 1666, and died 1679.

<sup>2</sup> The King of Portugal was Alfonso VI., who ascended the throne in 1656, and was deposed in 1667.



going. At noon to my Lord's to dinner, and in the afternoon, leaving my wife there, Mr. Moore and I to Mrs. Goldsborough, who sent for a friend to meet with us, and so we were talking about the difference between us till 10 at night. I find it very troublesome, and have brought it into some hopes of an agreement, I offering to forgive her £10 that is yet due according to my uncle's accounts to us. So we left her friend to advise about it, and I hope to hear of her, for I would not by any means go to law with a woman of so devilish a tongue as she has. So to my Lady's, where I left my wife to lie with Mademoiselle all night, and I by link home and to bed. This night lying alone, and the weather cold, and having this last 7 or 8 days been troubled with a tumor . . . which is now abated by a poultice of a good handful of bran with half a pint of vinegar and a pint of water boiled till it be thick, and then a spoonful of honey put to it and so spread in a cloth and laid to it, I first put on my waistcoat to lie in all night this year, and do not intend to put it off again till spring. I met with complaints at home that my wife left no victuals for them all this day.

19th. At the office all the morning, and at noon Mr. Coventry, who sat with us all the morning, and Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Pen, and myself, by coach to Captain Marshe's, at Limehouse, to a house that hath been their ancestors' for this 250 years, close by the lime-house<sup>1</sup> which gives the name to the place. Here they have a design to get the King to hire a dock for the herring busses,<sup>2</sup> which is now the great design on foot, to lie up in. We had a very good and handsome dinner, and excellent wine. I not being neat in clothes, which I find a great fault in me, could not be so merry as otherwise, and at all times I am and can be, when I am in good habitt, which makes me remember my father Osborne's<sup>3</sup> rule for a gentleman to

<sup>1</sup> A part of the main river-side road was long known as Limekiln Hill, after this lime-house.

<sup>2</sup> A peculiar boat of ten or fifteen tons, for the herring fishery. — Smyth's *Sailor's Word-Book*.

<sup>3</sup> "Wear your clothes neat, exceeding rather than coming short of others of like fortune; a charge borne out by acceptance where ever you come. Therefore spare all other ways rather than prove defective in this." — *Advice to a Son*, by Francis Osborn, i. 23.

spare in all things rather than in that. So by coach home, and so to write letters by post, and so to bed.

20th (Lord's day). At home in bed all the morning to ease my late tumour, but up to dinner and much offended in mind at a proud trick my man Will hath got, to keep his hat on in the house, but I will not speak of it to him to-day; but I fear I shall be troubled with his pride and laziness, though in other things he is good enough. To church in the afternoon, where a sleepy Presbyter preached, and then to Sir W. Batten who is to go to Portsmouth tomorrow to wait upon the Duke of York, who goes to take possession and to set in order the garrison there. Supped at home and to bed.

21st. Early with Mr. Moore by coach to Chelsy, to my Lord Privy Seal's, but have missed of coming time enough; and having taken up Mr. Pargiter, the goldsmith (who is the man of the world that I do most know and believe to be a cheating rogue), we drank our morning draft there together of cake and ale, and did make good sport of his losing so much by the King's coming in, he having bought much of Crown lands, of which, God forgive me! I am very glad. At Whitehall, at the Privy Seal, did with Sir W. Pen take advice about passing of things of his there that concern his matters of Ireland. Thence to the Wardrobe and dined, and so against my judgment and conscience (which God forgive, for my very heart knows that I offend God in breaking my vows herein) to the Opera, which is now newly begun to act again, after some alteration of their scene, which do make it very much worse; but the play, "Love and Honour,"<sup>1</sup> being the first time of their acting it, is a very good plot, and well done. So on foot home, and after a little business done in my study and supper, to bed.

<sup>1</sup> A tragi-comedy by Sir William Davenant. It was originally acted at the Blackfriars, and printed in 1649. "This play was richly cloath'd; the King gave Mr. Betterton his Coronation suit, in which he acted the part of Prince Alvaro; the Duke of York giving Mr. Harris his, who did Prince Prospero; and my Lord of Oxford gave Mr. Joseph Price his, who did Lionel, the Duke of Parma's son. The Duke was acted by Mr. Lilliston; Evandra by Mrs. Davenport, and all the other parts being very well done. The play having a great run produc'd the Company great gain and estimation from the Town." — Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708, pp. 21, 22.

22nd. At the office all the morning, where we had a deputation from the Duke in his absence, he being gone to Portsmouth, for us to have the whole disposal and ordering of the Fleet. In the afternoon about business up and down, and at night to visit Sir R. Slingsby, who is fallen sick of this new disease,<sup>1</sup> an ague and fever. So home after visiting my aunt Wight and Mrs. Norbury (who continues still a very pleasant lady), and to supper, and so to bed.

23rd. To Whitehall, and there, to drink our morning, Sir W. Pen and I to a friend's lodging of his (Col. Pr. Swell), and at noon he and I dined together alone at the Legg in King Street, and so by coach to Chelsy to my Lord Privy Seal's about business of Sir William's, in which we had a fair admittance to talk with my Lord, and had his answer, and so back to the Opera, and there I saw again "Love and Honour," and a very good play it is. And thence home, calling by the way to see Sir Robert Slingsby, who continues ill, and so home. This day all our office is invited against Tuesday next, my Lord Mayor's day, to dinner with him at Guildhall. This evening Mr. Holliard came and sat with us, and gave us both directions to observe.

24th. At the office all morning, at noon Luellin dined with me, and then abroad to Fleet Street, leaving my wife at Tom's while I went out and did a little business. So home again, and went to see Sir Robert [Slingsby], who continues ill, and this day has not spoke at all, which makes them all afeard of him. So home.

25th. To Whitehall, and so to dinner at the Wardrobe, where my wife met me, and there we met with a venison pasty, and my Lady very merry and very handsome, methought. After dinner my wife and I to the Opera, and there saw again "Love and Honour," a play so good that it has been acted but three times and I have seen them all, and all in this week; which is too much, and more than I

<sup>1</sup> This complaint is referred to in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour," and in 1659 H. Whitmore published a little book entitled "Febris Anomala, or the New Disease that now rageth throughout England." It appears to have been somewhat similar to subsequent epidemics of influenza.

will do again a good while. Coming out of the house we met Mrs. Pierce and her comrade Mrs. Clifford, and I seeming willing to stay with them to talk my wife grew angry, and whether she be jealous or no I know not, but she loves not that I should speak of Mrs. Pierce. Home on foot very discontented, in my way I calling at the Instrument maker, Hunt's, and there saw my lute, which is now almost done, it being to have a new neck to it and to be made to double strings. So home and to bed. This day I did give my man Will a sound lesson about his forbearing to give us the respect due to a master and mistress.

26th. This morning Sir W. Pen and I should have gone out of town with my Lady Batten, to have met Sir William coming back from Portsmouth, at Kingston, but could not, by reason that my Lord of Peterborough<sup>1</sup> (who is to go Governor of Tangier<sup>2</sup>) came this morning, with Sir G. Carteret, to advise with us about completing of the affairs and preparacions for that place. So at the office all the morning, and in the afternoon Sir W. Pen, my wife and I to the Theatre, and there saw "The Country Captain,"<sup>3</sup> the first time it hath been acted this twenty-five years, a play of my Lord Newcastle's, but so silly a play as in all my life I never saw, and the first that ever I was weary of in my life. So home again, and in the evening news was brought that Sir R. Slingsby, our Comptroller (who hath this day been sick a week), is dead; which put me into so great a trouble of mind, that all the night I could not sleep, he being a man that loved me, and had many qualitys that made me to love him above all the officers and commissioners in the Navy. Coming home we called at Dan Rawlinson's,<sup>4</sup> and there drank good sack, and so home.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Mordaunt, second Earl of Peterborough, born November 16th, 1621; Captain-General of the Forces in Tangier, Fez, and Morocco, and Chief Governor of Tangier from September 6th, 1661, to June, 1663; Privy Councillor, 1674-79, 1683; and in 1685 made Groom of the Stole to James II. He was created K.G. 1685, and died June 19th, 1697.

<sup>2</sup> For note on Tangier, see *ante*, September 30th, 1661.

<sup>3</sup> A comedy by the Duke of Newcastle, which was originally played at the Blackfriars, and printed in 1649.

<sup>4</sup> Host of the Mitre in Fenchurch Street.

27th (Lord's day). At church in the morning; where in the pew both Sir Williams and I had much talk about the death of Sir Robert, which troubles me much; and them in appearance, though I do not believe it; because I know that he was a cheque to their engrossing the whole trade of the Navy-office. Home to dinner, and in the afternoon to church again, my wife with me, whose mourning is now grown so old that I am ashamed to go to church with her. And after church to see my uncle and aunt Wight, and there staid and talked and supped with them, and were merry as we could be in their company. Among other things going up into their chamber to see their two pictures, which I am forced to commend against my judgment, and also she showed us her cabinet, where she had very pretty medals and good jewels. So home and to prayers and to bed.

28th. At the office all the morning, and dined at home, and so to Paul's Churchyard to Hunt's,<sup>1</sup> and there found my Theorbo done, which pleases me very well, and costs me 26s. to the altering. But now he tells me it is as good a lute as any is in England, and is worth well £10. Hither I sent for Captain Ferrers to me, who comes with a friend of his, and they and I to the Theatre, and there saw "Argalus and Parthenia,"<sup>2</sup> where a woman acted Parthenia, and came afterwards on the stage in men's clothes, and had the best legs that ever I saw, and I was very well pleased with it. Thence to the Ringo alehouse, and thither sent for a belt-maker, and bought of him a handsome belt for second mourning, which cost me 24s., and is very neat.

29th. This day I put on my half cloth black stockings and my new coat of the fashion, which pleases me well, and with my beaver<sup>3</sup> I was (after office was done) ready to go to my Lord Mayor's feast, as we are all invited; but the Sir Williams were both loth to go, because of the crowd,

<sup>1</sup> Hunt was a musical instrument maker. See *ante*, Oct. 25th.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Glapthorne's tragi-comedy. See vol. i., p. 314.

<sup>3</sup> Doubtless the same mentioned June 27th, 1661. It was a *chapeau de poil*, a mark of some distinction in those days, and which gave name to Rubens's famous picture, formerly in Sir Robert Peel's collection (now at the National Gallery), of a lady in a beaver hat, or *chapeau de poil*. This having been corrupted into *chapeau de paille*, has led to many mistakes and conjectures.

and so none of us went, and I staid and dined with them, and so home, and in the evening, by consent, we met at the Dolphin, where other company came to us, and should have been merry, but their wine was so naught, and all other things out of order, that we were not so, but staid long at night, and so home and to bed. My mind not pleased with the spending of this day, because I had proposed a great deal of pleasure to myself this day at Guildhall. This Lord Mayor,<sup>1</sup> it seems, brings up again the custom of Lord Mayors going the day of their instalment to Paul's, and walking round about the Cross, and offering something at the altar.

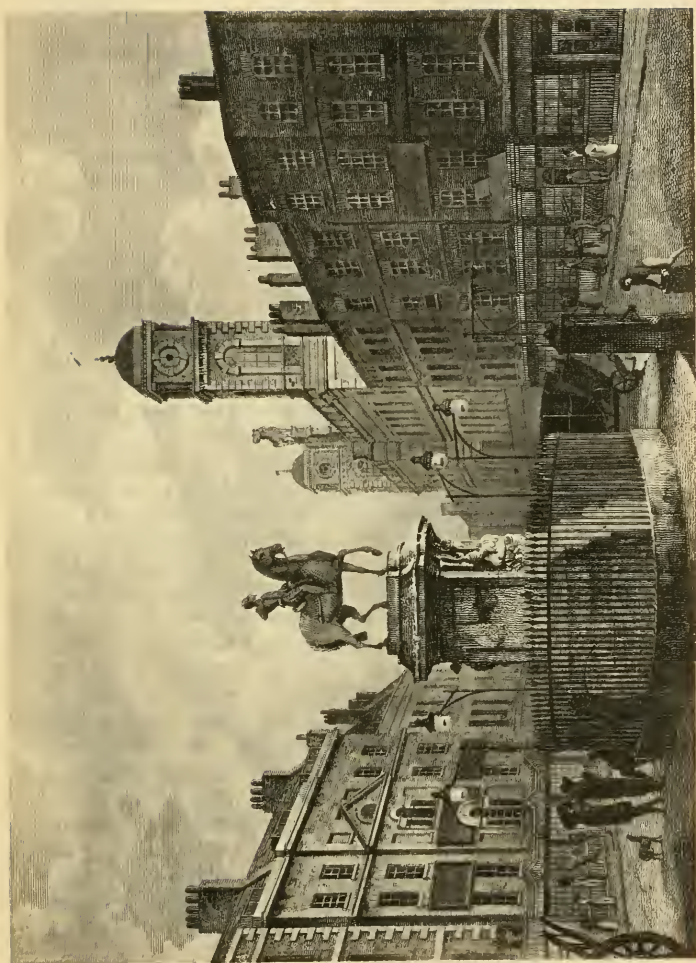
30th. All the morning at the office. At noon played on my Theorbo, and much pleased therewith; it is now altered with a new neck. In the afternoon Captain Lambert called me out by appointment, and we walked together to Deptford, and there in his ship, the Norwich, I got him to shew me every hole and corner of the ship, much to my information, and the purpose of my going. So home again, and at Sir W. Batten's heard how he had been already at Sir R. Slingsby's, as we were all invited, and I intended this night to go, and there he finds all things out of order, and no such thing done to-night, but pretending that the corps stinks, they will bury it to-night privately, and so will unbespeak all their guests, and there shall be no funerall, which I am sorry for, that there should be nothing done for the honour of Sir Robert, but I fear he hath left his family in great distraction. Here I staid till late at cards with my Lady and Mrs. Martha, and so home. I sent for a bottle or two of wine thither. At my coming home I am sorry to find my wife displeased with her maid Doll, whose fault is that she cannot keep her peace, but will always be talking in an angry manner, though it be without any reason and to no purpose, which I am sorry for and do see the inconvenience that do attend the increase of a man's fortune by being forced to keep more servants, which brings trouble. Sir Henry Vane, Lambert, and others, are lately sent suddenly away from the Tower, prisoners to Scilly; but

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Frederick, educated at Christ's Hospital, and afterwards its president.











I do not think there is any plot as is said, but only a pretence; as there was once pretended often against the Cavaliers.

31st. This morning comes Prior of Brampton to me about the house he has to buy of me, but I was forced to be at the office all the morning, and so could not talk with him. And so, after the office was done, and dined at home, I went to my brother Tom's, and there met him. He demanded some abatement, he having agreed with my father for Barton's house, at a price which I told him I could not meddle with, but that as for anything to secure his title to them I was ready, and so we parted. Thence to Sir Robert Bernard, and as his client did ask his advice about my uncle Thomas's case and ours as to Gravely, and in short he tells me that there is little hopes of recovering it or saving his annuity, which do trouble me much, but God's will be done. Hence, with my mind full of trouble, to my uncle Fenner's, when at the alehouse I found him drinking and very jolly and youthsome, and as one that I believe will in a little time get a wife. So home.

November 1st. I went this morning with Sir W. Pen by coach to Westminster, and having done my business at Mr. Montagu's, I went back to him at Whitehall, and from thence with him to the 3 Tun Tavern, at Charing Cross, and there sent for up the maister of the house's dinner, and dined very well upon it, and afterwards had him and his fayre sister (who is very great with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen in mirth) up to us, and looked over some medals that they shewed us of theirs, and so went away to the Theatre, to "The Joviall Crew," and from hence home, and at my house we were very merry till late, having sent for his son, Mr. William Pen,<sup>1</sup> lately come from Oxford. And after supper parted, and to bed.

2d. At the office all the morning; where Sir John Minnes, our new comptroller, was fetched by Sir Wm. Pen and myself from Sir Wm. Batten's, and led to his place in the office. The first time that he had come hither, and he seems a good fair condition man, and one that I am glad hath the office. After the office done, I to the Wardrobe,

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated Quaker, and founder of Pennsylvania.

and there dined, and in the afternoon had an hour or two's talk with my Lady with great pleasure. And so with the two young ladies by coach to my house, and gave them some entertainment, and so late at night sent them home with Captain Ferrers by coach. This night my boy Wayneman, as I was in my chamber, I overheard him let off some gunpowder, and hearing my wife chide him below for it, and a noise made, I call him up, and find that it was powder that he had put in his pocket, and a match carelessly with it, thinking that it was out, and so the match did give fire to the powder, and had burnt his side and his hand that he put into his pocket to put out the fire. But upon examination, and finding him in a lie about the time and place that he bought it, I did extremely beat him, and though it did trouble me to do it, yet I thought it necessary to do it. So to write by the post, and to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). This day I stirred not out, but took physique, and it did work very well, and all the day as I was at leisure I did read in Fuller's *Holy Warr*,<sup>1</sup> which I have of late bought, and did try to make a song in the praise of a liberall genius (as I take my own to be) to all studies and pleasures, but it not proving to my mind I did reject it and so proceeded not in it. At night my wife and I had a good supper by ourselves of a pullet hashed, which pleased me much to see my condition come to allow ourselves a dish like that, and so at night to bed.

4th. In the morning, being very rainy, by coach with Sir W. Pen and my wife to Whitehall, and sent her to Mrs. Hunt's, and he and I to Mr. Coventry's about business, and so sent for her again, and all three home again, only I to the Mitre (Mr. Rawlinson's), where Mr. Pierce, the Purser, had got us a most brave chine of beef, and a dish of marrowbones. Our company my uncle Wight, Captain Lambert, one Captain Davies, and purser Barter, Mr. Rawlinson, and ourselves, and very merry. After dinner I took coach, and called my wife at my brother's, where I left her, and to the Opera, where we saw "The Bondman," which of old we both did so doat on, and do still; though to both our

<sup>1</sup> Fuller's "*Historie of the Holy Warre*," fourth edition, folio, Cambridge, 1651, is in the Pepysian Library.



thinking not so well acted here (having too great expectations), as formerly at Salisbury-court. But for Betterton<sup>1</sup> he is called by us both the best actor in the world. So home by coach, I 'lighting by the way at my uncle Wight's and staid there a little, and so home after my wife, and to bed.

5th. At the office all the morning. At noon comes my brother Tom and Mr. Armiger to dine with me, and did, and we were very merry. After dinner, I having drunk a great deal of wine, I went away, seeming to go about business with Sir W. Pen, to my Lady Batten's (Sir William being at Chatham), and there sat a good while, and then went away (before I went I called at home to see whether they were gone, and found them there, and Armiger inviting my wife to go to a play, and like a fool would be courting her, but he is an ass, and lays out money with Tom, otherwise I should not think him worth half this respect I shew him). To the Dolphin, where he and I and Captain Cocke sat late and drank much, seeing the boys in the streets flying their crackers, this day being kept all the day very strictly in the City. At last broke up, and called at my Lady Batten's again and would have gone to cards, but Sir W. Pen was so fuddled that we could not try him to play, and therefore we parted, and I home and to bed.

6th. Going forth this morning I met Mr. Davenport and a friend of his, one Mr. Furbisher, to drink their morning draft with me, and I did give it them in good wine, and anchovies, and pickled oysters, and took them to the Sun in Fish Street, there did give them a barrel of good ones, and a great deal of wine, and sent for Mr. W. Bernard

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Betterton, the celebrated actor, born in Westminster and baptized on August 11th, 1635, was the son of Matthew Betterton, an under-cook to Charles I., and first appeared on the stage at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, in 1659-60. After the Restoration, two distinct companies were established by royal authority: one called the King's Company, under a patent granted to Thomas Killigrew; the other styled the Duke's Company, the patentee of which was Sir William Davenant, who engaged Betterton. Mr. Robert W. Lowe, in his valuable little work, "Thomas Betterton," 1891, states his belief that the character of Archas in "The Loyal Subject" was taken by Betterton in 1660 (see *ante*, vol. i., p. 208). Betterton died April 28th, 1710, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

(Sir Robert's son), a grocer thereabouts, and were very merry, and cost me a good deal of money, and at noon left them, and with my head full of wine, and being invited by a note from Luellin, that came to my hands this morning in bed, I went to Nick Osborne's at the Victualling Office, and there saw his wife, who he has lately married, a good sober woman, and new come to their home. We had a good dish or two of marrowbones and another of neats' tongues to dinner, and that being done I bade them adieu and hastened to Whitehall (calling Mr. Moore by the way) to my Lord Privy Seal, who will at last force the clerks to bring in a table of their fees, which they have so long denied, but I do not join with them, and so he is very respectful to me. So he desires me to bring in one which I observe in making of fees, which I will speedily do. So back again, and endeavoured to speak with Tom Trice (who I fear is hatching some mischief), but could not, which vexed me, and so I went home and sat late with pleasure at my lute, and so to bed.

7th. This morning came one Mr. Hill (sent by Mr. Hunt, the Instrument maker), to teach me to play on the Theorbo, but I do not like his play nor singing, and so I found a way to put him off. So to the office. And then to dinner, and got Mr. Pett the Commissioner to dinner with me, he and I alone, my wife not being well, and so after dinner parted. And I to Tom Trice, who in short shewed me a writt he had ready for my father, and I promise to answer it. So I went to Dr. Williams (who is now pretty well got up after his sickness), and after that to Mr. Moore to advise, and so returned home late on foot, with my mind cleared, though not satisfied. I met with letters at home from my Lord from Lisbone, which speak of his being well; and he tells me he had seen at the court there the day before he wrote this letter, the Juego de Toro.<sup>1</sup> So fitted myself for bed. Coming home I called at my uncle Fenner's, who tells that Peg Kite now hath declared she will have the beggarly rogue the weaver, and so we are resolved neither to meddle nor make with her.

8th. This morning up early, and to my Lord Chancellor's

<sup>1</sup> A bull fight. See May 24th, 1662. — B.

with a letter to him from my Lord, and did speak with him; and he did ask me whether I was son to Mr. Talbot Pepys<sup>1</sup> or no (with whom he was once acquainted in the Court of Requests),<sup>2</sup> and spoke to me with great respect. Thence to Westminster Hall (it being Term time) and there met with Commissioner Pett, and so at noon he and I by appointment to the Sun in New Fish Street, where Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and we all were to dine, at an invitation of Captain Stoaks and Captain Clerk, and were very merry, and by discourse I found Sir J. Minnes a fine gentleman and a very good scholler. After dinner to the Wardrobe, and thence to Dr. Williams, who went with me (the first time that he has been abroad a great while) to the Six Clerks Office to find me a clerk there able to advise me in my business with Tom Trice, and after I had heard them talk, and had given me some comfort, I went to my brother Tom's, and took him with me to my coz. Turner<sup>3</sup> at the Temple, and had his opinion that I should not pay more than the principal £200, with which I was much pleased, and so home.

9th. At the office all the morning. At noon Mr. Davenport, Phillips, and Mr. Wm. Bernard and Furbisher, came by appointment and dined with me, and we were very merry. After dinner I to the Wardrobe, and there staid talking with my Lady all the afternoon till late at night. Among other things my Lady did mightily urge me to lay out money upon my wife, which I perceived was a little more earnest than ordinary, and so I seemed to be pleased with it, and do resolve to bestow a lace upon her, and what with this and other talk, we were exceeding merry. So home at night.

10th (Lord's day). At our own church in the morning, where Mr. Mills preached. Thence alone to the Ward-

<sup>1</sup> Of Impington, great-uncle to Samuel and father of Roger Pepys, M.P., and Thomas Pepys, M.D. He died March, 1665-66 (see March 12th, 1665-66).

<sup>2</sup> The Court of Requests was abolished by act of Parliament, 16-17 Car. I. c. 10. It was held in a part of the old Westminster Palace, and adjoined St. Stephen's Chapel.

<sup>3</sup> Sergeant John Turner, husband of Jane Pepys, who lived in Salisbury Court.

robe to dinner with my Lady, where my Lady continues upon yesterday's discourse still for me to lay out money upon my wife, which I think it is best for me to do for her honour and my own. Last night died Archibald, my Lady's butler and Mrs. Sarah's brother, of a dropsy, which I am troubled at. In the afternoon went and sat with Mr. Turner in his pew at St. Gregory's, where I hear our Queen Katherine, the first time by name as such, publicly prayed for,<sup>1</sup> and heard Dr. Buck<sup>2</sup> upon "Woe unto thee, Corazin,"<sup>3</sup> &c., where he started a difficulty, which he left to another time to answer, about why God should give means of grace to those people which he knew would not receive them, and deny to others which he himself confesses, if they had had them, would have received them, and they would have been effectual too. I would I could hear him explain this, when he do come to it. Thence home to my wife, and took her to my Aunt Wight's, and there sat a while with her (my uncle being at Katharine hill), and so home, and I to Sir W. Batten's, where Captain Cock was, and we sent for two bottles of Canary to the Rose, which did do me a great deal of hurt, and did trouble me all night, and, indeed, came home so out of order that I was loth to say prayers to-night as I am used ever to do on Sundays, which my wife took notice of and people of the house, which I was sorry for.

11th. To the Wardrobe, and with Mr. Townsend and Moore to the Saracen's Head to a barrel of oysters, and so Mr. Moore and I to Tom Trice's, with whom I did first set my hand to answer to a writt of his this team. Thence to the Wardrobe to dinner, and there by appointment met my wife, who had by my direction brought some laces for my Lady to choose one for her. And after dinner I went away, and left my wife and ladies together, and all their work was about this lace of hers. Captain Ferrers and I

<sup>1</sup> The King's letter to the Council for this purpose was read on November 19th. — B.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Braybrooke says probably John Buck, D.D., who was vicar of Stradbrook, Suffolk, and published, in 1660, a Thanksgiving Sermon, preached at St. Paul's, but see *ante*, p. 110, for Dr. James Buck.

<sup>3</sup> "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida!" &c., St. Matthew xi. 21; St. Luke x. 13.

went together, and he carried me the first time that ever I saw any gaming house, to one, entering into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, at the end of Bell Yard, where strange the folly of men to lay and lose so much money, and very glad I was to see the manner of a gamester's life, which I see is very miserable, and poor, and unmanly. And thence he took me to a dancing school in Fleet Street, where we saw a company of pretty girls dance, but I do not in myself like to have young girls exposed to so much vanity. So to the Wardrobe, where I found my Lady had agreed upon a lace for my wife of £6, which I seemed much glad of that it was no more, though in my mind I think it too much, and I pray God keep me so to order myself and my wife's expenses that no inconvenience in purse or honour follow this my prodigality. So by coach home.

12th. At the office all the morning. Dined at home alone. So abroad with Sir W. Pen. My wife and I to "Bartholomew Fayre," with puppets which I had seen once before, and the play without puppets often, but though I love the play as much as ever I did, yet I do not like the puppets at all, but think it to be a lessening to it. Thence to the Greyhound in Fleet Street, and there drank some raspberry sack and eat some sasages, and so home very merry. This day Holmes come to town; and we do expect hourly to hear what usage he hath from the Duke and the King about this late business of letting the Swedish Ambassador<sup>1</sup> go by him without striking his flag.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Count Brahé.

<sup>2</sup> And that, too, in the River Thames itself. The right of obliging ships of all nations to lower topsails, and strike their flag to the English, whilst in the British seas, and even on the French coasts, had, up to this time, been rigidly enforced. When Sully was sent by Henry IV., in 1603, to congratulate James I. on his accession, and in a ship commanded by a vice-admiral of France, he was fired upon by the English Admiral Mansel, for daring to hoist the flag of France in the presence of that of England, although within sight of Calais. The French flag was lowered, and all Sully's remonstrances could obtain no redress for the alleged injury. According to Rugge, Holmes had insisted upon the Swede's lowering his flag, and had even fired a shot to enforce the observance of the usual tribute of respect, but the ambassador sent his secretary and another gentleman on board the English frigate, to assure the captain, *upon the word and honour of an ambassador*, that the king, by a verbal order, had given him leave and a dispensation in that par-

13th. By appointment, we all went this morning to wait upon the Duke of York, which we did in his chamber, as he was dressing himself in his riding suit to go this day by sea to the Downs. He is in mourning for his wife's grandmother,<sup>1</sup> which is thought a great piece of fondness.<sup>2</sup> After we had given him our letter relating the bad condition of the Navy for want of money, he referred it to his coming back and so parted, and I to Whitehall and to see la belle Pierce, and so on foot to my Lord Crew's, where I found him come to his new house, which is next to that he lived in last; here I was well received by my Lord and Sir Thomas, with whom I had great talk: and he tells me in good earnest that he do believe the Parliament (which comes to sit again the next week), will be troublesome to the Court and Clergy, which God forbid! But they see things carried so by my Lord Chancellor and some others, that get money themselves, that they will not endure it. From thence to the Theatre, and there saw "Father's own Son" again, and so it raining very hard I went home by coach, with my mind very heavy for this my expensefull life, which will undo me, I fear, after all my hopes, if I do not take up, for now I am coming to lay out a great deal

ticular, and upon this false representation he was allowed to proceed on his voyage without further question. This want of caution, and disobedience of orders, fell heavily on Holmes, who was imprisoned for two months, and not re-appointed to the same ship. Brahé afterwards made a proper submission for the fault he had committed, at his own court. His conduct reminds us of Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an ambassador — *that he is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country*. A pun upon the term *lieger-ambassador*. — B.

<sup>1</sup> Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, was twice married. His first wife was Anne, daughter of Sir George Ayliffe, Bart., of Grettenham, in the county of Wilts. He married her in 1628, when he was only twenty years old, and she died of the small-pox six months afterwards, before any child was born. In 1634 he married Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Aylesbury, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Bart., had been secretary to George, Duke of Buckingham, and through his influence was made Master of Requests and Master of the Mint. He died at Breda in 1657, aged eighty-one.

<sup>2</sup> Fondness, foolishness.

"Fondness it were for any, being free,  
To covet fetters, tho' they golden be."

Spenser, *Sonnet* 37. — M. B.



of money in clothes for my wife, I must forbear other expenses. To bed, and this night began to lie in the little green chamber, where the maids lie, but we could not a great while get Nell to lie there, because I lie there and my wife, but at last, when she saw she must lie there or sit up, she, with much ado, came to bed.

14th. At the office all the morning. At noon I went by appointment to the Sun in Fish Street to a dinner of young Mr. Bernard's for myself, Mr. Phillips, Davenport, Weaver, &c., where we had a most excellent dinner, but a pie of such pleasant variety of good things, as in all my life I never tasted. Hither came to me Captain Lambert to take his leave of me, he being this day to set sail for the Straights. We drank his farewell and a health to all our friends, and were very merry, and drank wine enough. Hence to the Temple to Mr. Turner about drawing up my bill in Chancery against T. Trice, and so to Salisbury Court, where Mrs. Turner is come to town to-night, but very ill still of an ague, which I was sorry to see. So to the Wardrobe and talked with my Lady, and so home and to bed.

15th. At home all the morning, and at noon with my wife to the Wardrobe to dinner, and there did shew herself to my Lady in the handkercher that she bought the lace for the other day, and indeed it is very handsome. Here I left my wife and went to my Lord Privy Seal to Whitehall, and there did give him a copy of the Fees of the office as I have received them, and he was well pleased with it. So to the Opera, where I met my wife and Captain Ferrers and Mademoiselle Le Blanc, and there did see the second part of "The Siege of Rhodes" very well done; and so by coach set her home, and the coach driving down the hill through Thames Street, which I think never any coach did before from that place to the bridge-foot, but going up Fish Street Hill his horses were so tired, that they could not be got to go up the hill, though all the street boys and men did beat and whip them. At last I was fain to send my boy for a link, and so 'light out of the coach till we got to another at the corner of Fenchurch Street, and so home, and to bed.

16th. At the office all the morning. Dined at home,

and so about my business in the afternoon to the Temple, where I found my Chancery bill drawn against T. Trice, which I read and like it, and so home.

17th (Lord's day). To our own church, and at noon, by invitation, Sir W. Pen dined with me, and I took Mrs. Hester, my Lady Batten's kinswoman, to dinner from church with me, and we were very merry. So to church again, and heard a simple fellow upon the praise of Church musique, and exclaiming against men's wearing their hats on in the church, but I slept part of the sermon, till latter prayer and blessing and all was done without waking which I never did in my life. So home, and by and by comes my uncle Wight and my aunt and Mr. Norbury and his lady, and we drank hard and were very merry till supper time, and then we parted, my wife and I being invited to Sir W. Pen's, where we also were very merry, and so home to prayers and to bed.

18th. By coach with Sir W. Pen, my wife and I toward Westminster, but seeing Mr. Moore in the street I 'light and he and I went to Mr. Battersby's the minister, in my way I putting in at St. Paul's, where I saw the quiristers in their surplices going to prayers, and a few idle poor people and boys to hear them, which is the first time I have seen them, and am sorry to see things done so out of order, and there I received £50 more, which make up £100 that I now have borrowed of him, and so I did burn the old bond for £50, and paying him the use of it did make a new bond for the whole £100. Here I dined and had a good dinner, and his wife a good pretty woman. There was a young Parson at the table that had got himself drunk before dinner, which troubled me to see. After dinner to Mr. Bowers at Westminster for my wife, and brought her to the Theatre to see "Philaster,"<sup>1</sup> which I never saw before, but I found it far short of my expectations. So by coach home.

19th. At the office all the morning, and coming home found Mr. Hunt with my wife in the chamber alone, which God forgive me did trouble my head, but remembering that it was washing and that there was no place else with a

<sup>1</sup> "Philaster; or, Love lies a-bleeding," a tragi-comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher, acted at court in 1613.

fire for him to be in, it being also cold weather, I was at ease again. He dined with us, and after dinner took coach and carried him with us as far as my cozen Scott's, where we set him down and parted, and my wife and I staid there at the christening of my cozen's boy, where my cozen Samuel Pepys, of Ireland,<sup>1</sup> and I were godfathers, and I did name the child Samuel. There was a company of pretty women there in the chamber, but we staid not, but went with the minister into another room and eat and drank, and at last, when most of the women were gone, Sam and I went into my cozen Scott, who was got off her bed, and so we staid and talked and were very merry, my she-cozen, Stradwick, being godmother. And then I left my wife to go home by coach, and I walked to the Temple about my law business, and there received a subpœna for T. Trice. I carried it myself to him at the usual house at Doctors Commons and did give it him, and so home and to bed. It cost me 20s. between the midwife and the two nurses to-day.

20th. To Westminster Hall by water in the morning, where I saw the King going in his barge to the Parliament House; this being the first day of their meeting again. And the Bishops, I hear, do take their places in the Lords' House this day. I walked long in the Hall, but hear nothing of news, but what Ned Pickering tells me, which I am troubled at, that Sir J. Minnes should send word to the King, that if he did not remove all my Lord Sandwich's captains out of this fleet, he believed the King would not be master of the fleet at its coming again: and so do endeavour to bring disgrace upon my Lord. But I hope all that will not do, for the King loves him. Hence by water to the Wardrobe, and dined with my Lady, my Lady Wright being there too, whom I find to be a witty but very conceited woman and proud. And after dinner Mr. Moore and I to the Temple, and there he read my bill and likes it well enough, and so we came back again, he with me as far as the lower end of Cheapside, and there I gave him a pint of sack and parted, and I home, and went seriously to look over my papers touching T. Trice, and I think I have

<sup>1</sup> Samuel, son of Lord Chief Justice Pepys.

found some that will go near to do me more good in this difference of ours than all I have before. So to bed with my mind cheery upon it, and lay long reading "Hobbs his Liberty and Necessity,"<sup>1</sup> and a little but very shrewd piece, and so to sleep.

21st. In the morning again at looking over my last night's papers, and by and by comes Mr. Moore, who finds that my papers may do me much good. He staid and dined with me, and we had a good surloyme of rost beefe, the first that ever I had of my own buying since I kept house; and after dinner he and I to the Temple, and there showed Mr. Smallwood<sup>2</sup> my papers, who likes them well, and so I left them with him, and went with Mr. Moore to Gray's Inn to his chamber, and there he shewed me his old Camden's "Britannica,"<sup>3</sup> which I intend to buy of him, and so took it away with me, and left it at St. Paul's Churchyard to be bound, and so home and to the office all the afternoon; it being the first afternoon that we have sat, which we are now to do always, so long as the Parliament sits, who this day have voted the King £120,000<sup>4</sup> to be raised to pay his debts. And after the office with Sir W. Batten to the Dolphin, and drank and left him there, and I again to the Temple about my business, and so on foot home again and to bed.

22nd. Within all the morning, and at noon with my wife, by appointment to dinner at the Dolphin, where Sir W. Batten, and his lady and daughter Matt,<sup>5</sup> and Captain Cocke and his lady, a German lady, but a very great beauty, and we dined together, at the spending of some wagers won and lost between him and I; and there we had the best musique and very good songs, and were very merry and danced, but I was most of all taken with Madam Cocke and her little boy, which in mirth his father had given to me. But after all our mirth comes a reckoning of £4,

<sup>1</sup> "Letter on Liberty and Necessity," by Thomas Hobbes, 1654.

<sup>2</sup> Smallwood, posser at St. Paul's School (see February 4th, 1663-64).

<sup>3</sup> The edition of Camden's "Britannica," now in the Pepysian Library, is that of London, 1695.

<sup>4</sup> A mistake. According to the journals, £1,200,000. And see Diary, February 29th, 1663-64.—M. B.

<sup>5</sup> Martha Batten, afterwards married to Mr. Castle.

besides 40s. to the musicians, which did trouble us, but it must be paid, and so I took leave and left them there about eight at night. And on foot went to the Temple, and then took my cozen Turner's man Roger, and went by his advice to Serjeant Fountaine and told him our case, who gives me good comfort in it, and I gave him 30s. fee. So home again and to bed. This day a good pretty maid was sent my wife by Mary Bowyer, whom my wife has hired.

23rd. To Westminster with my wife (she to her father's), and about 10 o'clock back again home, and there I to the office a little, and thence by coach with Commissioner Pett to Cheapside to one Savill,<sup>1</sup> a painter, who I intend shall do my picture and my wife's. Thence I to dinner at the Wardrobe, and so home to the office, and there all the afternoon till night, and then both Sir Williams to my house, and in comes Captain Cock, and they to cards. By and by Sir W. Batten and Cock, after drinking a good deal of wine, went away, and Sir W. Pen staid with my wife and I to supper, very pleasant, and so good night. This day I have a chine of beef sent home, which I bespoke to send, and did send it as a present to my uncle Wight.

24th (Lord's day). Up early, and by appointment to St. Clement Danes<sup>2</sup> to church, and there to meet Captain Cocke, who had often commended Mr. Alsopp, their minister, to me, who is indeed an able man, but as all things else did not come up to my expectations. His text was that all good and perfect gifts are from above.<sup>3</sup> Thence Cocke and I to the Sun tavern behind the Exchange, and there met with others that are come from the same church, and staid and drank and talked with them a little, and so broke up, and I to the Wardrobe and there dined, and staid all the afternoon with my Lady alone talking, and thence to see Madame Turner, who, poor lady, continues very ill, and I begin to be afraid of her. Thence homewards, and meeting Mr. Yong, the upholster, he and I to the Mitre, and with Mr. Rawlinson sat and drank a quart of sack, and so I to Sir W. Batten's and there staid and supped, and so

<sup>1</sup> Savill, the painter of Cheapside, is not mentioned by Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Dukeson was the rector of the parish at this time.

<sup>3</sup> "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above," Epistle of James i. 17.

home, where I found an invitation sent my wife and I to my uncle Wight's on Tuesday next to the chine of beef which I presented them with yesterday. So to prayers and to bed.

25th. To Westminster Hall in the morning with Captain Lambert, and there he did at the Dog give me and some other friends of his, his foy, he being to set sail to-day towards the Streights. Here we had oysters and good wine. Having this morning met in the Hall with Mr. Sanchy, we appointed to meet at the play this afternoon. At noon, at the rising of the House, I met with Sir W. Pen and Major General Massy,<sup>1</sup> who I find by discourse to be a very ingenious man, and among other things a great master in the secresys of powder and fireworks, and another knight to dinner, at the Swan, in the Palace yard, and our meat brought from the Legg; and after dinner Sir W. Pen and I to the Theatre, and there saw "The Country Captain," a dull play, and that being done, I left him with his Tories<sup>2</sup> and went to the Opera, and saw the last act of "The Bondman," and there found Mr. Sanchy and Mrs. Mary Archer, sister to the fair Betty, whom I did admire at Cambridge, and thence took them to the Fleece in Covent Garden, there to bid good night to Sir W. Pen who staid for me; but Mr. Sanchy could not by any argument get his lady to trust herself with him into the tavern, which he was much troubled at, and so we returned immediately into the city by coach, and at the Mitre in Cheapside there 'light and drank, and then set her at her uncle's in the Old Jewry. And so he and I back again thither, and drank till past 12 at night, till I had drank something too much. He all the while telling me his intention to get a girl who is worth £1,000, and many times we had her sister Betty's health,

<sup>1</sup> Major-General Edward Massey (or Massie), son of John Massie, was captain of one of the foot companies of the Irish Expedition, and had Oliver Cromwell as his ensign (see Peacock's "Army Lists in 1642," p. 65). He was Governor of Gloucester in its obstinate defence against the royal forces, 1643; dismissed by the self-denying ordinance when he entered Charles II.'s service. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, September 3rd, 1651, but escaped abroad.

<sup>2</sup> This is a strange use of the word Tory, and an early one also. The word originally meant bogtrotters or wild Irish, and as Penn was Governor of Kildare these may have been some of his Irish followers. The term was not used politically until about 1679.



whose memory I love. At last parted, and I well home, only had got cold and was hoarse and so to bed.

27th. This morning our maid Dorothy and my wife parted, which though she be a wench for her tongue not to be borne with, yet I was loth to part with her, but I took my leave kindly of her and went out to Savill's, the painter, and there sat the first time for my face with him; thence to dinner with my Lady; and so after an hour or two's talk in divinity with my Lady, Captain Ferrers and Mr. Moore and I to the Theatre, and there saw "Hamlett" very well done, and so I home, and found that my wife had been with my aunt Wight and Ferrers to wait on my Lady to-day this afternoon, and there danced and were very merry, and my Lady very fond as she is always of my wife. So to bed.

28th. At home all the morning; at noon Will brought me from Whitehall, whither I had sent him, some letters from my Lord Sandwich, from Tangier;<sup>1</sup> where he continues still, and hath done some execution upon the Turks, and retaken an Englishman from them,<sup>2</sup> of one Mr. Parker's, a merchant in Marke-lane. In the afternoon Mr. Pett and I met at the office; there being none more there than we two I saw there was not the reverence due to us observed, and so I took occasion to break up and took Mr. Gawdon along with me, and he and I (though it rained) were resolved to go, he to my Lord Treasurer's and I to the Chancellor's with a letter from my Lord to-day. So to a tavern at the end of Mark Lane, and there we staid till with much ado we got a coach, and so to my Lord Treasurer's and lost our labours, then to the Chancellor's, and there met with Mr. Dugdale,<sup>3</sup> and with him and one Mr. Simons, I think that belongs to my Lord Hatton,<sup>4</sup> and Mr. Kipps and others, to the Fountain tavern, and there staid till twelve at night drinking and singing, Mr. Simons and one Mr. Agar sing-

<sup>1</sup> Lord Sandwich's Journal has been printed by Kennett. See note to February 20th, 1661-62. — B.

<sup>2</sup> The Ironmongers' Company possess in trust an enormous sum, left by Thomas Betton, for the redemption of Christian slaves in Barbary. Since Lord Exmouth's expedition, no claims have arisen upon the fund, which is now administered for other purposes, under the direction of the Court of Chancery. — B.

<sup>3</sup> John Dugdale, Windsor Herald.

<sup>4</sup> Christopher, first Lord Hatton. Died 1670.

ing very well. Then Mr. Gawdon being almost drunk had the wit to be gone, and so I took leave too, and it being a fine moonshine night he and I footed it all the way home, but though he was drunk he went such a pace as I did admire how he was able to go. When I came home I found our new maid Sarah<sup>1</sup> come, who is a tall and a very well favoured wench, and one that I think will please us. So to bed.

29th. I lay long in bed, till Sir Williams both sent me word that we were to wait upon the Duke of York to-day; and that they would have me to meet them at Westminster Hall, at noon: so I rose and went thither; and there I understand that they are gone to Mr. Coventry's lodgings, in the Old Palace Yard, to dinner (the first time I knew he had any); and there I met them two and Sir G. Carteret, and had a very fine dinner, and good welcome, and discourse; and so, by water, after dinner to White Hall to the Duke, who met us in his closet; and there he did discourse to us the business of Holmes, and did desire of us to know what hath been the common practice about making of forrayne ships to strike sail to us, which they did all do as much as they could; but I could say nothing to it, which I was sorry for. So indeed I was forced to study a lie, and so after we were gone from the Duke, I told Mr. Coventry that I had heard Mr. Selden often say, that he could prove that in Henry the 7th's time, he did give commission to his captains to make the King of Denmark's ships to strike to him in the Baltique.<sup>2</sup> From thence Sir W. Pen and I to

<sup>1</sup> Sarah did not stay long with Mrs. Pepys, who was continually falling out with her. She left to enter Sir William Penn's service.

<sup>2</sup> The tables were in vain attempted to be turned in May, 1670, when Arthur Capel, the first Earl of Essex, sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to Denmark in a ship of war, was thrice fired upon with shot by Major-General Holke, who commanded the Castle of Cronenburg, which Essex had neglected or refused to salute. Charles did not submit tamely to this insult. Essex was ordered to obtain the fullest reparation, and he did so promptly. On the 19th of the same month, Sir John Trevor, Secretary of State, acknowledged the good success which Lord Essex had had "about the flagg. His Majesty received your letter with great satisfaction, which came seasonably to be declared here before the French Court. The satisfaction you have obtained is absolute, and a full renounce to all that pretence on their part." — B.

the Theatre, but it was so full that we could hardly get any room, so he went up to one of the boxes, and I into the 18*d.* places, and there saw "Love at first sight,"<sup>1</sup> a play of Mr. Killigrew's, and the first time that it hath been acted since before the troubles, and great expectation there was, but I found the play to be a poor thing, and so I perceive every body else do. So home, calling at Paul's Churchyard for a "Mare Clausum,"<sup>2</sup> having it in my mind to write a little matter, what I can gather, about the business of striking sayle, and present it to the Duke, which I now think will be a good way to make myself known. So home and to bed.

30th. In the morning to the Temple, Mr. Philips and Dr. Williams about my several law matters, and so to the Wardrobe to dinner, and after dinner stole away, my Lady not dining out of her chamber, and so home and then to the office all the afternoon, and that being done Sir W. Batten and I and Captain Cock got a bottle of sack into the office, and there we sat late and drank and talked, and so home and to bed. I am this day in very good health, only got a little cold. The Parliament has sat a pretty while. The old condemned judges of the late King have been brought before the Parliament, and like to be hanged. I am deep in Chancery against Tom Trice, God give a good issue; and myself under great trouble for my late great expending of money vainly, which God stop for the future. This is the last day for the old State's coyne<sup>3</sup> to pass in common payments, but they say it is to pass in publique payments to the King three months still.

<sup>1</sup> Here, as in so many other instances, Pepys gives the second title only of the play. The correct title is, "The Princesse, or Love at First Sight, a Tragi-Comedy: the scene, Naples and Sicily. Written in Naples by Thomas Killigrew." It was published at London, 1663.

<sup>2</sup> Selden's work is in the Pepysian Library, "Joannis Seldeni Mare Clausum. Londini, 1635," folio.

<sup>3</sup> In a speech of Lord Lucas in the House of Lords, the 22nd February, 1670-1 (which speech was burnt by the common hangman), he thus adverted to that coin: "It is evident that there is scarcity of money; for all the parliament's money called *breeches* (a fit stamp for the coin of the Rump) is wholly vanished—the king's proclamation and the Dutch have swept it all away, and of his now majesty's coin there appears but very little; so that in effect we have none left for

December 1st (Lord's day). In the morning at church and heard Mr. Mills. At home dined and with me by appointment Mr. Sanchy, who should have brought his mistress, Mrs. Mary Archer, of Cambridge, but she could not come, but we had a good dinner for him. And so in the afternoon my wife went to church, and he and I stayed at home and drank and talked, and he stayed with me till night and supped with me, when I expected to have seen Jack Cole and Lem. Wagstaffe, but they did not come. We this day cut a brave collar of brawn from Winchcombe which proves very good, and also opened the glass of girkins which Captain Cocke did give my wife the other day, which are rare things. So at night to bed. There hath lately been great clapping up of some old statesmen, such as Ireton, Moyer,<sup>1</sup> and others, and they say, upon a great plot, but I believe no such thing; but it is but justice that they should be served as they served the poor Cavaliers; and I believe it will oftentimes be so as long as I live, whether there be cause or no. This evening my brother Tom was with me, and I did talk again to him about Mr. Townsend's daughter, and I do intend to put the business in hand. I pray God give a good end to it.

2nd. To Savill the painter's, but he not being well I could do nothing there, and so I returned home, and in my way met Mr. Moore and took him with me home, where we staid and talked all the morning, and he dined with me, and after dinner went away to the Privy Seal, this being our first day this month. By and by called on by Mr. Sanchy and his mistress, and with them by coach to the Opera, to see "The Mad Lover,"<sup>2</sup> but not much pleased with the play. That done home all to my house, where they staid and supped and were merry, and at last late bid good night and so we to bed.

common use, but a little old lean coined money of the late three former princes. And what supply is preparing for it, my lords? I hear of none, unless it be of copper farthings, and this is the metal that is to vindicate, according to the inscription on it, *the dominion of the four seas*." — Quoted in Penn's "Memorials of Sir Wm. Penn," ii. 264.

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Moyer, one of the Council of State, 1653. — B.

<sup>2</sup> A tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, published in the edition of their plays, 1647.

3rd. To the Paynter's and sat and had more of my picture done; but it do not please me, for I fear it will not be like me. At noon from thence to the Wardrobe, where dinner not being ready Mr. Moore and I to the Temple about my little business at Mr. Turner's, and so back again, and dinner being half done I went in to my Lady, where my Lady Wright was at dinner with her, and all our talk about the great happiness that my Lady Wright says there is in being in the fashion and in variety of fashions, in scorn of others that are not so, as citizens' wives and country gentlewomen, which though it did displease me enough, yet I said nothing to it. Thence by water to the office through bridge, being carried by him in oars that the other day rowed in a scull faster than my oars to the Towre, and I did give him 6*d*. At the office all the afternoon, and at night home to read in "Mare Clausum" till bedtime, and so to bed, but had a very bad night by dreams of my wife's riding with me and her horse throwing her and breaking her leg, and then I dreamed that I . . . [was] in such pain that I waked with it, and had a great deal of pain there a very great while till I fell asleep again, and such apprehension I had of it that when I rose and trussed up myself thinking that it had been no dream. Till in the daytime I found myself very well at ease, and remembered that I did dream so, and that Mr. Creed was with me, and that I did complain to him of it, and he said he had the same pain in his left that I had in my right . . . which pleased me much to remember.

4th. To Whitehall with both Sir Williams, thence by water, where I saw a man lie dead upon Westminster Stairs that had been drowned yesterday. To the Temple, and thence to Mr. Phillips and got my copy of Sturtlow lands. So back to the 3 Tuns at Charing Cross, and there met the two Sir Williams and Col. Treswell and Mr. Falconer, and dined there at Sir W. Pen's cost, and after dinner by water to Cheapside to the painter's, and there found my wife, and having sat a little she and I by coach to the Opera and Theatre, but coming too late to both, and myself being a little out of tune we returned, and I settled to read in "Mare Clausum" till bedtime, and so to bed.

5th. This morning I went early to the Paynter's and

there sat for my picture the fourth time, but it do not yet please me, which do much trouble me. Thence to the Treasury Office, where I found Sir W. Batten come before me, and there we sat to pay off the St. George. By and by came Sir W. Pen, and he and I staid while Sir W. Batten went home to dinner, and then he came again, and Sir W. Pen and I went and dined at my house, and had two mince pies sent thither by our order from the messenger Slater, that had dressed some victuals for us, and so we were very merry, and after dinner rode out in his coach, he to Whitehall, and my wife and I to the Opera, and saw "Hamlett" well performed. Thence to the Temple and Mrs. Turner's (who continues still very ill), and so home and to bed.

6th. Lay long in bed, and then to Westminster Hall and there walked, and then with Mr. Spicer, Hawly, Washington, and little Mr. Ashwell (my old friends at the Exchequer) to the Dog, and gave them two or three quarts of wine, and so away to White Hall, where, at Sir G. Carteret's, Sir Williams both and I dined very pleasantly; and after dinner, by appointment, came the Governors of the East India Company, to sign and seal the contract between us<sup>1</sup> (in the King's name) and them. And that done, we all went to the King's closet, and there spoke with the King and the Duke of York, who promise to be very careful of the India trade to the utmost. So back to Sir G. Carteret's and ended our business, and so away homewards, but Sir W. Batten offering to go to the 3 Tuns at Charing Cross, where the pretty maid the daughter of the house is, I was saying that, that tickled Sir W. Pen, he seemed to take these words very captiously and angrily, which I saw, and seemed indifferent to go home in his coach with them, and so took leave to go to the Council Chamber to speak with my Lord Privy Seal, which I did, but they did stay for me, which I was pleased at, but no words passed between him and me in all our way home. So home and to bed.

7th. This morning comes Captain Ferrers and the Ger-

<sup>1</sup> Charles II.'s charter to the Company, confirming and extending the former charter, is dated April 3rd, 1661. Bombay, just acquired as part of Queen Katherine's dowry, was made over to the Company by Letters Patent dated March 27th, 1669.



man, Emanuel Luffe, who goes as one of my Lord's footmen, though he deserves a much better preferment, to take their leave of me, and here I got the German to play upon my theorbo, which he did both below and in my wife's chamber, who was in bed. He plays bravely. I find by him that my lute is a most excellent lute. I did give them a mince pie and a collar of brawn and some wine for their breakfast, and were very merry, and sent for Mr. Adamson's neighbour to drink Mr. Shepley's health. At last we all parted, but within a quarter of an hour after they were gone, and my wife and I were talking about buying of a fine scallop which is brought her this morning by a woman to be sold, which is to cost her 45s., in comes the German back again, all in a goare of blood, which I wondered at, and tells me that he is afeard that the Captain is killed by the watermen at Towre Stayres; so I presently went thither, and found that upon some rude pressing of the watermen to ply the Captain, he struck one of them with his cane, which they would not take, but struck him again, and then the German drew his sword and ran at one of them, but they were both soundly beaten.<sup>1</sup> The Captain is, however, got to the hoy that carries him and the pages to the Downs, and I went into the alehouse at the Stayres and got them to deliver the Captain's feathers, which one from the Captain was come to demand, and went home again, and there found my wife dressing of the German's head, and so did [give] him a cravett for his neck, and a crown in his purse, and sent him away again. Then came Mr. Moore, and he and I to Westminster and to Worcester House to see Mr. Montagu before he goes away (this night), but could not see him, nor do I think he has a mind to see us for fear of our demanding of money of him for anything. So back to Whitehall, and eat a bit of meat at Wilkinson's, and then to the Privy Seal, and sealed there the first time this month; and, among other things that passed, there was a patent for Roger Palmer (Madam Palmer's husband) to be Earl of Castlemaine and Baron of Limbricke in Ireland; but the honour is tied up to the males got of the body of this

<sup>1</sup> See a similar outrage, committed by Captain Ferrers, September 12th, 1662. Swords were usually worn by footmen. See May 4th, 1662, *post.* — B.

wife, the Lady Barbary: the reason whereof every body knows. That done, by water to the office, when I found Sir W. Pen had been alone all the night and was just rose, and so I to him, and with him I found Captain Holmes, who had wrote his case, and gives me a copy, as he hath many among his friends, and presented the same to the King and Council. Which I shall make use of in my attempt of writing something concerning the business of striking sail, which I am now about.<sup>1</sup> But he do cry out against Sir John Minnes, as the veriest knave and rogue and coward in the world, which I was glad to hear, because he has given out bad words concerning my Lord, though I am sorry it is so. Here Captain Cox then came in, and he and I staid a good while and so good night. Home and wrote by the post to my father, and so to bed.

8th (Lord's day). In bed all the morning thinking to take physique, but it being a frost my wife would not have me. So to dinner at the Wardrobe, and after a great deal of good discourse with my Lady after dinner, and among other things of the great christening yesterday at Mr. Rumbell's, and courtiers and pomp that was there, which I wonder at, I went away up and down into all the churches almost between that place and my house, and so home. And then came my brother Tom, and staid and talked with me, and I hope he will do very well and get money. So to supper and to bed. This morning as I was in bed, one brings me T. Trice's answer to my bill in chancery from Mr. Smallwood, which I am glad to see, though I am afraid it will do me hurt.

9th. To Whitehall, and thence to the Rhenish wine-house, where I met Mons. Eschar and there took leave of him,

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Burroughs had already written a treatise on "The Sovereignty of the British Seas proved by Records, History, and the Municipall Lawes of this Kingdome. Written in the year 1633 by that Learned Knight, Sir John Boroughs, Keeper of the Records in the Tower of London. London, 1651," copies of which, both in Latin and English, are common, and one of which is in the Pepsyan Library. William Ryley, the herald, Deputy Keeper of the Records, had also written on the subject, and had made extracts from the records. Ryley's collections appear to have belonged to James II., and were probably made for him at this time. The Duke of Newcastle afterwards possessed them, and they are now in the British Museum.

he being to go this night to the Downs towards Portugall, and so spent all the morning. At noon to dinner to the Wardrobe; where my Lady Wright was, who did talk much upon the worth and the desert of gallantry; and that there was none fit to be courtiers, but such as have been abroad and know fashions. Which I endeavoured to oppose; and was troubled to hear her talk so, though she be a very wise and discreet lady in other things. From thence Mr. Moore and I to the Temple about my law business with my cozen Turner, and there we read over T. Trice's answer to my bill and advised thereupon what to do in his absence, he being to go out of town to-morrow. Thence he and I to Mr. Walpole, my attorney, whom I never saw before, and we all to an alehouse hard by, and there we talked of our business, and he put me into great hopes, but he is but a young man, and so I do not depend so much upon his encouragement. So by coach home, and to supper, and to bed, having staid up till 12 at night writing letters to my Lord Sandwich and all my friends with him at sea, to send to-morrow by Mons. Eschar, who goes to-morrow post to the Downs to go along with the fleet to Portugall.

10th. To Whitehall, and there finding Mons. Eschar to be gone, I sent my letters by a porter to the posthouse in Southwark to be sent by despatch to the Downs. So to dinner to my Lord Crew's by coach, and in my way had a stop of above an hour and a half, which is a great trouble this Parliament time, but it cannot be helped. However I got thither before my Lord come from the House, and so dined with him, and dinner done, home to the office, and there sat late and so home.

11th. My brother Tom and then Mr. Moore came to me this morning, and staid a while with me, and then I went out, and in my way met with Mr. Howell the Turner, who invited me to dine this day at Mr. Rawlinson's with some friends of his, officers of the Towre, at a venison pasty, which I promised him, and so I went to the Old Bayly, and there staid and drank with him, who told me the whole story how Pegg Kite has married herself to a weaver, an ugly fellow, to her undoing, of which I am glad that I have nothing to do in it. From thence home and put on my velvet coat, and so to the Mitre to dinner according to my

promise this morning, but going up into the room I found at least 12 or more persons, and knew not the face of any of them, so I went down again, and though I met Mr. Yong the upholster yet I would not be persuaded to stay, but went away and walked to the Exchequer, and up and down, and was very hungry, and from thence home, when I understand Mr. Howell was come for me to go thither, but I am glad I was not at home, and my wife was gone out by coach to Clerkenwell to see Mrs. Margaret Pen, who is at school there. So I went to see Sir W. Pen, who for this two or three days has not been well, and he and I after some talk took a coach and went to Moorfields, and there walked, though it was very cold, an hour or two, and went into an alehouse, and there I drank some ale and eat some bread and cheese, but he would not eat a bit, and so being very merry we went home again. He to his lodgings and I by promise to Sir W. Batten's, where he and my lady have gone out of town, and so Mrs. Martha was at home alone, and Mrs. Moore and there I supped upon some good things left of yesterday's dinner there, where dined a great deal of company—Sir R. Browne and others—and by and by comes in Captain Cox who promised to be here with me, but he staid very late, and had been drinking somewhere and was very drunk, and so very capricious, which I was troubled to see in a man that I took for a very wise and wary man. So I home and left him there, and so to bed.

12th. We lay long in bed, then up and made me ready, and by and by come Will Bowyer and Mr. Gregory, my old Exchequer friend, to see me, and I took them to the Dolphin and there did give them a good morning draft, and so parted, and invited them and all my old Exchequer acquaintance to come and dine with me there on Wednesday next. From thence to the Wardrobe and dined with my Lady, where her brother, Mr. John Crew, dined also, and a strange gentlewoman dined at the table as a servant of my Lady's; but I knew her not, and so I am afeard that poor Mademoiselle<sup>1</sup> was gone, but I since understand that she is come as housekeeper to my Lady, and is a married

<sup>1</sup> This may be Mademoiselle Le Blanc, mentioned on November 15th, 1661.

woman. From thence to Westminster to my Lord's house to meet my Lord Privy Seal, who appointed to seal there this afternoon, but by and by word is brought that he is come to Whitehall, and so we are fain to go thither to him, and there we staid to seal till it was so late that though I got leave to go away before he had done, yet the office was done before I could get thither, and so to Sir W. Pen's, and there sat and talked and drank with him, and so home.

13th. At home all the morning, being by the cold weather, which for these two days has been frost, in some pain in my bladder. Dined at home and then with my wife to the Paynter's, and there she sat the first time to be drawn, while I all the while stood looking on a pretty lady's picture, whose face did please me extremely. At last, he having done, I found that the dead colour of my wife is good, above what I expected, which pleased me exceedingly. So home and to the office about some special business, where Sir Williams both were, and from thence with them to the Steelyard, where my Lady Batten and others came to us, and there we drank and had musique and Captain Cox's company, and he paid all, and so late back again home by coach, and so to bed.

14th. All the morning at home lying in bed with my wife till 11 o'clock. Such a habit we have got this winter of lying long abed. Dined at home, and in the afternoon to the office. There sat late, and so home and to bed.

15th (Lord's day). To church in the morning, where our young Reader begun the first day to read. Sir W. Pen dined with me and we were merry. Again to church and so home, and all alone read till bedtime, and so to prayers and to bed. I have been troubled this day about a difference between my wife and her maid Nell, who is a simple slut, and I am afraid we shall find her a cross-grained wench. I am now full of study about writing something about our making of strangers strike to us at sea; and so am altogether reading Selden and Grotius, and such other authors to that purpose.

16th. Up by five o'clock this morning by candlelight (which I have not done for many a day), being called upon by one Mr. Bollen by appointment, who has business

to be done with my Lord Privy Seal this morning, and so by coach, calling Mr. Moore at the Wardrobe, to Chelsy, and there did get my Lord to seal it. And so back again to Westminster Hall, and thence to my Lord Sandwich's lodging, where I met my wife (who had been to see Mrs. Hunt who was brought to bed the other day of a boy), and got a joint of meat thither from the Cook's, and she and I and Sarah dined together, and after dinner to the Opera, where there was a new play ("Cutter of Coleman Street"),<sup>1</sup> made in the year 1658, with reflections much upon the late times; and it being the first time, the pay was doubled, and so to save money, my wife and I went up into the gallery, and there sat and saw very well; and a very good play it is. It seems of Cowly's making. From thence by coach home, and to bed.

17th. Up and to the Paynter's to see how he went forward in our picture. So back again to dinner at home, and then was sent for to the Privy Seal, whither I was forced to go and stay so long and late that I was much vexed. At last we got all done, and then made haste to the office, where they were sat, and there we sat late, and so home to supper and to Selden, "Mare Clausum," and so to bed.

18th. At the office upon business extraordinary all the morning, then to my Lady Sandwich's to dinner, whither my wife, who had been at the painter's, came to me, and there dined, and there I left her, and to the Temple my brother and I to see Mrs. Turner, who begins to be better, and so back to my Lady's, where much made of, and so home to my study till bed-time, and so to bed.

19th. This morning my wife dressed herself fine to go to the christening of Mrs. Hunt's child, and so she and I in the way in the morning went to the Paynter's, and there she sat till noon, and I all the while looking over great variety of good prints which he had, and by and by comes my boy to tell us that Mrs. Hunt has been at our house to tell us that the christening is not till Saturday next. So after the

<sup>1</sup> Cutter, an old word for a rough swaggerer: hence the title of Cowley's play. It was originally called "The Guardian," when acted before Prince Charles at Trinity College, Cambridge, on March 12th, 1641.



Paynter had done I did like the picture pretty well, and my wife and I went by coach home, but in the way I took occasion to fall out with my wife very highly about her ribbands being ill matched and of two colours, and to very high words, so that, like a passionate fool, I did call her whore, for which I was afterwards sorry. But I set her down at home, and went myself by appointment to the Dolphin, where Sir W. Warren did give us all a good dinner, and that being done, to the office, and there sat late, and so home.

20th. Lay long in bed, and then up, and so to the Wardrobe to dinner, and from thence out with Mr. Moore towards my house, and in our way met with Mr. Swan (my old acquaintance), and we to a tavern, where we had enough of his old simple religious talk, and he is still a coxcomb in these things as he ever was, and tells me he is setting out a book called "The unlawfull use of lawfull things;" but a very simple fellow he is, and so I leave him. So we drank and at last parted, and Mr. Moore and I into Cornhill, it being dark night, and in the street and on the Exchange discoursed about Dominion of the Sea, wherein I am lately so much concerned, and so I home and sat late up reading of Mr. Selden, and so to bed.

21st. To White Hall to the Privy Seal, where my Lord Privy Seal did tell us he could seal no more this month, for that he goes thirty miles out of town to keep his Christmas. At which I was glad, but only afraid lest any thing of the King's should force us to go after him to get a seal in the country. Thence to Westminster Hall (having by the way drank with Mrs. Sarah and Mrs. Betty at my Lord's lodgings), and thence taken by some Exchequer men to the Dogg, where, being St. Thomas's day, by custom they have a general meeting at dinner. There I was and all very merry, and there I spoke to Mr. Falconberge to look whether he could out of Domesday Book, give me any thing concerning the sea, and the dominion thereof; which he says he will look after. Thence taking leave to my brother's, and there by appointment met with Prior of Brampton who had money to pay me, but desiring some advice he stays till Monday. So by coach home to the office, where I was vexed to see Sir Williams both seem to

think so much that I should be a little out of the way, saying that without their Register they were not a Committee, which I took in some dudgeon, and see clearly that I must keep myself at a little distance with them and not crouch, or else I shall never keep myself up even with them. So home and wrote letters by the post. This evening my wife come home from christening Mrs. Hunt's son, his name John, and a merchant in Mark Lane came along with her, that was her partner. So after my business was done, and read something in Mr. Selden, I went to bed.

22nd. To church in the morning, where the Reader made a boyish young sermon. Home to dinner, and there I took occasion, from the blacknesse of the meat as it came out of the pot, to fall out with my wife and my maid for their sluttery, and so left the table, and went up to read in Mr. Selden till church time, and then my wife and I to church, and there in the pew, with the rest of the company, was Captain Holmes, in his gold-laced suit, at which I was troubled because of the old business which he attempted upon my wife. So with my mind troubled I sat still, but by and by I took occasion from the rain now holding up (it raining when we came into the church) to put my wife in mind of going to the christening (which she was invited to) of N. Osborne's child, which she did, and so went out of the pew, and my mind was eased. So home after sermon and there came by appointment Dr. T. Pepys, Will. Joyce, and my brother Tom, and supped with me, and very merry they were, and I seemed to be, but I was not pleased at all with their company. So they being gone we went to bed.

23rd. Early up and by coach (before daylight) to the Wardrobe, and took up Mr. Moore, and he and I to Chelsy to my Lord Privy Seal, and there sealed some things, he being to go out of town for all Christmas to-morrow. So back again to Westminster, and from thence by water to the Treasury Office, where I found Sir W. Pen paying off the Sophia and Griffen, and there I staid with him till noon, and having sent for some collar of beef and a mince pie, we eat and drank, and so I left him there and to my brother's by appointment to meet Prior, but he came not,

so I went and saw Mrs. Turner who continues weak, and by and by word was brought me that Prior's man was come to Tom's, and so I went and told out £128 which I am to receive of him, but Prior not coming I went away and left the money by his desire with my brother all night, and they to come to me to-morrow morning. So I took coach, and 'lighting at my bookseller's<sup>1</sup> in Paul's Churchyard, I met with Mr. Crumlum and the second master of Paul's School,<sup>2</sup> and thence I took them to the Starr, and there we sat and talked, and I had great pleasure in their company, and very glad I was of meeting him so accidentally, I having omitted too long to go to see him. Here in discourse of books I did offer to give the school what books he would choose of £5. So we parted, and I home, and to Mr. Selden, and then to bed.

24th. Home all the morning and dined at home, and in the afternoon to the office. So home.

25th. In the morning to church, where at the door of our pew I was fain to stay, because that the sexton had not opened the door. A good sermon of Mr. Mills. Dined at home all alone, and taking occasion from some fault in the meat to complain of my maid's sluttery, my wife and I fell out, and I up to my chamber in a discontent. After dinner my wife comes up to me and all friends again, and she and I to walk upon the leads, and there Sir W. Pen called us, and we went to his house and supped with him, but before supper Captain Cock came to us half drunk, and began to talk, but Sir W. Pen knowing his humour and that there was no end of his talking, drinks four great glasses of wine to him, one after another, healths to the king, and by that means made him drunk, and so he went away, and so we sat down to supper, and were merry, and so after supper home and to bed.

26th. This morning Sir W. Pen and I to the Treasury office, and there we paid off the Amity (Captain Stokes's ship that was at Guinny) and another ship, and so home, and after dinner Sir William came to me, and he and his son and daughter, and I and my wife, by coach to Moor-

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Kirton (see vol. i., p. 52).

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Cromleholme or Crumlum, head master (see vol. i., p. 29).

fields to walk; but it was most foul weather, and so we went into an alehouse and there eat some cakes and ale, and a washeall-bowle<sup>1</sup> woman and girl came to us and sung to us. And after all was done I called my boy (Wayne-man) to us to eat some cake that was left, and the woman of the house told us that he had called for two cakes and a pot of ale for himself, at which I was angry, and am resolved to correct him for it. So home, and Sir W. Pen and his son and daughter to supper to me to a good turkey, and were merry at cards, and so to bed.

27th. In the morning to my Bookseller's to bespeak a Stephens's Thesaurus, for which I offer £4, to give to Paul's School, and from thence to Paul's Church; and there I heard Dr. Gunning preach a good sermon upon the day (being St. John's day), and did hear him tell a story, which he did persuade us to believe to be true, that St. John and the Virgin Mary did appear to Gregory, a Bishopp, at his prayer to be confirmed in the faith, which I did wonder to hear from him. Here I met with Mr. Crumlum (and told him of my endeavour to get Stephens's Thesaurus for the school), and so home, and after dinner comes Mr. Faulconberge to see me, and at his desire I sent over for his kinsman Mr. Knightly, the merchant, and so he came over and sat and drank with us, and at his request I went over with him, and there I sat till the evening, and till both Mr. Knightly and Mr. Faulconberge (for whom I sent my boy to get a coach to carry him to Wesminster) were both drunk, and so home, but better wine I never drank in all my life. So home, and finding my wife gone to Sir W. Pen's, I went thither, and there I sat and played at cards and supped, and so home and to bed.

28th. At home all the morning; and in the afternoon all of us at the office, upon a letter from the Duke for the making up of a speedy estimate of all the debts of the Navy, which is put into good forwardness. I home and Sir W. Pen to my house, who with his children staid playing cards late, and so to bed.

<sup>1</sup> "The wenches with their wassall bowls  
About the streets are singing." — Wither's *Christmas Carol*.

The old custom of carrying the wassail bowl from door to door, with songs and merriment, in Christmas week, is still observed in some of our rural districts. — B.

29th (Lord's day). Long in bed with my wife, and though I had determined to go to dine with my wife at my Lady's (chiefly to put off dining with Sir W. Pen to-day because Holmes dined there), yet I could not get a coach time enough to go thither, and so I dined at home, and my brother Tom with me, and then a coach came and I carried my wife to Westminster, and she went to see Mrs. Hunt, and I to the Abbey, and there meeting with Mr. Hooper, he took me in among the quire, and there I sang with them their service, and so that being done, I walked up and down till night for that Mr. Coventry was not come to Whitehall since dinner again. At last I went thither and he was come, and I spoke with him about some business of the office, and so took leave of him, and sent for my wife and the coach, and so to the Wardrobe and supped, and staid very long talking with my Lady, who seems to doat every day more and more upon us. So home and to prayers, and to bed.

30th. At the office about this estimate and so with my wife and Sir W. Pen to see our pictures, which do not much displease us, and so back again, and I staid at the Mitre, whither I had invited all my old acquaintance of the Exchequer to a good chine of beef, which with three barrels of oysters and three pullets, and plenty of wine and mirth, was our dinner, and there was about twelve of us, among others Mr. Bowyer, the old man, and Mr. Faulconberge, Shadwell, Taylor, Spicer, Woodruffe (who by reason of some friend that dined with him came to us after dinner), Servington, &c., and here I made them a foolish promise to give them one this day twelvemonth, and so for ever while I live, but I do not intend it. Here I staid as long as I could keep them, and so home to Sir W. Pen, who with his children and my wife has been at a play to-day and saw "D'Ambois,"<sup>1</sup> which I never saw. Here we staid late at supper and playing at cards, and so home and to bed.

31st. My wife and I this morning to the Paynter's, and there she sat the last time, and I stood by and did tell him

<sup>1</sup> "Bussy D'Ambois," a tragedy by George Chapman, first published in 1607.

some little things to do, that now her picture I think will please me very well; and after her, her little black dogg sat in her lap, and was drawn, which made us very merry; so home to dinner, and so to the office; and there late finishing our estimate of the debts of the Navy to this day; and it come to near £374,000. So home, and after supper, and my barber had trimmed me, I sat down to end my journell for this year, and my condition at this time, by God's blessing, is thus: my health (only upon catching cold, which brings great pain in my back . . . as it used to be when I had the stone) is very good, and so my wife's in all respects: my servants, W. Hewer, Sarah, Nell, and Wayneman: my house at the Navy Office. I suppose myself to be worth about £500 clear in the world, and my goods of my house my own, and what is coming to me from Brampton, when my father dies, which God defer. But, by my uncle's death, the whole care and trouble of all, and settling of all lies upon me, which is very great, because of law-suits, especially that with T. Trice, about the interest of £200, which will, I hope, be ended soon. My chiefest thought is now to get a good wife for Tom, there being one offered by the Joyces, a cozen of theirs, worth £200 in ready money. I am also upon writing a little treatise to present to the Duke, about our privilege in the seas, as to other nations striking their flags to us. But my greatest trouble is, that I have for this last half year been a very great spendthrift in all manner of respects, that I am afraid to cast up my accounts, though I hope I am worth what I say above. But I will cast them up very shortly. I have newly taken a solemn oath about abstaining from plays and wine, which I am resolved to keep according to the letter of the oath which I keep by me. The fleet hath been ready to sail for Portugall, but hath lacked wind this fortnight, and by that means my Lord is forced to keep at sea all this winter, till he brings home the Queen, which is the expectation of all now, and the greatest matter of publique talk.

1661-62. January 1st. Waking this morning out of my sleep on a sudden, I did with my elbow hit my wife a great blow over her face and nose, which waked her with pain, at which I was sorry, and to sleep again. Up and went forth with Sir W. Pen by coach towards Westminster, and



in my way seeing that the "Spanish Curate"<sup>1</sup> was acted to-day, I 'light and let him go alone, and I home again and sent to young Mr. Pen and his sister to go anon with my wife and I to the Theatre. That done, Mr. W. Pen came to me and he and I walked out, and to the Stacioner's, and looked over some pictures and maps for my house, and so home again to dinner, and by and by came the two young Pens, and after we had eat a barrel of oysters we went by coach to the play, and there saw it well acted, and a good play it is, only Diego the Sexton did overdo his part too much. From thence home, and they sat with us till late at night at cards very merry, but the jest was Mr. W. Pen had left his sword in the coach, and so my boy and he run out after the coach, and by very great chance did at the Exchange meet with the coach and got his sword again. So to bed.

2nd. An invitation sent us before we were up from my Lady Sandwich's, to come and dine with her: so at the office all the morning, and at noon thither to dinner, where there was a good and great dinner, and the company, Mr. William Montagu and his Lady (but she seemed so far from the beauty that I expected her from my Lady's talk to be, that it put me into an ill humour all the day, to find my expectation so lost), Mr. Rumball and Townsend and their wives. After dinner home by water, and so to the office till night, and then I went forth, by appointment, to meet with Mr. Grant,<sup>2</sup> who promised to meet me at the Coffee-house to bring me acquainted with Cooper,<sup>3</sup> the great limner in little, but they deceived me, and so I went home, and there sat at my lute and singing till almost twelve at night, and so to bed. Sir Richd. Fanshaw is come suddenly from Portugall, but nobody knows what his business is.

<sup>1</sup> A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, acted at court in December, 1622. Pepys saw this play March 16th, 1660-61, at Whitefriars Theatre.

<sup>2</sup> Probably John Grant or Graunt, a highly respected tradesman of Birchin Lane, author of "Observations on a Collection of the London Bills of Mortality." He died April 18th, 1674.

<sup>3</sup> Samuel Cooper, the most eminent of English miniature painters, born in London, 1609, and instructed in his art by his uncle, John Hoskins. He resided for some years in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and died May 5th, 1672.

3rd. Lay long in bed, and so up and abroad to several places about petty businesses. Among others to Tom's, who I find great hopes of that he will do well, which I am glad of, and am not now so hasty to get a wife for him as I was before. So to dinner to my Lord Crew's with him and his Lady, and after dinner to Faithorne's,<sup>1</sup> and there bought some pictures of him; and while I was there, comes by the King's life-guard, he being gone to Lincoln's Inn this afternoon to see the Revells there; there being, according to an old custom, a prince and all his nobles, and other matters of sport and charge.<sup>2</sup> So home, and up to my chamber to look over my papers and other things, my mind being much troubled for these four or five days because of my present great expense, and will be so till I cast up and see how my estate stands, and that I am loth to do for fear I have spent too much, and delay it the rather that I may pay for my pictures and my wife's, and the book that I am buying for Paul's School before I do cast up my accompts.

4th. At home most of the morning hanging up pictures, and seeing how my pewter sconces that I have bought will become my stayres and entry, and then with my wife by water to Westminster, whither she to her father's and I to Westminster Hall, and there walked a turn or two with Mr. Chetwin (who had a dog challenged of him by another man that said it was his, but Mr. Chetwin called the dog, and the dog at last would follow him, and not his old master, and so Chetwin got the dog) and W. Symons, and thence to my wife, who met me at my Lord's lodgings, and she and I and old East to Wilkinson's to dinner, where we had some rost beef and a mutton pie, and a mince-pie, but none of them pleased me. After dinner by coach my wife

<sup>1</sup> William Faithorne, the well-known engraver. See *ante*, June 12th, 1660 (vol. i., p. 162).

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn also mentions this visit of the king to Lincoln's Inn, but enters into more detail. He writes, "I went to London, invited to the solemn foolery of the Prince de la Grange at Lincoln's Inn, where came the King, Duke, &c. It began with a grand masque, and a formal pleading before the mock Princes, Grandees, Nobles, and Knights of the Sun. He had his Lord Chancellor, Chamberlain, Treasurer, and other Royal officers, gloriously clad and attended. It ended in a magnificent banquet. One Mr. Lort was the young spark who maintain'd the pageantry." — Evelyn's *Diary*, January 1st, 1661-62.

and I home, and J to the office, and there till late, and then I and my wife to Sir W. Pen's to cards and supper, and were merry, and much correspondence there has been between our two families all this Christmas. So home and to bed.

5th (Lord's day). Left my wife in bed not well . . . and I to church, and so home to dinner, and dined alone upon some marrow bones, and had a fine piece of rost beef, but being alone I eat none. So after dinner comes in my brother Tom, and he tells me how he hath seen the father and mother of the girl which my cozen Joyces would have him to have for a wife, and they are much for it, but we are in a great quandary what to do therein, £200 being but a little money; and I hope, if he continues as he begins, he may look out for one with more. To church, and before sermon there was a long psalm, and half another sung out while the Sexton gathered what the church would give him for this last year. I gave him 3s., and have the last week given the Clerk 2s., which I set down that I may know what to do the next year, if it please the Lord that I live so long; but the jest was, the Clerk begins the 25th psalm, which hath a proper tune to it, and then the 116th, which cannot be sung with that tune, which seemed very ridiculous. After church to Sir W. Batten's, where on purpose I have not been this fortnight, and I am resolved to keep myself more reserved to avoyd the contempt which otherwise I must fall into, and so home and sat and talked and supped with my wife, and so up to prayers and to bed, having wrote a letter this night to Sir J. Mennes in the Downs for his opinion in the business of striking of flags.

6th (Twelfth day). This morning I sent my lute to the Paynter's, and there I staid with him all the morning to see him paint the neck of my lute in my picture, which I was not pleased with after it was done. Thence to dinner to Sir W. Pen's, it being a solemn feast day with him, his wedding day,<sup>1</sup> and we had, besides a good chine of beef and other good cheer, eighteen mince pies in a dish, the

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Penn married very early in life Margaret, daughter of John Jasper, of Rotterdam. She died in 1682, and was buried at Walthamstow, March 4th, 1681-82. — Penn's *Memorials of Sir William Penn*, ii. 572.

number of the years that he hath been married,<sup>1</sup> where Sir W. Batten and his Lady and daughter was, and Colonel Treswell and Major Holmes, who I perceive would fain get to be free and friends with my wife, but I shall prevent it, and she herself hath also a defyance against him. After dinner they set in to drinking, so that I would stay no longer, but went away home, and Captain Cock, who was quite drunk, comes after me, and there sat awhile and so away, and anon I went again after the company was gone, and sat and played at cards with Sir W. Pen and his children, and so after supper home, and there I hear that my man Gul<sup>2</sup> was gone to bed, and upon enquiry I hear that he did vomit before he went to bed, and complained his head ached, and thereupon though he was asleep I sent for him out of his bed, and he rose and came up to me, and I appeared very angry and did tax him with being drunk, and he told me that he had been with Mr. Southerne and Home-wood at the Dolphin, and drank a quart of sack, but that his head did ache before he went out. But I do believe he has drunk too much, and so I did threaten him to bid his uncle dispose of him some other way, and sent him down to bed and do resolve to continue to be angry with him. So to bed to my wife, and told her what had passed.

7th. Long in bed, and then rose and went along with Sir W. Pen on foot to Stepny to Mrs. Chappell's (who has the pretty boy to her son, (and there met my wife and Sir W. Pen's children all, and Mrs. Poole and her boy, and there dined and were very merry, and home again by coach and so to the office. In the afternoon and at night to Sir W. Pen's, there supped and played at cards with them and were merry, the children being to go all away to school again to-morrow. Thence home and to bed.

8th. I rose and went to Westminster Hall, and there walked up and down upon several businesses, and among others I met with Sir W. Pen, who told me that he had this morning heard Sir G. Carteret extremely angry against my man Will that he is every other day with the Commissioners of Parliament at Westminster, and that his uncle was a

<sup>1</sup> The same custom is noticed, February 3rd, 1661-62 (see p. 171).

<sup>2</sup> William Hewer.

rogue, and that he did tell his uncle everything that passes at the office, and Sir William, though he loves the lad, did advise me to part with him, which did with this surprise mightily trouble me, though I was already angry with him, and so to the Wardrobe by water, and all the way did examine Will about the business, but did not tell him upon what score, but I find that the poor lad do suspect something. To dinner with my Lady, and after dinner talked long with her, and so home, and to Sir W. Batten's, and sat and talked with him, and so home troubled in mind, and so up to my study and read the two treatises before Mr. Selden's "Mare Clausum," and so to bed. This night come about £100 from Brampton by carrier to me, in holsters from my father, which made me laugh.

9th. At the office all the morning private with Sir G. Carteret (who I expected something from about yesterday's business, but he said nothing), Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen, about drawing up an answer to several demands of my Lord Treasurer, and late at it till 2 o'clock. Then to dinner, and my wife to Sir W. Pen's, and so to the office again and sat till late, and so home, where I found Mr. Armiger below talking with my wife, but being offended with him for his leaving of my brother Tom I shewed him no countenance, but did take notice of it to him plainly, and I perceive he was troubled at it, but I am glad I told him of it. Then (when he was gone) up to write several letters by the post, and so to set my papers and things in order, and to bed. This morning we agreed upon some things to answer to the Duke about the practice of striking of the flags, which will now put me upon finishing my resolution of writing something upon the subject.

10th. To White Hall, and there spoke with Sir Paul Neale<sup>1</sup> about a mathematical request of my Lord's to him, which I did deliver to him, and he promised to employ somebody to answer it, something about observation of the moon and stars, but what I did not mind. Here I met with Mr. Moore, who tells me that an injun<sup>c</sup>on is granted in Chancery against T. Trice, at which I was very glad, being before in some trouble for it. With him to Westminster

<sup>1</sup> Sir Paul Neile, of White Waltham, Berks (see vol. i., p. 330).

Hall, where I walked till noon talking with one or other, and so to the Wardrobe to dinner, where tired with Mr. Pickering's company I returned to Westminster, by appointment, to meet my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to gossip with her, which we did alone, and were very merry, and did give her a cup and spoon for my wife's god-child, and so home by coach, and I late reading in my chamber and then to bed, my wife being angry that I keep the house so late up.

11th. My brother Tom came to me, and he and I to Mr. Turner the Draper's, and paid £15 to him for cloth owing to him by my father for his mourning for my uncle, and so to his house, and there invited all the Honiwood's to dinner on Monday next. So to the Exchange, and there all the news is of the French and Dutch joyning against us; but I do not think it yet true. So home to dinner, and in the afternoon to the office, and so to Sir W. Batten's, where in discourse I heard the custom of the election of the Dukes of Genoa, who for two years are every day attended in the greatest state; and four or five hundred men always waiting upon him as a king; and when the two years are out, and another is chose, a messenger is sent to him, who stands at the bottom of the stairs, and he at the top, and says, "*V<sup>a</sup>. Illustrissima Serenita sta finita, et puede andar en casa.*"—"Your serenity is now ended; and now you may be going home:" and so claps on his hat. And the old Duke (having by custom sent his goods home before), walks away, it may be but with one man at his heels; and the new one brought immediately in his room, in the greatest state in the world.<sup>1</sup> Another account was told us, how in the Dukedom of Ragusa, in the Adriatique (a State that is little, but more ancient, they say, than Venice, and is called the mother of Venice, and the Turks lie round about it), that they change all the officers of their guard, for fear of conspiracy, every twenty-four hours, so that nobody knows who shall be captain of the guard to-night; but two men come to a man, and lay hold of him as a prisoner, and carry him to the place; and there he hath the keys of the garrison given him, and he presently issues his orders for that

<sup>1</sup> The first Duke or Doge of Genoa was Simon Boccanegra, elected in 1339. Hallam gives an account of the origin of the ducal government in his "Europe during the Middle Ages," chapter iii.



night's watch: and so always from night to night. Sir Wm. Rider told the first of his own knowledge; and both he and Sir W. Batten confirm the last. Hence home and to read, and so to bed, but very late again.

12th (Lord's day). To church, where a stranger made a very good sermon. At noon Sir W. Pen and my good friend Dean Fuller, by appointment, and my wife's brother by chance, dined with me very merry and handsomely. After dinner the Dean, my wife and I by Sir W. Pen's coach left us, he to Whitehall, and my wife and I to visit Mrs. Pierce and thence Mrs. Turner, who continues very ill still, and The. is also fallen sick, which do trouble me for the poor mother. So home and to read, I being troubled to hear my wife rate though not without cause at her mayd Nell, who is a lazy slut. So to prayers and to bed.

13th. All the morning at home, and Mr. Berkenshaw<sup>1</sup> (whom I have not seen a great while, came to see me), who staid with me a great while talking of musique, and I am resolved to begin to learn of him to compose, and to begin to-morrow, he giving of me so great hopes that I shall soon do it. Before twelve o'clock comes, by appointment, Mr. Peter and the Dean, and Collonel Honiwood, brothers,<sup>2</sup> to

<sup>1</sup> John Berchinshaw, an Irishman, translated the "Elementale Musicum," 8vo, 1664, and issued, in 1672, a prospectus of a complete system of music, but it is doubtful if the book ever appeared. In the Pepsyan Library is a thin folio volume entitled, "Mr. Berchinshaw's Two Parts to be sung (severally) with y<sup>e</sup> ordinary Church Tunes of the Singing Psalms." Evelyn mentions him in his Diary (August 3rd, 1664) in high terms, and describes him as "that rare artist who invented a mathematical way of composure very extraordinary, true as to the exact rules of art, but without much harmonie." He lived at Southwark, see *post*, February 24th, 1661-62. A John Birchenshaw was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, May 14th, 1681, but it is not certain that this was the teacher of music.

<sup>2</sup> These three brothers were the sons of Robert Honywood of Charing, Kent, who had purchased the estate of Mark's Hall, in Essex; and whose mother, Mary Attwaters, after forty-four years of widowhood, died at ninety-three, having lived to see three hundred and sixty-seven of her own lawful descendants. Colonel Honywood and Peter seem, from subsequent notices in the Diary, to have been both knighted: but we find no particulars of their history. Michael Honywood, D.D., was rector of Kegworth, co. Leicester, and seeking refuge at Utrecht during the Rebellion, was, on his return, made Dean of Lincoln, and died in

dine with me; but so soon that I was troubled at it. But, however, I entertained them with talk and oysters till one o'clock, and then we sat down to dinner, not staying for my uncle and aunt Wight, at which I was troubled, but they came by and by, and so we dined very merry, at least I seemed so, but the dinner does not please me, and less the Dean and Collonel, whom I found to be pitiful sorry gentlemen, though good-natured, but Mr. Peter above them both, who after dinner did show us the experiment (which I had heard talk of) of the chymicall glasses, which break all to dust by breaking off a little small end; which is a great mystery to me.<sup>1</sup> They being gone, my aunt Wight and my wife and I to cards, she teaching of us how to play at gleeke,<sup>2</sup> which is a pretty game; but I have not my head so free as to be troubled with it. By and by comes my uncle Wight back, and so to supper and talk, and then

1681, aged eighty-five, having been generally considered a learned and holy man. The widow of Dean Honeywood left his library to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln. Many early printed books of great rarity contained in this collection were dispersed under the auspices of Dean Gordon in 1817, and replaced by the purchase of modern works comparatively of no value. See Botfield's "Account of our Cathedral Libraries." In the "Topographer and Genealogist," No. V., there is a printed account of "Mary Honeywood and her Posterity," taken from a MS. of Peter Le Neve's, in the Lansdowne Collection in the British Museum." — B.

<sup>1</sup> They are formed by dropping melted glass into water. These drops are still called after Prince Rupert, who brought them out of Germany, where they were named "Lacrymæ Batavice." They consist of glass drops with long and slender tails, which burst to pieces on the breaking off those tails in any part. The invention is thus alluded to in "Hudibras": —

"Honour is like that glassy bubble  
That finds philosophers such trouble,  
Whose least part cracked, the whole does fly,  
And wits art cracked to find out why."

Part II., canto ii., line 385. — B.

<sup>2</sup> A game at cards played by three persons with forty-four cards, each hand having twelve cards, and eight being left for the stock. — Nares's *Glossary*. Ben Jonson mentions it with *primero* as a fashionable game in "The Alchemist," v. 4. The laws of the game are given in the "Wit's Interpreter," 1662, p. 365. "Whatever games were stirring at places where he retired, as gammon, gleeke, piquet, or even the merry main, he made one." — North's *Life of Lord Keeper Guildford*, vol. i., p. 17.

again to cards, when my wife and I beat them two games and they us one, and so good night and to bed.

14th. All the morning at home, Mr. Berkenshaw by appointment yesterday coming to me, and begun composition of musique, and he being gone I to settle my papers and things in my chamber, and so after dinner in the afternoon to the office, and thence to my chamber about several businesses of the office and my own, and then to supper and to bed. This day my brave vellum covers to keep pictures in, come in, which pleases me very much.

15th. This morning Mr. Berkenshaw came again, and after he had examined me and taught me something in my work, he and I went to breakfast in my chamber upon a collar of brawn, and after we had eaten, asked me whether we had not committed a fault in eating to-day; telling me that it is a fast day ordered by the Parliament, to pray for more seasonable weather;<sup>1</sup> it having hitherto been summer weather, that it is, both as to warmth and every other thing, just as if it were the middle of May or June, which do threaten a plague (as all men think) to follow, for so it was almost the last winter; and the whole year after hath been a very sickly time to this day.<sup>2</sup> I did not stir out of my house all day, but conned my musique, and at night after supper to bed.

16th. Towards Cheapside; and in Paul's Churchyard saw the funeral of my Lord Cornwallis, late Steward<sup>3</sup> of the King's House, a bold profane talking man, go by, and thence I to the Paynter's, and there paid him £6 for the two pictures, and 36s. for the two frames. From thence home, and Mr. Holliard and my brother Tom dined with me, and he did give me good advice about my health. In

<sup>1</sup> On the 8th a proclamation was issued for a general fast to be observed in London and Westminster on the 15th, and in the rest of England on the 22nd, with prayers on occasion of "the present unseasonableness of the weather." William Lucy, Bishop of St. Davids, preached before the House of Lords. Dr. Samuel Bolton and Dr. Bruno Ryves preached at St. Margaret's before the House of Commons. — B.

<sup>2</sup> The old proverb says truly, that "a green yule maketh a fat kirk-yard." Apples were growing at this time. — B.

<sup>3</sup> Frederick, created first Lord Cornwallis, April 20th, 1661, who died January 31st, 1662, was Treasurer of the Household.

the afternoon at the office, and at night to Sir W. Batten, and there saw him and Captain Cock and Stokes play at cards, and afterwards supped with them. Stokes told us, that notwithstanding the country of Gambo<sup>1</sup> is so unhealthy, yet the people of the place live very long, so as the present king there is 150 years old, which they count by rains: because every year it rains continually four months together. He also told us, that the kings there have above 100 wives a-piece, and offered him the choice of any of his wives to lie with, and so he did Captain Holmes. So home and to bed.

17th. To Westminster with Mr. Moore, and there, after several walks up and down to hear news, I met with Lany, the Frenchman, who told me that he had a letter from France last night, that tells him that my Lord Hinchingbroke is dead, and that he did die yesterday was se'nnight,<sup>2</sup> which do surprise me exceedingly (though we know that he hath been sick these two months), so I hardly ever was in my life; but being fearfull that my Lady should come to hear it too suddenly, he and I went up to my Lord Crew's, and there I dined with him, and after dinner we told him, and the whole family is much disturbed by it: so we consulted what to do to tell my Lady of it; and at last we thought of my going first to Mr. George Montagu's to hear whether he had any news of it, which I did, and there found all his house in great heaviness for the death of his son, Mr. George Montagu,<sup>3</sup> who did go with our young gentlemen into France, and that they hear nothing at all of our young Lord; so believing that thence comes the mistake, I returned to my Lord Crew (in my way in the Piazza seeing a house on fire, and all the streets full of people to quench it), and told them of it, which they are much glad of, and conclude, and so I hope, that my Lord is well; and so I

<sup>1</sup> Gambia, on the western coast of Africa, then recently possessed by the English. Its unhealthy character is still, alas! well proved by our cruisers against the slave trade. — B.

<sup>2</sup> The report proved to be false.

<sup>3</sup> Henry Montagu, first Earl of Manchester, had numerous issue by his first wife, Catherine Spencer; but George, here mentioned, was the eldest son of Margaret Crouch, widow of John Hare, the earl's third wife.

went to my Lady Sandwich, and told her all, and after much talk I parted thence with my wife, who had been there all the day, and so home to my musique, and then to bed.

18th. This morning I went to Dr. Williams, and there he told me how T. Trice had spoke to him about getting me to meet that our difference might be made up between us by ourselves, which I am glad of, and have appointed Monday next to be the day. Thence to the Wardrobe, and there hearing it would be late before they went to dinner, I went and spent some time in Paul's Churchyard among some books, and then returned thither, and there dined with my Lady and Sir H. Wright and his lady, all glad of yesterday's mistake, and after dinner to the office, and then home and wrote letters by the post to my father, and by and by comes Mr. Moore to give me an account how Mr. Montagu<sup>1</sup> was gone away of a sudden with the fleet, in such haste that he hath left behind some servants, and many things of consequence; and among others, my Lord's commission for Ambassador. Whereupon he and I took coach, and to White Hall to my Lord's lodgings, to have spoke with Mr. Ralph Montagu,<sup>2</sup> his brother (and here we staid talking with Sarah and the old man); but by and by hearing that he was in Covent Garden, we went thither: and at my my Lady Harvy's, his sister, I spoke with him, and he tells me that the commission is not left behind. And so I went thence by the same coach (setting down Mr. Moore) home, and after having wrote a letter to my Lord at 12 o'clock at night by post. I went to bed.

19th (Lord's day). To church in the morning, where Mr. Mills preached upon Christ's being offered up for our sins, and there proving the equity with what justice God would lay our sins upon his Son, he did make such a sermon (among other things pleading, from God's universal sovereignty over all his creatures, the power he has of command-

<sup>1</sup> Edward Montagu, eldest son of Edward, second Lord Montagu of Boughton. He died unmarried.

<sup>2</sup> Ralph, second son of Edward, second Lord Montagu of Boughton. He was ambassador to France in 1666, 1669, 1676, 1677-78, and was created Earl in 1689, and Duke of Montagu in 1705; he died March 7th, 1709.

ing what he would of his Son by the same rule as that he might have made us all, and the whole world from the beginning to have been in hell, arguing from the power the potter has over his clay), that I could have wished he had let it alone; and speaking again, the Father is now so satisfied by our security for our debt, that we might say at the last day as many of us as have interest in Christ's death: Lord, we owe thee nothing, our debt is paid. We are not beholden to thee for anything, for thy debt is paid to thee to the full; which methinks were very bold words. Home to dinner, and then my wife and I on foot to see Mrs. Turner, who continues still sick, and thence into the Old Bayly by appointment to speak with Mrs. Norbury, who lies at (it falls out) next door to my uncle Fenner's; but as God would have it, we having no desire to be seen by his people, he having lately married a midwife that is old and ugly, and that hath already brought home to him a daughter and three children, we were let in at a back door. And here she offered me the refusall of some lands of her's at Brampton, if I have a mind to buy, which I answered her I was not at present provided to do. She took occasion to talk of her sister Wight's making much of the Wights, who for namesake only my uncle do shew great kindness to, so I fear may do us that are nearer to him a great deal of wrong, if he should die without children, which I am sorry for. Thence to my uncle Wight's, and there we supped and were merry, though my uncle hath lately lost 200 or 300 at sea, and I am troubled to hear that the 'Turks do take more and more of our ships in the Straights, and that our merchants here in London do daily break, and are still likely to do so. So home, and I put in at Sir W. Batten's, where Major Holmes was, and in our discourse and drinking I did give Sir J. Mennes' health, which he swore he would not pledge, and called him knave and coward (upon the business of Holmes with the Swedish ship lately), which we all and I particularly did desire him to forbear, he being of our fraternity, which he took in great dudgeon, and I was vexed to hear him persist in calling him so, though I believe it to be true, but however he is to blame and I am troubled at it. So home and to prayers, and to bed.

20th. This morning Sir Wm. Batten and Pen and I did



begin the examining the Treasurer's accounts, the first time ever he had passed in the office, which is very long, and we were all at it till noon, and then to dinner, he providing a fine dinner for us, and we eat it at Sir W. Batten's, where we were very merry, there being at table the Treasurer and we three, Mr. Wayth, Ferrer, Smith, Turner, and Mr. Morrice, the wine cooper, who this day did divide the two butts, which we four did send for, of sherry from Cales, and mine was put into a hogshead, and the vessel filled up with four gallons of Malaga wine, but what it will stand us in I know not: but it is the first great quantity of wine that I ever bought. And after dinner to the office all the afternoon till late at night, and then home, where my aunt and uncle Wight and Mrs. Anne Wight came to play at cards (at gleek which she taught me and my wife last week) and so to supper, and then to cards and so good night. Then I to my practice of musique and then at 12 o'clock to bed. This day the workmen began to make me a sellar door out of the back yard, which will much please me.

21st. To the finishing of the Treasurer's accounts this morning, and then to dinner again, and were merry as yesterday, and so home, and then to the office till night, and then home to write letters, and to practise my composition of musique, and then to bed. We have heard nothing yet how far the fleet hath got toward Portugall, but the wind being changed again, we fear they are stopped, and may be beat back again to the coast of Ireland.

22d. After musique-practice, to White Hall, and thence to Westminster, in my way calling at Mr. George Montagu's, to condole him the loss of his son, who was a fine gentleman, and it is no doubt a great discomfort to our two young gentlemen, his companions in France. After this discourse he told me, among other news, the great jealousys that are now in the Parliament House. The Lord Chancellor, it seems, taking occasion from this late plot to raise fears in the people, did project the raising of an army forthwith, besides the constant militia, thinking to make the Duke of York General thereof. But the House did, in very open terms, say, they were grown too wise to be fooled again into another army; and said they had found

how that man that hath the command of an army is not beholden to any body to make him King. There are factions (private ones at Court) about Madam Palmer; but what it is about I know not. But it is something about the King's favour to her now that the Queen is coming. He told me, too, what sport the King and Court do make at Mr. Edward Montagu's leaving his things behind him. But the Chancellor (taking it a little more seriously) did openly say to my Lord Chamberlain,<sup>1</sup> that had it been such a gallant as my Lord Mandeville<sup>2</sup> his son, it might have been taken as a frolique; but for him that would be thought a grave coxcomb, it was very strange. Thence to the Hall, where I heard the House had ordered all the King's murderers, that remain, to be executed, but Fleetwood<sup>3</sup> and Downes.<sup>4</sup> So to the Wardrobe and there dined, meeting my wife there, who went after dinner with my Lady to see Mr. George Montagu's lady, and I to have a meeting by appointment with Tho. Trice and Dr. Williams in order to a treating about the difference between us, but I find there is no hopes of ending it but by law, and so after a pint or two of wine we parted. So to the Wardrobe for my wife again, and so home, and after writing and doing some things to bed.

23rd. All the morning with Mr. Berkenshaw, and after him Mr. Moore in discourse of business, and in the after-

<sup>1</sup> Edward, second Earl of Manchester.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Montagu, Viscount Mandeville, was a gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles II., 1666-1681. He became third Earl of Manchester on his father's death in 1671, and died at Paris, March 14, 1683.

<sup>3</sup> Charles, third son of Sir Miles Fleetwood, Knt.; General and Commander-in-Chief to the Protector Richard, whose sister, Bridget, widow of Ireton, he had married as his second wife. After the king's return he lived in obscurity, and died October 4th, 1692.

<sup>4</sup> John Downes, member of the Long Parliament. He joined the Parliamentary army, and was made a colonel of militia. One of the king's judges who signed the death warrant. Elected to the Council of State, November 25th, 1651, and again, May 14th, 1659. At the Restoration he published "A True and Humble Representation touching the Death of the late King as far as he may be concerned therein." Arrested at Hampstead, June 18th, 1660; condemned, but reprieved, and kept prisoner in Newgate. He was in the Tower in November, 1666.

noon by coach by invitacon to my uncle Fenner's, where I found his new wife, a pitiful, old, ugly, ill-bred woman in a hatt, a midwife. Here were many of his, and as many of her relations, sorry, mean people; and after choosing our gloves, we all went over to the Three Crane Tavern,<sup>1</sup> and though the best room in the house, in such a narrow dogg-hole we were crammed, and I believe we were near forty, that it made me loathe my company and victuals; and a sorry poor dinner it was too. After dinner, I took aside the two Joyce's, and took occasion to thank them for their kind thoughts for a wife for Tom: but that considering the possibility there is of my having no child, and what then I shall be able to leave him, I do think he may expect in that respect a wife with more money, and so desired them to think no more of it. Now the jest was Anthony mistakes and thinks that I did all this while encourage him (from my thoughts of favour to Tom) to pursue the match till Will Joyce tells him that he was mistaken. But how he takes it I know not, but I endeavoured to tell it him in the most respectful way that I could. This done with my wife by coach to my aunt Wight's, where I left her, and I to the office, and that being done to her again, and sat playing at cards after supper till 12 at night, and so by moonshine home and to bed.

24th. This morning came my cozen Thos. Pepys the Executor, to speak with me, and I had much talk with him both about matters of money which my Lord Sandwich has of his and I am bond for, as also of my uncle Thomas, who I hear by him do stand upon very high terms. Thence to my painter's, and there I saw our pictures in the frames, which please me well. Thence to the Wardrobe, where very merry with my Lady, and after dinner I sent for the pictures thither, and mine is well liked; but she is much offended with my wife's, and I am of her opinion, that it do much wrong her; but I will have it altered. So home, in my way calling at Pope's Head alley, and there bought me a pair of scissars and a brass square. So home and to my study and to bed.

25th. At home and the office all the morning. Walking

<sup>1</sup> Three Cranes, in Upper Thames Street.

in the garden<sup>1</sup> to give the gardener directions what to do this year (for I intend to have the garden handsome), Sir W. Pen came to me, and did break a business to me about removing his son from Oxford to Cambridge to some private college. I proposed Magdalene, but cannot name a tutor at present; but I shall think and write about it. Thence with him to the Trinity-house to dinner; where Sir Richard Brown<sup>2</sup> (one of the clerks of the Council, and who is much concerned against Sir N. Crisp's<sup>3</sup> project of making a great sasse<sup>4</sup> in the King's lands about Deptford, to be a wett-dock to hold 200 sail of ships. But the ground, it seems, was long since given by the King to Sir Richard) was, and after the Trinity-house men had done their business, the master, Sir William Rider, came to bid us welcome; and so to dinner, where good cheer and discourse, but I eat a little too much beef, which made me sick, and so after dinner we went to the office, and there in a garden I went in the dark and vomited, whereby I did much ease my stomach. Thence to supper with my wife to Sir W. Pen's, his daughter being come home to-day, not being very well, and so while we were at supper comes Mr. Moore with letters from my Lord Sandwich, speaking of his lying

<sup>1</sup> "I remember your honour very well, when you newly came out of France, and wore pantaloon breeches; at which time your late honoured father [Sir W. Penn] dwelt in the Navy Office, in that apartment the Lord Viscount Brouncker dwelt in afterwards, which was on the north part of the Navy Office garden."—P. Gibson of Penn y<sup>e</sup> Quaker, *Life of Penn*, vol. ii., p. 616. — B.

<sup>2</sup> He had been gentleman of the privy chamber to Charles I., and resident in France for that monarch. He was created a baronet September 1st, 1649, and died February 10th, 1683. Much is said of him in the Diary of John Evelyn, who married his only child and heir; and thus became possessor of Sayes Court. Part of Deptford Dockyard is still held under the Evelyn family. The plans, on a large scale, of Sayes Court and Deptford Dockyard, executed by Joel Gascoyne in 1692, probably for Evelyn himself, are in the British Museum, together with plans of the dockyard as it existed in 1688, 1698, and 1774, respectively; and also other plans of the docks made for the Evelyns. — B.

<sup>3</sup> Sir N. Crisp was magnificent in all his projects. See *ante*, February 11th, 1659-60. — B.

<sup>4</sup> A kind of weir with flood-gate, or a navigable sluice. This project is mentioned by Evelyn, January 16th, 1661-62, and Lysons' "Envi-rons" vol. iv., p. 392. — B.

still at Tangier, looking for the fleet; which, we hope, is now in a good way thither. So home to write letters by the post to-night, and then again to Sir W. Pen's to cards, where very merry, and so home and to bed.

26th (Lord's day). To church in the morning, and then home to dinner alone with my wife, and so both to church in the afternoon and home again, and so to read and talk with my wife, and to supper and to bed. It having been a very fine clear frosty day — God send us more of them! — for the warm weather all this winter makes us fear a sick summer. But thanks be to God, since my leaving drinking of wine, I do find myself much better and do mind my business better, and do spend less money, and less time lost in idle company.

27th. This morning, both Sir Williams and I by barge to Deptford-yard to give orders in businesses there; and called on several ships, also to give orders, and so to Woolwich, and there dined at Mr. Falconer's of victuals we carried ourselves, and one Mr. Dekins, the father of my Morena,<sup>1</sup> of whom we have lately bought some hemp. That being done we went home again. This morning, going to take water upon Tower-hill, we met with three sledges standing there to carry my Lord Monson<sup>2</sup> and Sir H. Mildmay<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> John Dekins. See *ante*, October 6th, 1661.

<sup>2</sup> William, second son of Sir Thomas Monson, Bart.; created, by Charles I., Viscount Monson of Castlemaine, in the kingdom of Ireland. Notwithstanding this act of favour, he was instrumental in the king's death; and in 1661, being degraded of his honours, was sentenced, with Sir Henry Mildmay and Robert Wallop, to undergo the punishment here described. None of their names were subscribed to the king's sentence. An account of this ceremony was printed at the time, entitled, "The Traytors's Pilgrimage from the Tower to Tyburn, being a true relation of the drawing of William Lord Mounson, Sir Henry Mildmay, and 'Squire Wallop . . . with the manner of the proceedings at Tyburn, in order to the degrading and divesting of them of their former titles of honour, and their declaratory speeches to both the right worshipful Sheriffs of London and Middlesex." Lord Monson and Lord Sondes are descended from the eldest son of Sir Thomas Monson. Viscount Monson left one son by his second wife, Alston Monson, who died s. p. in 1674. — Collins's *Peerage*. — B.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Henry Mildmay, third son of Sir Humphrey Mildmay, had enjoyed the confidence of Charles I., who made him Master of the Jewel Office; but he sat as one of the king's judges, although he did not sign the death warrant. He died at Antwerp. His estate of

and another<sup>1</sup> to the gallows and back again, with ropes about their necks; which is to be repeated every year, this being the day of their sentencing the King.

28th. This morning (after my musique practice with Mr. Berkenshaw) with my wife to the Paynter's, where we staid very late to have her picture mended, which at last is come to be very like her, and I think well done; but the Paynter, though a very honest man, I found to be very silly as to matter of skill in shadows, for we were long in discourse, till I was almost angry to hear him talk so simply. So home to dinner and then to the office, and so home for all night.

29th. To Westminster, and at the Parliament door spoke with Mr. Coventry about business, and so to the Wardrobe to dinner, and thence to several places, and so home, where I found Mrs. Pen and Mrs. Rooth and Smith, who played at cards with my wife, and I did give them a barrel of oysters, and had a pullet to supper for them, and when it was ready to come to table, the foolish girl had not the manners to stay and sup with me, but went away, which did vex me cruelly. So I saw her home, and then to supper, and so to musique practice, and to bed.

30th. Fast-day for the murthering of the late King. I went to church, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon upon David's words, "Who can lay his hands upon the Lord's Anoynted and be guiltless?"<sup>2</sup> So home and to dinner, and employed all the afternoon in my chamber, setting things and papers to rights, which pleased me very well, and I think I shall begin to take pleasure in being at home and minding my business. I pray God I may, for I find a great need thereof. At night to supper and to bed.

31st. All the morning, after musique practice, in my cellar, ordering some alteraçõs therein, being much

Wansted was confiscated, and was given to Sir Robert Brookes; and by him, or his heirs, or creditors, alienated in 1667 to Sir Josiah Childe, ancestor of the Earl Tylney. See May 14th, 1665. It is now Lord Mornington's, in right of his first wife. Sir Henry Mildmay's other estates were saved by being settled on his marriage. — B.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Wallop, the direct ancestor of the Earl of Portsmouth. He died in the Tower, November 16th, 1667. — B.

<sup>2</sup> "Who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless?" — 1 *Samuel* xxvi. 9.



pleased with my new door into the back yard. So to dinner, and all the afternoon thinking upon business. I did by night set many things in order, which pleased me well, and puts me upon a resolution of keeping within doors and minding my business and the business of the office, which I pray God I may put in practice. At night to bed.

February 1st. This morning within till 11 o'clock, and then with Commissioner Pett to the office; and he staid there writing, while I and Sir W. Pen walked in the garden talking about his business of putting his son to Cambridge; and to that end I intend to write to-night to Dr. Fairebrother, to give me an account of Mr. Burton<sup>1</sup> of Magdalene. Thence with Mr. Pett to the Paynter's; and he likes our pictures very well, and so do I. Thence he and I to the Countess of Sandwich, to lead him to her to kiss her hands: and dined with her, and told her the news (which Sir W. Pen told me to-day) that express is come from my Lord with letters, that by a great storm and tempest the mole of Argier<sup>2</sup> is broken down, and many of their ships sunk into the mole. So that God Almighty hath now ended that unlucky business for us; which is very good news. After dinner to the office, where we staid late, and so I home, and late writing letters to my father and Dr. Fairebrother, and an angry letter to my brother John for not writing to me, and so to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). To church in the morning, and then home and dined with my wife, and so both of us to church again, where we had an Oxford man give us a most impertinent sermon upon "Cast your bread upon the waters,"<sup>3</sup> &c. So home to read, supper, and to prayers, and then to bed.

3rd. After musique practice I went to the office, and there with the two Sir Williams all the morning about business, and at noon I dined with Sir W. Batten with many friends more, it being his wedding-day, and among other froliques, it being their third year, they had three pyes, whereof the middlemost was made of an ovall form, in an

<sup>1</sup> Hezekiah Burton, S.T.B. 1661; died 1681. See *ante*, February 25th, 1659-60 (vol. i., p. 64).

<sup>2</sup> Algiers.

<sup>3</sup> *Ecclesiastes* xi. 1.

ovall hole within the other two, which made much mirth, and was called the middle piece; and above all the rest, we had great striving to steal a spooneful out of it; and I remember Mrs. Mills, the minister's wife, did steal one for me and did give it me; and to end all, Mrs. Shippman did fill the pye full of white wine, it holding at least a pint and a half, and did drink it off for a health to Sir William and my Lady, it being the greatest draft that ever I did see a woman drink in my life. Before we had dined came Sir G. Carteret, and we went all three to the office and did business there till night, and then to Sir W. Batten again, and I went along with my lady and the rest of the gentlewomen to Major Holmes's, and there we had a fine supper, among others, excellent lobsters, which I never eat at this time of the year before. The Major hath good lodgings at the Trinity House. Here we staid, and at last home, and, being in my chamber, we do hear great noise of mirth at Sir William Batten's, tearing the ribbands<sup>1</sup> from my Lady and him. So I to bed.

4th. To Westminster Hall, where it was full term. Here all the morning, and at noon to my Lord Crew's, where one Mr. Templer<sup>2</sup> (an ingenious man and a person of honour he seems to be) dined; and, discoursing of the nature of serpents, he told us some that in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to a great bigness, and that do feed upon larks, which they take thus:—They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them; and there they place themselves with their mouths uppermost, and there, as is conceived, they do eject poyson up to the bird; for the bird do suddenly come down again in its course of a circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent; which is very strange. He is a great traveller; and, speaking of the tarantula, he says that all the harvest long (about which times they are most busy) there are fiddlers go up and down the fields every where, in expectation of being hired by those that are stung. Thence to the office, where late, and

<sup>1</sup> As if they were a newly-married couple. See January 26th, 1660-61, and 8th February, 1662-63.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Benjamin Templer, rector of Ashby, in Northamptonshire.—B.

so to my chamber and then to bed, my mind a little troubled how to put things in order to my advantage in the office in readiness to the Duke's orders lately sent to us, and of which we are to treat at the office to-morrow morning. This afternoon, going into the office, one met me and did serve a subpoena<sup>1</sup> upon me for one Field,<sup>1</sup> whom we did commit to prison the other day for some ill words he did give the office. The like he had for others, but we shall scour him for it.

5th. Early at the office. Sir G. Carteret, the two Sir Williams and myself all alone reading of the Duke's institutions for the settlement of our office, whereof we read as much as concerns our own duties,<sup>2</sup> and left the other officers for another time. I did move several things for my purpose, and did ease my mind. At noon Sir W. Pen dined with me, and after dinner he and I and my wife to the Theatre, and went in, but being very early we went out again to the next door, and drank some Rhenish wine and sugar, and so to the House again, and there saw "Rule a Wife and have a Wife" very well done. And here also I did look long upon my Lady Castlemaine, who, notwithstanding her late sickness, continues a great beauty. Home and supped with Sir W. Pen and played at cards with him, and so home and to bed, putting some cataplasm to my . . . which begins to swell again.

6th. At my musique practice, and so into my cellar to my workmen, and I am very much pleased with my alteration there. About noon comes my uncle Thomas to me to ask for his annuity, and I did tell him my mind freely. We had some high words, but I was willing to end all in peace, and so I made him dine with me, and I have hopes to work my end upon him. After dinner the barber trimmed me, and so to the office, where I do begin to be exact in my duty there and exacting my privileges, and shall

<sup>1</sup> Who afterwards caused Pepys much trouble and inconvenience.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of York's letter "to the Principal Officers and Commanders of His Majesty's Navy," dated "Whitehall, January 28th, 1661-62," is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," ii. 265. The Instructions were a revisal and confirmation of the "Orders and Instructions" issued in 1640 by Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, then Lord High Admiral. Sir W. Penn had a hand in this revisal.

continue to do so. None but Sir W. Batten and me here to-night, and so we broke up early, and I home and to my chamber to put things in order, and so to bed. My swelling I think do begin to go away again.

7th. Among my workmen this morning. By and by by water to Westminster with Commissioner Pett (landing my wife at Black Friars) where I hear the prisoners in the Tower that are to die are come to the Parliament-house this morning. To the Wardrobe to dinner with my Lady; where a civitt cat, parrot, apes, and many other things are come from my Lord by Captain Hill,<sup>1</sup> who dined with my Lady with us to-day. Thence to the Paynter's, and am well pleased with our pictures. So by coach home, where I found the joyners putting up my chimney-piece in the dining-room, which pleases me well, only the frame for a picture they have made so massy and heavy that I cannot tell what to do with it. This evening came my she cozen Porter<sup>2</sup> to see us (the first time that we had seen her since we came to this end of the town) and after her Mr. Hart, who both staid with us a pretty while and so went away. By and by, hearing that Mr. Turner was much troubled at what I do in the office, and do give ill words to Sir W. Pen and others of me, I am much troubled in my mind, and so went to bed; not that I fear him at all, but the natural aptness I have to be troubled at any thing that crosses me.

8th. All the morning in the cellar with the colliers, removing the coles out of the old cole hole into the new one, which cost me 8s. the doing; but now the cellar is done and made clean, it do please me exceedingly, as much as any thing that was ever yet done to my house. I pray God keep me from setting my mind too much upon it. About 3 o'clock the colliers having done I went up to dinner (my wife having often urged me to come, but my mind is so set upon these things that I cannot but be with the workmen to see things done to my mind, which if I am not there is seldom done), and so to the office, and thence to talk with Sir W. Pen, walking in the dark in the garden some turns, he telling me of the ill management of our office, and how Wood the timber merchant and others were very knaves,

<sup>1</sup> Captain William Hill.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Porter, the turner's wife (see August 10th, 1665).

which I am apt to believe. Home and wrote letters to my father and my brother John, and so to bed. Being a little chillish, intending to take physique to-morrow morning.

9th (Lord's day). I took physique this day, and was all day in my chamber, talking with my wife about her laying out of £20, which I had long since promised her to lay out in clothes against Easter for herself, and composing some ayres, God forgive me! At night to prayers and to bed.

10th. Musique practice a good while, then to Paul's Churchyard, and there I met with Dr. Fuller's "England's Worthys,"<sup>1</sup> the first time that I ever saw it; and so I sat down reading in it, till it was two o'clock before I thought of the time going, and so I rose and went home to dinner, being much troubled that (though he had some discourse with me about my family and arms) he says nothing at all, nor mentions us either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk. But I believe, indeed, our family were never considerable. At home all the afternoon, and at night to bed.

11th. Musique, then my brother Tom came, and spoke to him about selling of Sturtlow,<sup>2</sup> he consents to, and I think will be the best for him, considering that he needs money, and has no mind to marry. Dined at home, and at the office in the afternoon. So home to musique, my mind being full of our alteracons in the garden, and my getting of things in the office settled to the advantage of my clerks, which I found Mr. Turner much troubled at, and myself am not quiet in mind. But I hope by degrees to bring it to it. At night begun to compose songs, and begin with "Gaze not on Swans."<sup>3</sup> So to bed.

12th. This morning, till four in the afternoon, I spent abroad, doing of many and considerable businesses at Mr. Phillips' the lawyer, with Prior, Westminster, my Lord Crew's, Wardrobe, &c., and so home about the time of day

<sup>1</sup> Fuller's "History of the Worthies in England," folio, 1662, is in the Pepysian Library.

<sup>2</sup> Sturtlow is near Brampton. Samuel frequently quarrelled with his brother Tom over the Sturtlow lands.

<sup>3</sup> The poetry of the song, "Gaze not on Swans," is by H. Noel, and set to music by H. Lawes, in his "Ayres and Dialogues," 1653.—B.

to dinner with my mind very highly contented with my day's work, wishing I could do so every day. Then to my chamber drawing up writings, in expectation of my uncle Thomas coming. So to my musique and then to bed. This night I had half a roo poor Jack<sup>1</sup> sent me by Mr. Adis.

13th. After musique comes my cozen Tom Pepys the executor, and he did stay with me above two hours discoursing about the difference between my uncle Thomas and me, and what way there may be to make it up, and I have hopes we may do good of it for all this. Then to dinner, and then came Mr. Kennard, and he and I and Sir W. Pen went up and down his house to view what may be the contrivance and alterations there to the best advantage. So home, where Mr. Blackburne (whom I have not seen a long time) was come to speak with me, and among other discourse he do tell me plain of the corruption of all our Treasurer's officers, and that they hardly pay any money under ten per cent.; and that the other day, for a mere assignation of £200 to some counties, they took £15, which is very strange. So to the office till night, and then home and to write by the post about many businesses, and so to bed. Last night died the Queen of Bohemia.<sup>2</sup>

14th (Valentine's day). I did this day purposely shun to be seen at Sir W. Batten's, because I would not have his daughter to be my Valentine, as she was the last year, there being no great friendship between us now, as formerly. This morning in comes W. Bowyer, who was my wife's Valentine, she having, at which I made good sport to myself, held her hands all the morning, that she might not see the paynters that were at work in gilding my chimney-piece and pictures in my dining-room. By and by she and I by coach with him to Westminster, by the way leaving at Tom's and my wife's father's lodgings each of them some

<sup>1</sup> The "poor john" is a hake salted and dried. It is frequently referred to in old authors as poor fare.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, aunt of Charles II. See *ante*, May 14th, 1660. She died at Leicester House, on the north side of the present Leicester Square, to which she had removed only five days previously from Drury House, in Drury Lane, the residence of Lord Craven, to whom it has been asserted that she was married. She was sixty-five years of age.





Young man, head  
to the left  
of the 1st group of figures





*Glazed Stoneware Bust  
of Mrs. Pepys.  
by John Wright of Fulham.*



poor Jack, and some she carried to my father Bowyer's, where she staid while I walked in the Hall, and there among others met with Serj<sup>t</sup>. Pierce, and I took him aside to drink a cup of ale, and he told me the basest thing of Mr. Montagu's and his man Eschar's going away in debt, that I am troubled and ashamed, but glad to be informed of. He thinks he has left £1,000 for my Lord to pay, and that he has not laid out £3,000 out of the £5,000 for my Lord's use, and is not able to make an account of any of the money. My wife and I to dinner to the Wardrobe, and then to talk with my Lady, and so by coach, it raining hard, home, and so to do business and to bed.

15th. With the two Sir Williams to the Trinity-house; and there in their society had the business debated of Sir Nicholas Crisp's sasse at Deptford. Then to dinner, and after dinner I was sworn a Younger Brother;<sup>1</sup> Sir W. Rider being Deputy-Master for my Lord of Sandwich; and after I was sworn, all the Elder Brothers shake me by the hand: it is their custom, it seems. Hence to the office, and so to Sir Wm. Batten's all three, and there we staid till late talking together in complaint of the Treasurer's instruments. Above all Mr. Waith, at whose child's christening our wives and we should have been to-day, but none of them went and I am glad of it, for he is a very rogue. So home, and drew up our report for Sir N. Crispe's sasse, and so to bed. No news yet of our fleet gone to Tangier, which we now begin to think long.

16th (Lord's day). To church this morning, and so home and to dinner. In the afternoon I walked to St. Bride's to

<sup>1</sup> The Corporation of the Trinity House received its first charter from Henry VIII. in 1514. In 1604 a select class was constituted, called elder brethren, the other members being called younger brethren. By the charter of 1609 the sole management of affairs was conferred on the elder brethren, the younger brethren having, however, a vote in the election of Master and Wardens. Among some miscellaneous manuscripts of Samuel Pepys, which were in the possession of Mr. S. J. Davey, of 47, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, in 1889, was a copy of this oath, in which Pepys swore to "use" himself "as becometh a younger brother for the time you shall so continue." At the end is the following memorandum: "I tooke this oath at y<sup>e</sup> Trinity House in London (Sir Wm. Rider, Dep. Maister for the Earl of Sandwich), this 15th day of Feb., 1661.—Samuel Pepys." Pepys was Master of the Trinity House in 1676.

church, to hear Dr. Jacomb preach upon the recovery, and at the request of Mrs. Turner, who came abroad this day, the first time since her long sickness. He preached upon David's words, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord," and made a pretty good sermon, though not extraordinary. After sermon I led her home, and sat with her, and there was the Dr. got before us; but strange what a command he hath got over Mrs. Turner, who was so carefull to get him what he would, after his preaching, to drink, and he, with a cunning gravity, knows how to command, and had it, and among other things told us that he heard more of the Common Prayer this afternoon (while he stood in the vestry, before he went up into the pulpit) than he had heard this twenty years. Thence to my uncle Wight to meet my wife, and with other friends of hers and his met by chance we were very merry, and supped, and so home, not being very well through my usual pain got by cold. So to prayers and to bed, and there had a good draft of mulled ale brought me.

17th. This morning, both Sir Williams, myself, and Captain Cocke and Captain Tinker of the *Convertine*,<sup>1</sup> which we are going to look upon (being intended to go with these ships fitting for the East Indys), down to Deptford; and thence, after being on shipboard, to Woolwich, and there eat something. The Sir Williams being unwilling to eat flesh,<sup>2</sup> Captain Cocke and I had a breast of veal roasted. And here I drank wine upon necessity, being ill for want of it, and I find reason to fear that by my too sudden leaving off wine, I do contract many evils upon myself. Going and coming we played at gleeke, and I won 9s. 6d. clear, the most that ever I won in my life. I pray God it may not tempt me to play again. Being come home again we went to the Dolphin, where Mr. Alcock and my Lady and Mrs. Martha Batten came to us, and after them many others

<sup>1</sup> A fourth-rate, of forty guns, a prize from Portugal; in 1665 it was commanded by Captain John Pearce. — B.

<sup>2</sup> In Lent, of which the observance, intermitted for nineteen years, was now reviving. We have seen that Pepys, as yet, had not cast off all show of Puritanism. "In this month the Fishmongers' Company petitioned the King that Lent might be kept, because they had provided abundance of fish for this season, and their prayer was granted." — Ruge. — B.



(as it always is where Sir W. Batten goes), and there we had some pullets to supper. I eat though I was not very well, and after that left them, and so home and to bed.

18th. Lay long in bed, then up to the office (we having changed our days to Tuesday and Saturday in the morning and Thursday at night), and by and by with Sir W. Pen, Mr. Kennard, and others to survey his house again, and to contrive for the alterations there, which will be handsome I think. After we had done at the office, I walked to the Wardrobe, where with Mr. Moore and Mr. Lewis Phillips<sup>1</sup> after dinner we did agree upon the agreement between us and Prior and I did seal and sign it. Having agreed with Sir Wm. Pen and my wife to meet them at the Opera, and finding by my walking in the streets, which were every where full of brick-battens and tiles flung down by the extraordinary wind the last night<sup>2</sup> (such as hath not been in memory before, unless at the death of the late Protector), that it was dangerous to go out of doors; and hearing how several persons had been killed to-day by the fall of things in the streets, and that the pageant in Fleet-street is most of it blown down, and hath broke down part of several houses, among others Dick Brigden's; and that one Lady Sanderson, a person of quality in Covent Garden, was killed by the fall of the house, in her bed, last night; I sent my boy home to forbid them to go forth. But he bringing me word that they are gone, I went thither and there saw "The Law against Lovers,"<sup>3</sup> a good play and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before)

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Phillips of Brampton. He was uncle to John Jackson, who married Samuel Pepys's sister Paulina.

<sup>2</sup> "A dreadful storm of wind happened one night in February, anno 1661-62, which, though general, at least, all over England, yet was remarkable at Oxford in these two respects; — 1. That though it forced the stones inwards into the cavity of Allhallow's spire, yet it overthrew it not. And 2. That in the morning, when there was some abatement of its fury, it was yet so violent, that it laved water out of the river Cherwell, and cast it quite over the bridge at Magdalen College, above the surface of the water, near twenty foot high; which passage, with advantage of holding by the College wall, I had then curiosity to go to see myself, which otherwise perhaps I should have as hardly credited, as some other persons now may do." — Plot's *Natural History of Oxfordshire*, p. 5. — B.

<sup>3</sup> A tragi-comedy, by Sir William Davenant; taken from "Measure

dancing and singing; and were it not for her, the loss of Roxalana<sup>1</sup> would spoil the house. So home and to musique, and so to bed.

19th. Musique practice: thence to the Trinity House to conclude upon our report of Sir N. Crisp's project, who came to us to answer objections, but we did give him no ear, but are resolved to stand to our report; though I could wish we had shewn him more justice and had heard him. Thence to the Wardrobe and dined with my Lady, and talked after dinner as I used to do, and so home and up to my chamber to put things in order to my good content, and so to musique practice.

20th. This morning came Mr. Child to see me, and set me something to my Theorbo, and by and by come letters from Tangier from my Lord, telling me how, upon a great defete given to the Portuguese there by the Moors, he had put in 300 men into the town, and so he is in possession, of which we are very glad, because now the Spaniard's designs of hindering our getting the place are frustrated.<sup>2</sup> I

for Measure," with the characters of Benedick and Beatrice from "Much Ado about Nothing" added; published in Davenant's Works, 1673.

<sup>1</sup> This actress, so called from the character she played in the "Siege of Rhodes," was Frances or Elizabeth Davenport, who was born March 3rd, 1642. Evelyn saw her on January 9th, 1661-62, she being soon after taken to be "My Lord Oxford's Miss." She was induced to marry Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford, after indignantly refusing to become his mistress, and discovered, when too late, that the nuptial ceremony had been performed by the earl's trumpeter, in the habit of a priest. For more of her history, see "Mémoires de Grammont." Ashmole records the birth of the Earl of Oxford's son by Roxalana, April 17th, 1664, which shows that the *liaison* continued. The child was called Aubrey Vere. — Ward's *Diary*, p. 131. Downes ("Roscius Anglicanus," p. 20) places Mrs. Davenport first on the list of the four principal actresses who boarded in Sir William Davenant's house. Davies and Curll supposed this actress to be Mrs. Marshall, but this was owing to a confusion between the characters Roxana and Roxalana. Mrs. Marshall was the original Roxana in Lee's "Rival Queens," produced at the Theatre Royal in 1677. The translator of Grammont's "Memoirs" added to the confusion by translating Hamilton's "Roxelane" into "Roxana."

<sup>2</sup> "Sunday, Jan. 12. This morning, the Portuguese, 140 horse in Tangier, made a salley into the country for booty, whereof they had possessed about 400 cattle, 30 camels, and some horses, and 35 women and girls, and being six miles distant from Tangier, were intercepted

went with the letter inclosed to my Lord Chancellor to the House of Lords, and did give it him in the House. And thence to the Wardrobe with my Lady's, and there could not stay dinner, but went by promise to Mr. Savill's, and there sat the first time for my picture in little, which pleaseth me well. So to the office till night and then home.

21st. All the morning putting things in my house in order, and packing up glass to send into the country to my father, and books to my brother John, and then to my Lord Crew's to dinner; and thence to Mr. Lewes Philip's chamber, and there at noon with him for business, and received £80 upon Jaspar Trice's account, and so home with it, and so to my chamber for all this evening, and then to bed.

22nd. At the office busy all the morning, and thence to dinner to my Lady Sandwich's, and thence with Mr. Moore to our Attorney, Wellpoole's, and there found that Godfry has basely taken out a judgment against us for the £40, for which I am vexed. And thence to buy a pair of stands and a hanging shelf for my wife's chamber, and so home, and thither came Mr. Savill with the pictures, and we hung them up in our dining-room. It comes now to appear very handsome with all my pictures. This evening I wrote let-

by 100 Moors with harquebusses, who in the first charge killed the Aidill with a shot in the head, whereupon the rest of the Portuguese ran, and in the pursuit 51 were slain, whereof were 11 of the knights, besides the Aidill. The horses of the 51 were also taken by the Moors, and all the booty relieved.

"Tuesday, Jan. 14. This morning, Mr. Mules came to me from the Governor, for the assistance of some of our men into the castle.

"Thursday, Jan. 16. About 80 men out of my own ship, and the 'Princess,' went into Tangier, into the lower castle, about four of the clock in the afternoon.

"Friday, Jan. 17. In the morning, by eight o'clock, the 'Martyr' came in from Cales (*Cadiz*) with provisions, and about ten a clock I sent Sir Richard Stayner, with 120 men, besides officers, to the assistance of the Governor, into Tangier." — Lord Sandwich's *Journal*, in Kennet's *Register*.

On the 23rd, Lord Sandwich put one hundred more men into Tangier; on the 29th and 30th, Lord Peterborough and his garrison arrived from England, and received possession from the Portuguese; and, on the 31st, Sir Richard Stayner and the seamen re-embarked on board Lord Sandwich's fleet. — B.

ters to my father; among other things acquainting him with the unhappy accident which hath happened lately to my Lord of Dorset's two oldest sons, who, with two Belasses and one Squire Wentworth, were lately apprehended for killing and robbing of a tanner about Newington<sup>1</sup> on Wednesday last, and are all now in Newgate. I am much troubled for it, and for the grief and disgrace it brings to their familys and friends.<sup>2</sup> After this, having got a very great cold, I got something warm to-night, and so to bed.

23rd (Lord's day). My cold being increased, I staid at home all day, pleasing myself with my dining-room, now graced with pictures, and reading of Dr. Fuller's "Worthys." So I spent the day, and at night comes Sir W. Pen and supped and talked with me. This day by God's mercy I am 29 years of age, and in very good health, and like to live and get an estate; and if I have a heart to be contented, I think I may reckon myself as happy a man as any is in the world, for which God be praised. So to prayers and to bed.

24th. Long with Mr. Berkenshaw in the morning at my musique practice, finishing my song of "Gaze not on Swans," in two parts, which pleases me well, and I did give him £5 for this month or five weeks that he hath taught me, which is a great deal of money and troubled me to part with it. Thence to the Paynter's, and set again for my picture in little, and thence over the water to Southwark to Mr. Berkenshaw's house, and there sat with him all the afternoon, he showing me his great card of the body of musique, which he cries up for a rare thing, and

<sup>1</sup> Stoke Newington.

<sup>2</sup> The following account of this transaction is abridged from the "Mercurius Publicus" of the day: "Charles Lord Buckhurst, Edward Sackville, Esq., his brother; Sir Henry Belasyse, K.B., eldest son of Lord Belasyse; John Belasyse, brother to Lord Faulconberg; and Thomas Wentworth, Esq., only son of Sir G. Wentworth, whilst in pursuit of thieves near Waltham Cross, mortally wounded an innocent tanner named Hoppy, whom they had endeavoured to secure, suspecting him to have been one of the robbers; and as they took away the money found on his person, under the idea that it was stolen property, they were soon after apprehended on the charges of robbery and murder; but the Grand Jury found a bill for manslaughter only." By a subsequent allusion in the Diary to their trial, it seems probable that a verdict of acquittal was pronounced.

I do believe it cost much pains, but is not so useful as he would have it. Then we sat down and set "Nulla, nulla sit formido," and he has set it very finely. So home and to supper, and then called Will up, and chid him before my wife for refusing to go to church with the maids yesterday, and telling his mistress that he would not be made a slave of, which vexes me. So to bed.

25th. All the morning at the office. At noon with Mr. Moore to the Coffee-house, where among other things the great talk was of the effects of this late great wind; and I heard one say that he had five great trees standing together blown down; and, beginning to lop them, one of them, as soon as the lops were cut off, did, by the weight of the root, rise again and fasten. We have letters from the forest of Deane, that above 1000 oakes and as many beeches are blown down in one walk there. And letters from my father tell me of £20 hurt done to us at Brampton. This day in the news-book I find that my Lord Buckhurst<sup>1</sup> and his fellows have printed their case as they did give it in upon examination to a Justice of Peace, wherein they make themselves a very good tale that they were in pursuit of thieves, and that they took this man for one of them, and so killed him; and that he himself confessed it was the first time of his robbing; and that he did pay dearly for it, for he was a dead man. But I doubt things will be proved otherwise, as they say. Home to dinner, and by and by comes Mr. Hunt and his wife to see us and staid a good while with us. Then parted, and I to my study in the office. The first time since the altera<sup>c</sup>on that I have begun to do business myself there, and I think I shall be well pleased with it. At night home to supper and to bed.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, eldest son of Richard, fifth Earl of Dorset, was born January 24th, 1638. He was a volunteer with the fleet in 1665, when he wrote his famous song beginning —

"To all ye ladies now at land  
We men at sea indite."

In 1674, by the death of his uncle, Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, he came into possession of a considerable property, and in the following year was created Earl of Middlesex. In 1677 he succeeded his father as sixth Earl of Dorset. He was a favourite companion of Charles II. and of William III., and a patron of literary men. He died January 29th, 1707.

26th. Mr. Berkenshaw with me all the morning composing of musique to "This cursed jealousy, what is it," a song of Sir W. Davenant's. After dinner I went to my Bookseller's, W. Joyce's, and several other places to pay my debts and do business, I being resolved to cast up my accounts within a day or two, for I fear I have run out too far. In coming home I met with a face I knew and challenged him, thinking it had been one of the Theatre musicians, and did enquire for a song of him, but finding it a mistake, and that it was a gentleman that comes sometimes to the office, I was much ashamed, but made a pretty good excuse that I took him for a gentleman of Gray's Inn who sings well, and so parted. Home for all night and set things in order and so to bed.

27th. This morning came Mr. Berkenshaw to me and in our discourse I, finding that he cries up his rules for most perfect (though I do grant them to be very good, and the best I believe that ever yet were made), and that I could not persuade him to grant wherein they were somewhat lame, we fell to angry words, so that in a pet he flung out of my chamber and I never stopped him, having intended to put him off to-day, whether this had happened or no, because I think I have all the rules that he hath to give. And so there remains not the practice now to do me good, and it is not for me to continue with him at £5 per month. So I settled to put all his rules in fair order in a book, which was my work all the morning till dinner. After dinner to the office till late at night, and so home to write by the post, and so to bed.

28th. The boy failing to call us up as I commanded, I was angry, and resolved to whip him for that and many other faults, to-day. Early with Sir W. Pen by coach to Whitehall, to the Duke of York's chamber, and there I presented him from my Lord a fine map of Tangier, done by one Captain Beckman,<sup>1</sup> a Swede, that is with my Lord. We staid looking it over a great while with the Duke after he was ready. Thence I by water to the Painter's, and

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir Martin Beckman, many of whose plans are in the British Museum. He became chief engineer, and was knighted March 20th, 1685. The map of Tangier here mentioned is in the collection of George III. at the British Museum. — B.



there sat again for my face in little, and thence home to dinner, and so at home all the afternoon. Then came Mr. Moore and staid and talked with me, and then I to the office, there being all the Admiralty papers brought hither this afternoon from Mr. Blackburne's, where they have lain all this while ever since my coming into this office. This afternoon Mr. Hater received half a year's salary for me, so that now there is not owing me but this quarter, which will be out the next month. Home, and to be as good as my word, I bade Will get me a rod, and he and I called the boy up to one of the upper rooms of the Comptroller's house towards the garden, and there I reckoned all his faults, and whipped him soundly, but the rods were so small that I fear they did not much hurt to him, but only to my arm, which I am already, within a quarter of an hour, not able to stir almost. After supper to bed.

March 1st. This morning I paid Sir W. Batten £40, which I have owed him this half year, having borrowed it of him. Then to the office all the morning, so dined at home, and after dinner comes my uncle Thomas, with whom I had some high words of difference, but ended quietly, though I fear I shall do no good by fair means upon him. Thence my wife and I by coach, first to see my little picture that is a drawing, and thence to the Opera, and there saw "Romeo and Juliet," the first time it was ever acted; but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard in my life, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do,<sup>1</sup> and I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less. Thence home, and after supper and wrote by the post, I settled to what I had long intended, to cast up my accounts with myself, and after much pains to do it and great fear, I do find that I am £500 in money beforehand in the world,

<sup>1</sup> Genest gives the cast, on the authority of Downes, as follows ("English Stage," vol. i., p. 42): Romeo — Harris, Mercutio — Betterton, Juliet — Mrs. Saunderson. The Hon. James Howard turned Shakespeare's tragedy into a tragi-comedy, and apparently introduced a new character, Count Paris's wife, which was taken by Mrs. Holden. But this apparently was produced at a later date, when, according to Downes, Shakespeare's original and Howard's travesty were acted alternately.

which I was afraid I was not, but I find that I had spent above £250 this last half year, which troubles me much, but by God's blessing I am resolved to take up, having furnished myself with all things for a great while, and to-morrow to think upon some rules and obligations upon myself to walk by. So with my mind eased of a great deal of trouble, though with no great content to find myself above £100 worse now than I was half a year ago, I went to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). With my mind much eased talking long in bed with my wife about our frugall life for the time to come, proposing to her what I could and would do if I were worth £2,000, that is, be a knight, and keep my coach, which pleased her,<sup>1</sup> and so I do hope we shall hereafter live to save something, for I am resolved to keep myself by rules from expenses. To church in the morning: none in the pew but myself. So home to dinner, and after dinner came Sir William and talked with me till church time, and then to church, where at our going out I was at a loss by Sir W. Pen's putting me upon it whether to take my wife or Mrs. Martha (who alone was there), and I began to take my wife, but he jogged me, and so I took Martha, and led her down before him and my wife. So set her at home, and Sir William and my wife and I to walk in the garden, and anon hearing that Sir G. Carteret had sent to see whether we were at home or no, Sir William and I went to his house, where we waited a good while, they being at prayers, and by and by we went up to him; there the business was about hastening the East India ships, about which we are to meet to-morrow in the afternoon. So home to my house, and Sir William supped with me, and so to bed.

3rd. All the morning at home about business with my brother Tom, and then with Mr. Moore, and then I set to make some strict rules for my future practice in my expenses, which I did bind myself in the presence of God by oath to observe upon penalty therein set down, and I do not doubt but hereafter to give a good account of my time and to grow rich, for I do find a great deal more of content

<sup>1</sup> Lord Braybrooke wrote, "This reminds me of a story of my father's, when he was of Merton College, and heard Bowen the porter wish that he had £100 a-year, to enable him to keep a couple of hunters and a pack of foxhounds."

in these few days, that I do spend well about my business, than in all the pleasure of a whole week, besides the trouble which I remember I always have after that for the expense of my money. Dined at home, and then up to my chamber again about business, and so to the office about despatching of the East India ships, where we staid till 8 at night, and then after I had been at Sir W. Pen's awhile discoursing with him and Mr. Kenard the joiner about the new building in his house, I went home, where I found a vessel of oysters sent me from Chatham, so I fell to eat some and then to supper, and so after the barber had done to bed. I am told that this day the Parliament hath voted 2s. per annum for every chimney in England, as a constant revenue for ever to the Crown.<sup>1</sup>

4th. At the office all the morning, dined at home at noon, and then to the office again in the afternoon to put things in order there, my mind being very busy in settling the office to ourselves, I having now got distinct offices for the other two. By and by Sir W. Pen and I and my wife in his coach to Moore Fields,<sup>2</sup> where we walked a great while, though it was no fair weather and cold; and after our walk we went to the Pope's Head,<sup>3</sup> and eat cakes and other fine things, and so home, and I up to my chamber to read and write, and so to bed.

5th. In the morning to the Painter's about my little picture. Thence to Tom's about business, and so to the pewterer's, to buy a poore's-box to put my forfeits in, upon breach of my late vows. So to the Wardrobe and dined,

<sup>1</sup> Although fumage or smoke money was as old as the Conquest, the first parliamentary levy of hearth or chimney money was by statute 13 and 14 Car. II., c. 10, which gave the king an hereditary revenue of two shillings annually upon every hearth in all houses paying church or poor rates. This act was repealed by statute 1 William and Mary, c. 10, it being declared in the preamble as "not only a great oppression to the poorer sort, but a badge of slavery upon the whole people, exposing every man's house to be entered into and searched at pleasure by persons unknown to him."

<sup>2</sup> Moorfields were first drained in 1527, and walks were laid out in 1606. In the following year Richard Johnson wrote "The Pleasant Walks of Moore fields."

<sup>3</sup> In Cornhill, where Pope's Head Alley still exists. See June 20th, 1662. There was a Pope's Head tavern in Chancery Lane, see March 22nd, 1659-60.

and thence home and to my office, and there sat looking over my papers of my voyage, when we fetched over the King, and tore so many of these that were worth nothing, as filled my closet as high as my knees. I staid doing this till 10 at night, and so home and to bed.

6th. Up early, my mind full of business, then to the office, where the two Sir Williams and I spent the morning passing the victualler's accounts, the first I have had to do withal. Then home, where my Uncle Thomas (by promise and his son Tom) were come to give me his answer whether he would have me go to law or arbitracōn with him, but he is unprovided to answer me, and desires two days more. I left them to dine with my wife, and myself to Mr. Gauden and the two knights at dinner at the Dolphin, and thence after dinner to the office back again till night, we having been these four or five days very full of business, and I thank God I am well pleased with it, and hope I shall continue of that temper, which God grant. So after a little being at Sir W. Batten's with Sir G. Carteret talking, I went home, and so to my chamber, and then to bed, my mind somewhat troubled about Brampton affairs. This night my new camelott riding coat to my coloured cloth suit came home. More news to-day of our losses at Brampton by the late storm.

7th. Early to White Hall to the chappell, where by Mr. Blaggrave's means I got into his pew, and heard Dr. Creeton,<sup>1</sup> the great Scotchman, preach before the King, and Duke and Duchess, upon the words of Micah:—"Roule yourselves in dust." He made a most learned sermon upon the words; but, in his application, the most comical man that ever I heard in my life. Just such a man as Hugh Peters; saying that it had been better for the poor Cavalier never to have come with the King into England again; for

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Robert Creighton (born at Dunkeld in 1593), educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1625 he was made Professor of Greek, and in 1627 succeeded his friend George Herbert as Public Orator, holding both offices until 1679. When Pepys heard him, Creighton was Dean of Wells. In 1670 he was consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells. He died November 21st, 1672. His son, of the same name, was elected Greek Professor of Cambridge in 1662, and died at Wells, February 17th, 1733-4. The father and son have been sometimes confounded.

he that hath the impudence to deny obedience to the lawful magistrate, and to swear to the oath of allegiance, &c., was better treated now-a-days in Newgate, than a poor Royalist, that hath suffered all his life for the King, is at White Hall among his friends. He discoursed much against a man's lying with his wife in Lent, saying that he might be as incontinent during that time with his own wife as at another time in another man's bed. Thence with Mr. Moore to Whitehall and walked a little, and so to the Wardrobe to dinner, and so home to the office about business till late at night by myself, and so home and to bed.

8th. By coach with both Sir Williams to Westminster; this being a great day there in the House to pass the business for chimney-money, which was done. In the Hall I met with Serjeant Pierce; and he and I to drink a cup of ale at the Swan, and there he told me how my Lady Monk<sup>1</sup> hath disposed of all the places which Mr. Edwd. Montagu hoped to have had, as he was Master of the Horse to the Queen; which I am afraid will undo him, because he depended much upon the profit of what he should make by these places. He told me, also, many more scurvy stories of him and his brother Ralph,<sup>2</sup> which troubles me to hear of persons of honour as they are. About one o'clock with both Sir Williams and another, one Sir Rich. Branes, to the Trinity House, but came after they had dined, so we had something got ready for us. Here Sir W. Batten was taken with a fit of coughing that lasted a great while and made him very ill, and so he went home sick upon it. Sir W. Pen and I to the office, whither afterward came Sir G. Carteret; and we sent for Sir Thos. Allen, one of the Aldermen of the City,<sup>3</sup> about the business of one Colonel Appesley, whom we had taken counterfeiting of bills with all our hands and the officers of the yards, so well counterfeited that I should never have mistrusted them. We staid about this business at the office till ten at night, and at last did send him with a constable to the Counter; and did give warrants for the seizing of a complice of his, one

<sup>1</sup> She is called in the State Poems "the Monkey Duchess." The duke was Master of the Horse to the king.—B.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Duke of Montagu. See *ante*, p. 163.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Thomas Allen, Bart., Lord Mayor, 1660.

Blinkinsopp. So home and wrote to my father, and so to bed.

9th (Lord's day). Church in the morning: dined at home, then to Church again and heard Mr. Naylor, whom I knew formerly of Keye's College, make a most eloquent sermon. Thence to Sir W. Batten's to see how he did, then to walk an hour with Sir W. Pen in the garden: then he into supper with me at my house, and so to prayers and to bed.

10th. At the office doing business all the morning, and my wife being gone to buy some things in the city I dined with Sir W. Batten, and in the afternoon met Sir W. Pen at the Treasury Office, and there paid off the Guift, where late at night, and so called in and eat a bit at Sir W. Batten's again, and so home and to bed, to-morrow being washing day.

11th. At the office all the morning, and all the afternoon rummaging of papers in my chamber, and tearing some and sorting others till late at night, and so to bed, my wife being not well all this day. This afternoon Mrs. Turner and The. came to see me, her mother not having been abroad many a day before, but now is pretty well again and has made me one of the first visits.

12th. At the office from morning till night putting of papers in order, that so I may have my office in an orderly condition. I took much pains in sorting and folding of papers. Dined at home, and there came Mrs. Goldsborough about her old business, but I did give her a short answer and sent away. This morning we had news from Mr. Coventry, that Sir G. Downing<sup>1</sup> (like a perfidious rogue, though the action is good and of service to the King,<sup>2</sup> yet he cannot with any good conscience do it) hath taken Okey, Corbet, and Barkestead<sup>3</sup> at Delfe, in Holland, and sent

<sup>1</sup> Hume states that Downing was in early life chaplain in Okey's regiment, and Pepys's reference to ingratitude would seem to allude to this. (See note, vol. i., p. 3.)

<sup>2</sup> ["And hail the treason though we hate the traitor."] On the 21st Charles returned his formal thanks to the States for their assistance in the matter. — B.

<sup>3</sup> John Okey, Miles Corbet, and John Barkstead, three of the regicides; executed April 19th following. — B.



them home in the Blackmore. Sir W. Pen, talking to me this afternoon of what a strange thing it is for Downing to do this, he told me of a speech he made to the Lords States of Holland, telling them to their faces that he observed that he was not received with the respect and observance now, that he was when he came from the traitor and rebell Cromwell:<sup>1</sup> by whom, I am sure, he hath got all he hath in the world, — and they know it too.<sup>2</sup>

13th. All day, either at the office or at home, busy about business till late at night, I having lately followed my business much, find great pleasure in it, and a growing content.

14th. At the office all the morning. At noon Sir W. Pen and I making a bargain with the workmen about his house, at which I did see things not so well contracted for as I would have, and I was vexed and made him so too to see me so critical in the agreement. Home to dinner. In the afternoon came the German Dr. Kuffler,<sup>3</sup> to discourse

<sup>1</sup> The President Hénault mentions a similar speech made by Lockhart, in France. "Un Ecossois, nommé Lockart, ambassadeur d'Angleterre en France, sous Cromwell, dont il avait épousé la nièce, et qui le fut aussi depuis, sous Charles II., disoit qu'il n'étoit pas considéré en France, en qualité d'ambassadeur du roi, comme il l'avoit été du tems de Cromwell; cela devoit être parcequ'il y avoit bien de la différence entre celui qui obligea la France à prendre Dunkerque pour la lui remettre, et celui qui revendit cette place à la France quand il fut remonté sur le trône." Hénault's pithy remark expresses the truth. Nothing shows the degradation of Charles in a more striking light than this coincidence of opinion in two ambassadors. The first edition of Hénault does not contain this passage. — B.

<sup>2</sup> Charles, when residing at Brussels, went to the Hague at night to pay a secret visit to his sister, the Princess of Orange. After his arrival, "an old reverend-like man, with a long grey beard and ordinary grey clothes," entered the inn and begged for a private interview. He then fell on his knees, and pulling off his disguise, discovered himself to be Mr. Downing, then ambassador from Cromwell to the States-General. He informed Charles that the Dutch had guaranteed to the English Commonwealth to deliver him into their hands should he ever set foot in their territory. This warning probably saved Charles's liberty. — M. B.

<sup>3</sup> This is the secret of Cornelius Van Drebbel (1572-1634), which is referred to again by Pepys on November 11th, 1663. Johannes Siberius Kuffler was originally a dyer at Leyden, who married Drebbel's daughter. In the "Calendar of State Papers, Domestic," 1661-62 (p. 327), is the following entry: "Request of Johannes Siberius Kuffler and Jacob Drebbel for a trial of their father Cornelius Drebbel's secret of sinking

with us about his engine to blow up ships. We doubted not the matter of fact, it being tried in Cromwell's time, but the safety of carrying them in ships; but he do tell us, that when he comes to tell the King his secret (for none but the Kings, successively, and their heirs must know it), it will appear to be of no danger at all. We concluded nothing; but shall discourse with the Duke of York to-morrow about it. In the afternoon, after we had done with him, I went to speak with my uncle Wight and found my aunt to have been ill a good while of a miscarriage, I staid and talked with her a good while. Thence home, where I found that Sarah the maid had been very ill all day, and my wife fears that she will have an ague, which I am much troubled for. Thence to my lute, upon which I have not played a week or two, and trying over the two songs of "Nulla, nulla," &c., and "Gaze not on Swans," which Mr. Berkenshaw set for me a little while ago, I find them most incomparable songs as he has set them, of which I am not a little proud, because I am sure none in the world has them but myself, not so much as he himself that set them. So to bed.

15th. With Sir G. Carteret and both the Sir Williams at Whitehall to wait on the Duke in his chamber, which we did about getting money for the Navy and other things. So back again to the office all the morning. Thence to the Exchange to hire a ship for the Maderas, but could get none. Then home to dinner, and Sir G. Carteret and I all the afternoon by ourselves upon business in the office till late at night. So to write letters and home to bed. Troubled at my maid's being ill.

16th (Lord's day). This morning, till churches were done, I spent going from one church to another and hearing a bit here and a bit there. So to the Wardrobe to dinner with the young Ladies, and then into my Lady's chamber and talked with her a good while, and so walked to White Hall,

or destroying ships in a moment; and if it succeed, for a reward of £10,000. The secret was left them by will, to preserve for the English crown before any other state." Cornelius van Drebbel settled in London, where he died. James I. took some interest in him, and is said to have interfered when he was in prison in Austria and in danger of execution.

an hour or two in the Park, which is now very pleasant. Here the King and Duke came to see their fowl play.<sup>1</sup> The Duke took very civil notice of me. So walked home, calling at Tom's, giving him my resolution about my boy's livery. Here I spent an hour walking in the garden with Sir W. Pen, and then my wife and I thither to supper, where his son William is at home not well. But all things, I fear, do not go well with them; they look discontentedly, but I know not what ails them. Drinking of cold small beer here I fell ill, and was forced to go out and vomit, and so was well again and went home by and by to bed. Fearing that Sarah would continue ill, wife and I removed this night to our matted chamber and lay there.

17th. All the morning at the office by myself about setting things in order there, and so at noon to the Exchange to see and be seen, and so home to dinner and then to the office again till night, and then home and after supper and reading a while to bed. Last night the Blackmore pink<sup>2</sup> brought the three prisoners, Barkstead, Okey, and Corbet, to the Tower, being taken at Delfe in Holland; where, the Captain tells me, the Dutch were a good while before they could be persuaded to let them go, they being taken prisoners in their land. But Sir G. Downing would not be answered so: though all the world takes notice of him for a most ungrateful villain for his pains.

18th. All the morning at the office with Sir W. Pen. Dined at home, and Luellin and Blurton with me. After dinner to the office again, where Sir G. Carteret and we staid awhile, and then Sir W. Pen and I on board some of the ships now fitting for East Indys and Portugall, to see in what forwardness they are, and so back home again, and I write to my father by the post about Brampton Court, which is now coming on. But that which troubles me is that my Father has now got an ague that I fear may endanger his life. So to bed.

<sup>1</sup> Water-fowl appear to have been kept in St. James's Park from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the ponds were replenished after the Restoration.

<sup>2</sup> A "pink" was a form of vessel now obsolete, and had a very narrow stern. The "Blackmoor" was a sixth-rate of twelve guns, built at Chatham by Captain Tayler in 1656 ("Archæologia," xlviii. 174).

19th. All the morning and afternoon at my office putting things in order, and in the evening I do begin to digest my uncle the Captain's papers into one book, which I call my Brampton book, for the clearer understanding things how they are with us. So home and supper and to bed. This noon came a letter from T. Pepys, the turner, in answer to one of mine the other day to him, wherein I did cheque him for not coming to me, as he had promised, with his and his father's resolution about the difference between us. But he writes to me in the very same slighting terms that I did to him, without the least respect at all, but word for word as I did him, which argues a high and noble spirit in him, though it troubles me a little that he should make no more of my anger, yet I cannot blame him for doing so, he being the elder brother's son, and not depending upon me at all.<sup>1</sup>

20th. At my office all the morning, at noon to the Exchange, and so home to dinner, and then all the afternoon at the office till late at night, and so home and to bed, my mind in good ease when I mind business, which methinks should be a good argument to me never to do otherwise.

21st. With Sir W. Batten by water to Whitehall, and he to Westminster. I went to see Sarah and my Lord's lodgings, which are now all in dirt, to be repaired against my Lord's coming from sea with the Queen. Thence to Westminster Hall; and there walked up and down and heard the great difference that hath been between my Lord Chancellor and my Lord of Bristol, about a proviso that my Lord Chancellor would have brought into the Bill for Conformity, that it shall be in the power of the King, when he sees fit, to dispense with the Act of Conformity; and though it be carried in the House of Lords,<sup>2</sup> yet it is believed it will hardly pass in the Commons. Here I met with Chetwind, Parry, and several others, and went to a little house behind the Lords' house to drink some wormwood ale, which doubtless was a bawdy house, the mistress of the house having the look and dress. Here we staid till noon and then parted, I by water to the Wardrobe to meet my wife, but

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, vol. i., p. 29.

<sup>2</sup> It passed the House of Lords on April 9th.

my Lady and they had dined, and so I dined with the servants, and then up to my Lady, and there staid and talked a good while, and then parted and walked into Cheapside, and there saw my little picture, for which I am to sit again the next week. So home, and staid late writing at my office, and so home and to bed, troubled that now my boy is also fallen sick of an ague we fear.

22nd. At the office all the morning. At noon Sir Williams both and I by water down to the Lewes, Captain Dekins, his ship, a merchantman, where we met the owners, Sir John Lewes<sup>1</sup> and Alderman Lewes, and several other great merchants; among others one Jefferys, a merry man that is a fumbler, and he and I called brothers, and he made all the mirth in the company. We had a very fine dinner, and all our wives' healths, with seven or nine guns apiece; and exceeding merry we were, and so home by barge again, and I vexed to find Griffin leave the office door open, and had a design to have carried away the screw or the carpet in revenge to him, but at last I would not, but sent for him and chid him, and so to supper and to bed, having drank a great deal of wine.

23rd (Lord's day). This morning was brought me my boy's fine livery, which is very handsome, and I do think to keep to black and gold lace upon gray, being the colour of my arms, for ever. To church in the morning, and so home with Sir W. Batten, and there eat some boiled great oysters, and so home, and while I was at dinner with my wife I was sick, and was forced to vomit up my oysters again, and then I was well. By and by a coach came to call me by my appointment, and so my wife and I carried to Westminster to Mrs. Hunt's, and I to Whitehall, Worcester House, and to my Lord Treasurer's to have found Sir G. Carteret, but missed in all these places. So back to White Hall, and there met with Captn. Isham, this day come from Lisbon, with letters from the Queen to the King. And he did give me letters which speak that our fleet is all at Lisbon;<sup>2</sup> and that the Queen do not intend to embarque

<sup>1</sup> He was one of the commissioners sent to Breda to desire Charles II. to return to England immediately, when he was knighted. He was afterwards created a baronet.

<sup>2</sup> One of these letters was probably from John Creed. Mr. S. J.

sooner than to-morrow come fortnight. So having sent for my wife, she and I to my Lady Sandwich, and after a short visit away home. She home, and I to Sir G. Carteret's about business, and so home too, and Sarah having her fit we went to bed.

24th. Early Sir G. Carteret, both Sir Williams and I on board the *Experiment*, to dispatch her away, she being to carry things to the *Madeiras* with the *East Indy* fleet. Here (Sir W. Pen going to *Deptford* to send more hands) we staid till noon talking, and eating and drinking a good ham of English bacon, and having put things in very good order home, where I found Jane, my old maid, come out of the country, and I have a mind to have her again. By and by comes *La Belle Pierce* to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of perukes of hair, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear; which are pretty, and are of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them. After a good while's stay, I went to see if any play was acted, and I found none upon the post, it being *Passion week*.<sup>1</sup> So home again, and took water with them towards *Westminster*; but as we put off with the boat *Griffin* came after me to tell me that Sir G. Carteret and the rest were at the office, so I intended to see them through the bridge and come back again, but the tide

Davey, of 47, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, in 1889 had in his possession nine long letters from Creed to Pepys. In the first of these, dated from Lisbon, March, 1662, Creed wrote: "My Lord ambassador doth all he can to hasten the Queen's Majestie's embarquement, there being reasons enough against suffering any unnecessary delay." There appear to have been considerable delays in the arrangements for the following declaration of Charles II. was dated June 22nd, 1661: "Charles R. Whereas his Ma<sup>y</sup> is resolved to declare, under his Royall hand and seale, the most illustrious Lady Infanta of Portugall to be his lawfull wife, before the Treaty shall be signed by the King of Portugall; which is to be done only for the better expediting the marriage, without sending to Rome for a dispensation, which the laws of Portugall would require if the said most Illustrious Infanta were to be betrothed in that Kingdome," &c.

<sup>1</sup> The following quotation in illustration of this passage is suggested in the "*Athenæum*": — "Master Field, the player, riding up Fleet Street a great pace, a gentleman called him and asked him what play was played that day? He (being angry to be stayed upon so frivolous a demand) answered that he might see what play was to be played upon every *post*. I cry you mercy (said the gentleman), I took you for a *post* you rode so fast." — Taylor the Water-Poet.



being against us, when we were almost through we were carried back again with much danger, and Mrs. Pierce was much afeard and frightened. So I carried them to the other side and walked to the Beare,<sup>1</sup> and sent them away, and so back again myself to the office, but finding nobody there I went again to the Old Swan, and thence by water to the New Exchange,<sup>2</sup> and there found them, and thence by coach carried my wife to Bowes to buy something, and while they were there went to Westminster Hall, and there bought Mr. Grant's book of observations upon the weekly bills of mortality, which appear to me upon first sight to be very pretty.<sup>3</sup> So back again and took my wife, calling at my brother Tom's, whom I found full of work, which I am glad of, and thence at the New Exchange and so home, and I to Sir W. Batten's, and supped there out of pure hunger and to save getting anything ready at home, which is a thing I do not nor shall not use to do. So home and to bed.

26th. Up early. This being, by God's great blessing, the fourth solemn day of my cutting for the stone this day four years, and am by God's mercy in very good health, and like to do well, the Lord's name be praised for it. To the office and Sir G. Carteret's all the morning about busi-

<sup>1</sup> The Bear at the Bridge Foot on the west side of High Street, Southwark.

<sup>2</sup> The New Exchange in the Strand. See *ante*, vol. i., pp. 189, 228.

<sup>3</sup> John Graunt, born in Birchin Lane, London, April 24th, 1620, bound apprentice to a haberdasher. He obtained for his friend Petty the professorship of music at Gresham College. He was captain of train-bands for several years. He was bred a Puritan, but turned a Socinian, and lastly became a Roman Catholic. F.R.S., February, 1661-62. He was recommended by the king, and Dr. Sprat writes, in his "History of the Royal Society":—"In whose election it was so farr from being a prejudice that he was a shopkeeper of London, that his Majesty gave this particular charge to his Society, that if they found any more such tradesmen, they should be sure to admit them all, without any more ado." He published his "Natural and Political Observations upon the Bills of Mortality" in 1662, and this book, which laid the foundation of the science of statistics, went through several editions during his lifetime. Afterwards it was edited and improved by Sir William Petty, who sometimes spoke of it as his own, which gave rise to Burnet's erroneous statement that he published his 'Observations on the Bills of Mortality' in the name of one Grant, a Papist." Graunt died at his house in Birchin Lane, April 18th, 1674.

ness. At noon come my good guests, Madame Turner, The., and Cozen Norton,<sup>1</sup> and a gentleman, one Mr. Lewin of the King's Life Guard; by the same token he told us of one of his fellows killed this morning in a duel. I had a pretty dinner for them, viz., a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowl of salmon, hot, for the first course; a tanzy<sup>2</sup> and two neats' tongues, and cheese the second; and were very merry all the afternoon, talking and singing and piping upon the flageolette. In the evening they went with great pleasure away, and I with great content and my wife walked half an hour in the garden, and so home to supper and to bed. We had a man-cook to dress dinner to-day, and sent for Jane to help us, and my wife and she agreed at £3 a year (she would not serve under) till both could be better provided, and so she stays with us, and I hope we shall do well if poor Sarah were but rid of her ague.

27th. Early Sir G. Carteret, both Sir Williams and I by coach to Deptford, it being very windy and rainy weather, taking a codd and some prawns in Fish Street with us. We settled to pay the Guernsey<sup>3</sup> a small ship, but come to a great deal of money, it having been unpaid ever since before the King came in, by which means not only the King pays wages while the ship has lain still, but the poor men have most of them been forced to borrow all the money due for their wages before they receive it, and that at a dear rate, God knows, so that many of them had very little to receive at the table, which grieved me to see it. To dinner, very merry. Then Sir George to London, and we again to the pay, and that done by coach home again and to the office, doing some business, and so home and to bed.

28th (Good Friday). At home all the morning, and

<sup>1</sup> Joyce Norton. See vol. i., p. 11.

<sup>2</sup> Tansy (*tanacetum*), a herb from which puddings were made. Hence any pudding of the kind. Selden ("Table Talk") says: "Our tansies at Easter have reference to the bitter herbs." See in Wordsworth's "University Life in the Eighteenth Century" recipes for "an apple tansey," "a bean tansey," and "a gooseberry tansey."—M. B.

<sup>3</sup> The "Guernsey" (previously the "Basing") was a fifth-rate of twenty-two guns, built at Walderwick in 1654 by Jonas Shish ("Archæologia," xlviii. 174).

dined with my wife, a good dinner. At my office all the afternoon. At night to my chamber to read and sing, and so to supper and to bed.

29th. At the office all the morning. Then to the Wardrobe, and there coming late dined with the people below. Then up to my Lady, and staid two hours talking with her about her family business with great content and confidence in me. So calling at several places I went home, where my people are getting the house clean against tomorrow. I to the office and wrote several letters by post, and so home and to bed.

30th (Easter day). Having my old black suit new furnished, I was pretty neat in clothes to-day, and my boy, his old suit new trimmed, very handsome. To church in the morning, and so home, leaving the two Sir Williams to take the Sacrament, which I blame myself that I have hitherto neglected all my life, but once or twice at Cambridge.<sup>1</sup> Dined with my wife, a good shoulder of veal well dressed by Jane, and handsomely served to table, which pleased us much, and made us hope that she will serve our turn well enough. My wife and I to church in the afternoon, and seated ourselves, she below me, and by that means the precedence of the pew which my Lady Batten and her daughter takes, is confounded; and after sermon she and I did stay behind them in the pew, and went out by ourselves a good while after them, which we judge a very fine project hereafter to avoyd contention. So my wife and I to walk an hour or two on the leads, which begins to be very pleasant, the garden being in good condition. So to supper, which is also well served in. We had a lobster to supper, with a crabb Pegg Pen sent my wife this afternoon, the reason of which we cannot think; but something there is of plot or design in it, for we have a little while carried ourselves pretty strange to them. After supper to bed.

31st. This morning Mr. Coventry and all our company met at the office about some business of the victualling, which being dispatched we parted. I to my Lord Crew's to dinner (in my way calling upon my brother Tom, with

<sup>1</sup> This does not accord with the certificate which Dr. Milles wrote in 1681, where he says that Pepys was a constant communicant. See *Life of Pepys* in vol. i.

whom I staid a good while and talked, and find him a man like to do well, which contents me much) where used with much respect, and talking with him about my Lord's debts, and whether we should make use of an offer of Sir G. Carteret's to lend my Lady 4 or £500, he told me by no means, we must not oblige my Lord to him, and by the by he made a question whether it was not my Lord's interest a little to appear to the King in debt, and for people to clamor against him as well as others for their money, that by that means the King and the world may see that he do lay out for the King's honour upon his own main stock, which many he tells me do, that in fine if there be occasion he and I will be bound for it. Thence to Sir Thomas Crew's lodgings. He hath been ill, and continues so, under fits of apoplexy. Among other things, he and I did discourse much of Mr. Montagu's base doings, and the dishonour that he will do my Lord, as well as cheating him of 2 or £3,000, which is too true. Thence to the play, where coming late, and meeting with Sir W. Pen, who had got room for my wife and his daughter in the pit, he and I into one of the boxes, and there we sat and heard "The Little Thiefe,"<sup>1</sup> a pretty play and well done. Thence home, and walked in the garden with them, and then to the house to supper and sat late talking, and so to bed.

April 1st. Within all the morning and at the office. At noon my wife and I (having paid our maid Nell her whole wages, who has been with me half a year, and now goes away for altogether) to the Wardrobe, where my Lady and company had almost dined. We sat down and dined. Here was Mr. Herbert, son to Sir Charles Herbert, that lately came with letters from my Lord Sandwich to the King. After some discourse we remembered one another to have been together at the tavern when Mr. Fanshaw took his leave of me at his going to Portugall with Sir Richard. After dinner he and I and the two young ladies and my wife to the playhouse, the Opera, and saw "The Mayde in the Mill," a pretty good play. In the middle of

<sup>1</sup> Pepys had seen Fletcher's play, "The Night-Walker, or the Little Thief," at the Whitefriars Theatre, on April 2nd, 1661.

the play my Lady Paulina, who had taken physique this morning, had need to go forth, and so I took the poor lady out and carried her to the Grange, and there sent the maid of the house into a room to her, and she did what she had a mind to, and so back again to the play; and that being done, in their coach I took them to Islington, and then, after a walk in the fields, I took them to the great cheese-cake house and entertained them, and so home, and after an hour's stay with my Lady, their coach carried us home, and so weary to bed.

2nd. Mr. Moore came to me, and he and I walked to the Spittle an hour or two before my Lord Mayor and the blew-coat boys come,<sup>1</sup> which at last they did, and a fine sight of charity it is indeed. We got places and staid to hear a sermon; but, it being a Presbyterian one, it was so long, that after above an hour of it we went away, and I home and dined; and then my wife and I by water to the Opera, and there saw "The Bondman" most excellently acted; and though we had seen it so often, yet I never liked it better than to-day, Ianthe<sup>2</sup> acting Cleora's part very well now Roxalana is gone. We are resolved to see no more plays till Whitsuntide, we having been three days together. Met Mr. Sanchy, Smithes, Gale, and Edlin at the play, but having no great mind to spend money, I left them there. And so home and to supper, and then dispatch business, and so to bed.

3rd. At home and at the office all day. At night to bed.

4th. By barge Sir George, Sir Williams both and I to Deptford, and there fell to pay off the Drake and Hampshire, then to dinner, Sir George to his lady at his house, and Sir Wm. Pen to Woolwich, and Sir W. Batten and I to the tavern, where much company came to us and our

<sup>1</sup> The Spital sermons were originally preached in Spital Square, but they are now given at Christ Church, Newgate Street, on Easter Monday and Tuesday.

<sup>2</sup> Mary Saunderson, who married Thomas Betterton, December, 1662, one of Sir William Davenant's company, who acted Ianthe in the "Siege of Rhodes," at Lincoln's Inn Fields. She retired from the stage about 1675, died April, 1712, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey on the 13th. The Roxalana here alluded to was Mrs. Davenport.

dinner, and somewhat short by reason of their taking part away with them. Then to pay the rest of the Hampshire and the Paradox, and were at it till 9 at night, and so by night home by barge safe, and took Tom Hater with some that the clerks had to carry home along with us in the barge, the rest staying behind to pay tickets, but came home after us that night. So being come home, to bed. I was much troubled to-day to see a dead man lie floating upon the waters, and had done (they say) these four days, and nobody takes him up to bury him, which is very barbarous.

5th. At the office till almost noon, and then broke up. Then came Sir G. Carteret, and he and I walked together alone in the garden taking notice of some faults in the office, particularly of Sir W. Batten's, and he seemed to be much pleased with me, and I hope will be the ground of a future interest of mine in him, which I shall be glad of. Then with my wife abroad, she to the Wardrobe and there dined, and I to the Exchange and so to the Wardrobe, but they had dined. After dinner my wife and the two ladies to see my aunt Wight, and thence met me at home. From thence (after Sir W. Batten and I had viewed our houses with a workman in order to the raising of our roofs higher to enlarge our houses) I went with them by coach first to Moorfields and there walked, and thence to Islington and had a fine walk in the fields there, and so, after eating and drinking, home with them, and so by water with my wife home, and after supper to bed.

6th (Lord's day). By water to White Hall, to Sir G. Carteret, to give him an account of the backwardness of the ships we have hired to Portugal: at which he is much troubled. Thence to the Chappell, and there, though crowded, heard a very honest sermon before the King by a Canon of Christ Church, upon these words, "Having a form of godliness, but denying," &c.<sup>1</sup> Among other things, did much insist upon the sin of adultery: which methought might touch the King, and the more because he forced it into his sermon, methinks, besides his text. So up and saw the King at dinner; and thence with Sir G.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Timothy iii. 5.



Carteret to his lodgings to dinner, with him and his lady, where I saluted her, and was well received as a stranger by her; she seems a good lady, and all their discourse, which was very much, was upon their sufferings and services for the King. Yet not without some trouble, to see that some that had been much bound to them, do now neglect them; and others again most civil that have received least from them: and I do believe that he hath been a good servant to the King. Thence to walk in the Park, where the King and Duke did walk round the Park. After I was tired I went and took boat to Milford stairs, and so to Graye's Inn walks, the first time I have been there this year, and it is very pleasant and full of good company. When tired I walked to the Wardrobe, and there staid a little with my Lady, and so by water from Paul's Wharf (where my boat staid for me), home and supped with my wife with Sir W. Pen, and so home and to bed.

7th. By water to Whitehall and thence to Westminster, and staid at the Parliament-door long to speak with Mr. Coventry, which vexed me. Thence to the Lords' House, and stood within the House, while the Bishops and Lords did stay till the Chancellor's coming, and then we were put out, and they to prayers. There comes a Bishop; and while he was rigging himself, he bid his man listen at the door, whereabouts in the prayers they were; but the man told him something, but could not tell whereabouts it was in the prayers, nor the Bishop neither, but laughed at the conceit; so went in: but, God forgive me! I did tell it by and by to people, and did say that the man said that they were about something of saving their souls, but could not tell whereabouts in the prayers that was. I sent in a note to my Lord Privy Seal, and he came out to me; and I desired he would make another deputy for me, because of my great business of the Navy this month; but he told me he could not do it without the King's consent, which vexed me. So to Dr. Castles', and there did get a promise from his clerk that his master should officiate for me to-morrow. Thence by water to Tom's, and there with my wife took coach and to the old Exchange, where having bought six large Holland bands, I sent her home, and myself found out my uncle Wight and Mr. Rawlinson, and with them

went to the latter's house to dinner, and there had a good dinner of cold meat and good wine, but was troubled in my head after the little wine I drank, and so home to my office, and there did promise to drink no more wine but one glass a meal till Whitsuntide next upon any score. Mrs. Bowyer and her daughters being at my house I forbore to go to them, having business and my head disturbed, but staid at my office till night, and then to walk upon the leads with my wife, and so to my chamber and thence to bed. The great talk is, that the Spaniards and the Hollanders do intend to set upon the Portuguese by sea, at Lisbon, as soon as our fleet is come away; and by that means our fleet is not likely to come yet these two months or three; which I hope is not true.

8th. Up very early and to my office, and there continued till noon. So to dinner, and in comes uncle Fenner and the two Joyces. I sent for a barrel of oysters and a breast of veal roasted, and were very merry; but I cannot down with their dull company and impertinent. After dinner to the office again. So at night by coach to Whitehall, and Mr. Coventry not being there I brought my business of the office to him, it being almost dark, and so came away and took up my wife. By the way home and on Ludgate Hill there being a stop I bought two cakes, and they were our supper at home.

9th. Sir George Carteret, Sir Williams both and myself all the morning at the office passing the Victualler's accounts, and at noon to dinner at the Dolphin, where a good chine of beef and other good cheer. At dinner Sir George showed me an account in French of the great famine, which is to the greatest extremity in some part of France at this day, which is very strange.<sup>1</sup> So to the Exchange, Mrs. Turner (who I found sick in bed), and several other places about business, and so home. Supper and to bed.

10th. To Westminster with the two Sir Williams by water, and did several businesses, and so to the Wardrobe with Mr. Moore to dinner. Yesterday came Col. Talbot<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On the 5th of June following, Louis, notwithstanding the scarcity, gave that splendid carousal in the court before the Tuileries, from which the place has ever since taken its name. — B.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Talbot, who figures conspicuously in the Grammont Me-

with letters from Portugall, that the Queen is resolved to embarque for England this week. Thence to the office all the afternoon. My Lord Windsor<sup>1</sup> came to us to discourse of his affairs, and to take his leave of us; he being to go Governor of Jamaica with this fleet that is now going. Late at the office. Home with my mind full of business. So to bed.

11th. Up early to my lute and a song, then about six o'clock with Sir W. Pen by water to Deptford; and among the ships now going to Portugall with men and horse, to see them dispatched. So to Greenwich; and had a fine pleasant walk to Woolwich, having in our company Capt. Minnes, with whom I was much pleased to hear him talk in fine language, but pretty well for all that. Among other things, he and the other Captains that were with us tell me that negroes drowned look white and lose their blackness, which I never heard before.<sup>2</sup> At Woolwich, up and down to do the same business; and so back to Greenwich by water, and there while something is dressing for our dinner, Sir William and I walked into the Park, where the King hath planted trees and made steps in the hill up to the Castle, which is very magnificent. So up and down the house, which is now repaying in the Queen's lodgings. So to dinner at the Globe, and Captain Lambert of the Duke's pleasure boat came to us and

moirs, son of Sir William Talbot. He married, first, Catherine Boynton, "the languishing Boynton" of Grammont, and secondly, Frances Jennings, eldest sister of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Talbot was created Earl of Tyrconnel in 1685 and made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and elevated to the dukedom of Tyrconnel in 1689 by James II. after his abdication. He died at Limerick, August 5th, 1691.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Windsor, Baron Windsor, Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire, 1660; advanced to the earldom of Plymouth, 1682. Died November 3rd, 1687.

<sup>2</sup> In the Ethiopian the black colour does not reside in the cutis, or true skin, but in a texture superficial to, and between it and the cuticle. This texture, the *rete muscorum*, in which the dark pigment is situate, may be readily dissected off, along with the cuticle, from the true skin, which is then exposed, and is of a *whitish* colour. When the body of a negro has long been immersed in water, such a dissection is, as it were, performed by the putrefactive process; and the surface of the body being thus deprived of its two outer investments, does really look *white*. — Ex inform. Alexander Melville M<sup>c</sup>Whinnick, F.R.C.P. — B.

dined with us, and were merry, and so home, and I in the evening to the Exchange, and spoke with uncle Wight, and so home and walked with my wife on the leads late, and so the barber came to me, and so to bed very weary, which I seldom am.

12th. At the office all the morning, where, among other things, being provoked by some impertinence of Sir W. Batten's, I called him unreasonable man, at which he was very angry and so was I, but I think we shall not much fall out about it. After dinner to several places about business, and so home and wrote letters at my office, and one to Mr. Coventry about business, and at the close did excuse my not waiting on him myself so often as others do for want of leisure. So home and to bed.

13th (Lord's day). In the morning to Paul's, where I heard a pretty good sermon, and thence to dinner with my Lady at the Wardrobe; and after much talk with her after dinner, I went to the Temple to Church, and there heard another: by the same token a boy, being asleep, fell down a high seat to the ground, ready to break his neck, but got no hurt. Thence to Graye's Inn walkes; and there met Mr. Pickering and walked with him two hours till 8 o'clock till I was quite weary. His discourse most about the pride of the Duchess of York; and how all the ladies envy my Lady Castlemaine. He intends to go to Portsmouth to meet the Queen this week; which is now the discourse and expectation of the town. So home, and no sooner come but Sir W. Warren comes to me to bring me a paper of Field's (with whom we have lately had a great deal of trouble at the office), being a bitter petition to the King against our office for not doing justice upon his complaint to us of embezzlement of the King's stores by one Turpin. I took Sir William to Sir W. Pen's (who was newly come from Walthamstow), and there we read it and discoursed, but we do not much fear it, the King referring it to the Duke of York. So we drank a glass or two of wine, and so home and I to bed, my wife being in bed already.

14th. Being weary last night I lay very long in bed to-day, talking with my wife, and persuaded her to go to Brampton, and take Sarah with her, next week, to cure her ague by change of ayre, and we agreed all things therein.

We rose, and at noon dined, and then we to the Paynter's, and there sat the last time for my little picture, which I hope will please me. Then to Paternoster Row to buy things for my wife against her going. So home and walked upon the leads with my wife, and whether she suspected anything or no I know not, but she is quite off of her going to Brampton, which something troubles me, and yet all my design was that I might the freer go to Portsmouth when the rest go to pay off the yards there, which will be very shortly. But I will get off if I can. So to supper and to bed.

15th. At the office all the morning. Dined at home. Again at the office in the afternoon to despatch letters and so home, and with my wife, by coach, to the New Exchange, to buy her some things; where we saw some new-fashion pettycoats of sarcenett, with a black broad lace printed round the bottom and before, very handsome, and my wife had a mind to one of them, but we did not then buy one. But thence to Mr. Bowyer's, thinking to have spoke to them for our Sarah to go to Huntsmore for awhile to get away her ague, but we had not opportunity to do it, and so home and to bed.

16th. Up early and took my physique; it wrought all the morning well. At noon dined, and all the afternoon, Mr. Hater to that end coming to me, he and I did go about my abstracting all the contracts made in the office since we came into it. So at night to bed.

17th. To Mr. Holliard's in the morning, thinking to be let blood, but he was gone out. So to White Hall, thinking to have had a Seal at Privy Seal, but my Lord did not come, and so I walked back home and staid within all the afternoon, there being no office kept to-day, but in the evening Sir W. Batten sent for me to tell me that he had this day spoke to the Duke about raising our houses, and he had given us leave to do it, at which, being glad, I went home merry, and after supper to bed.

18th. This morning sending the boy down into the cellar for some beer I followed him with a cane, and did there beat him for his staying of awards and other faults, and his sister came to me down and begged for him. So I forebore, and afterwards, in my wife's chamber, did there talk

to Jane how much I did love the boy for her sake, and how much it do concern to correct the boy for his faults, or else he would be undone. So at last she was well pleased. This morning Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Batten and I met at the office, and did conclude of our going to Portsmouth next week, in which my mind is at a great loss what to do with my wife, for I cannot persuade her to go to Brampton, and I am loth to leave her at home. All the afternoon in several places to put things in order for my going. At night home and to bed.

19th. This morning, before we sat, I went to Aldgate; and at the corner shop, a draper's, I stood, and did see Barkestead, Okey, and Corbet drawn towards the gallows at Tiburne; and there they were hanged and quartered. They all looked very cheerful; but I hear they all die defending what they did to the King to be just; which is very strange. So to the office and then home to dinner, and Captain David Lambert came to take his leave of me, he being to go back to Tangier there to lie. Then abroad about business, and in the evening did get a bever, an old one, but a very good one, of Sir W. Batten, for which I must give him something; but I am very well pleased with it. So after writing by the post to bed.

20th (Lord's day). My intention being to go this morning to White Hall to hear South,<sup>1</sup> my Lord Chancellor's chaplain, the famous preacher and oratour of Oxford, (who the last Lord's day did sink down in the pulpit before the King, and could not proceed,) it did rain, and the wind against me, that I could by no means get a boat or coach to carry me; and so I staid at Paul's, where the Judges did all meet, and heard a sermon, it being the first Sunday of the term; but they had a very poor sermon. So to my Lady's and dined, and so to White Hall to Sir G. Carteret,

<sup>1</sup> This was the learned Robert South, then public orator at Oxford, and afterwards D.D. and prebendary of Westminster, and canon of Christ-church. The story, as copied from a contemporary tract, called "*Annus Mirabilis Secundus*," is given with full details in Wood's "*Athenæ*" and Kennett's "*Register*." It is by no means devoid of interest; but, having been so often printed, need not be here repeated. We may observe, however, that South had experienced a similar qualm whilst preaching at Oxford a few months before; but these seizures produced no bad consequences, as he lived to be eighty-three. — B.



and so to the Chappell, where I challenged my pew as Clerk of the Privy Seal and had it, and then walked home with Mr. Blagrove to his old house in the Fishyard, and there he had a pretty kinswoman that sings, and we did sing some holy things, and afterwards others came in and so I left them, and by water through the bridge (which did trouble me) home, and so to bed.

21st. This morning I attempted to persuade my wife in bed to go to Brampton this week, but she would not which troubles me and seeing that I could keep it no longer from her, I told her that I was resolved to go to Portsmouth to-morrow. Sir W. Batten goes to Chatham to-day, and will be back again to come for Portsmouth after us on Thursday next. I went to Westminster and several places about business. Then at noon dined with my Lord Crew; and after dinner went up to Sir Thos. Crew's chamber, who is still ill. He tells me how my Lady Duchess of Richmond<sup>1</sup> and Castlemaine had a falling out the other day; and she calls the latter Jane Shore, and did hope to see her come to the same end that she did. Coming down again to my Lord, he told me that news was come that the Queen is landed; at which I took leave, and by coach hurried to White Hall, the bells ringing in several places; but I found there no such matter, nor anything like it. So I went by appointment to Anthony Joyce's, where I sat with his wife and Matt. Joyce an hour or two, and so her husband not being at home, away I went and in Cheapside spied him and took him into the coach. Home, and there I found my Lady Jemimah, and Anne, and Mademoiselle come to see my wife, whom I left, and to talk with Joyce about a project I have of his and my joyning, to get some money for my brother Tom and his kinswoman to help forward with her portion if they should marry. I mean in buying of tallow of him at a low rate for the King, and Tom should have the profit; but he tells me the profit will be consid-

<sup>1</sup> Mary, daughter of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, wife of James, fourth Duke of Lennox and third Duke of Richmond, who left her a widow secondly in 1655. She had previously married Charles, Lord Herbert; and she took for her third husband, Thomas Howard, brother of the Earl of Carlisle, who fought the duel with Jermyn, referred to on August 19th, 1662. She died November, 1685.

erable, at which I was troubled, but I have agreed with him to serve some in my absence. He went away, and then came Mr. Moore and sat late with me talking about business, and so went away and I to bed.

22nd. After taking leave of my wife, which we could hardly do kindly, because of her mind to go along with me, Sir W. Pen and I took coach and so over the bridge to Lambeth, W. Bodham and Tom Hewet going as clerks to Sir W. Pen, and my Will for me. Here we got a dish of buttered eggs, and there staid till Sir G. Carteret came to us from White Hall, who brought Dr. Clerke with him, at which I was very glad, and so we set out, and I was very much pleased with his company, and were very merry all the way. . . . We came to Gilford<sup>1</sup> and there passed our time in the garden, cutting of sparagus for supper, the best that ever I eat in my life but in the house last year. Supped well, and the Doctor and I to bed together, calling cozens from his name and my office.<sup>2</sup>

23d. Up early, and to Petersfield, and there dined well; and thence got a countryman to guide us by Havant, to avoid going through the Forest; but he carried us much out of the way, and upon our coming we sent away an express to Sir W. Batten to stop his coming, which I did project to make good my oath, that my wife should come if any of our wives came, which my Lady Batten did intend to do with her husband. The Doctor and I lay together at Wiard's, the chyrurgeon's, in Portsmouth, his wife a very pretty woman. We lay very well and merrily; in the morning, concluding him to be of the eldest blood and house of the Clerkes, because that all the fleas came to him and not to me.

24th. Up and to Sir G. Carteret's lodgings at Mrs. Stephens's, where we keep our table all the time we are here. Thence all of us to the Pay-house; but the books not being ready, we went to church to the lecture, where there was my Lord Ormond<sup>3</sup> and Manchester,<sup>4</sup> and much

<sup>1</sup> Guildford.

<sup>2</sup> Joking on Dr. Clerke's surname and Pepys's office of Clerk of the Acts.

<sup>3</sup> James, Duke of Ormonde, as Lord High Steward.

<sup>4</sup> Edward, Earl of Manchester, as Lord Chamberlain.

London company, though not so much as I expected. Here we had a very good sermon upon this text: "In love serving one another;" which pleased me very well. No news of the Queen at all. So to dinner; and then to the Pay all the afternoon. Then W. Pen and I walked to the King's Yard and there lay at Mr. Tippetts's,<sup>1</sup> where exceeding well treated.

25th. All the morning at Portsmouth, at the Pay, and then to dinner, and again to the Pay; and at night got the Doctor to go lie with me, and much pleased with his company; but I was much troubled in my eyes, by reason of the healths I have this day been forced to drink.

26th. Sir George<sup>2</sup> and I, and his clerk Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Holt our guide, over to Gosport; and so rode to Southampton. In our way, besides my Lord Southampton's<sup>3</sup> parks and lands, which in one view we could see £6,000 per annum, we observed a little church-yard, where the graves are accustomed to be all sowed with sage.<sup>4</sup> At Southampton we went to the Mayor's and there dined, and had sturgeon of their own catching the last week, which do not happen in twenty years, and it was well ordered. They brought us also some caveare,<sup>5</sup> which I attempted to order, but all to no purpose, for they had neither given it salt

<sup>1</sup> John Tippetts, appointed master-shipwright in Portsmouth Dock-yard, and afterwards knighted; Commissioner of the Navy (1667-72), and Surveyor of the Navy (1672-85, 1688-92).

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Carteret was elected Member of Parliament for Portsmouth, April 23rd, 1661.

<sup>3</sup> Titchfield House, erected by Sir Thomas Wriothesley on the site of a Premonstratensian abbey granted to him with the estates, 29th Henry VIII. Upon the death of his descendant, Thomas, Earl of Southampton, and Lord Treasurer, without issue male, the house and manor were allotted to his eldest daughter Elizabeth, wife of Edmund, first Earl of Gainsborough; and their only son dying s. p. m., the property devolved to his sister Elizabeth, married to Henry, Duke of Portland, whose grandson, the third duke, alienated it to Mr. Delme. The duke's second title is taken from this place. — B.

<sup>4</sup> Gough says, "It is the custom at this day all over Wales to strew the graves, both within and without the church, with green herbs, branches of box, flowers, rushes, and flags, for one year, after which such as can afford it lay down a stone." — Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, edited W. C. Hazlitt, vol. ii., p. 218.

<sup>5</sup> A preparation of the roe of sturgeons and other fish salted. It forms a lucrative branch of commerce in Italy and Russia.

enough, nor are the seedes of the roe broke, but are all in berries. The towne is one most gallant street, and is walled round with stone, &c., and Bevis's picture<sup>1</sup> upon one of the gates; many old walls of religious houses, and the key, well worth seeing. After dinner to horse again, being in nothing troubled but the badness of my hat, which I borrowed to save my beaver. Home by night and wrote letters to London, and so with Sir W. Pen to the Dock to bed.

27th (Sunday). Sir W. Pen got trimmed before me, and so took the coach to Portsmouth to wait on my Lord Steward<sup>2</sup> to Church, and sent the coach for me back again. So I rode to church, and met my Lord Chamberlain<sup>3</sup> upon the walls of the garrison, who owned and spoke to me. I followed him in the crowd of gallants through the Queen's lodgings to chappell; the rooms being all rarely furnished, and escaped hardly being set on fire yesterday. At chappell we had a most excellent and eloquent sermon. And here I spoke and saluted Mrs. Pierce, but being in haste could not learn of her where her lodgings are, which vexes me. Thence took Ned Pickering to dinner with us, and the two Marshes, father and son, dined with us, and very merry. After dinner Sir W. Batten and I, the Doctor, and Ned Pickering by coach to the Yard, and there on board the Swallow in the dock hear our navy chaplain preach a sad sermon, full of nonsense and false Latin; but prayed for the Right Honourable the principall officers.<sup>4</sup> After sermon took him to Mr. Tippetts's to drink a glass of wine, and so at 4 back again by coach to Portsmouth, and then visited the Mayor, Mr. Timbrell, our anchor-smith, who showed us the present they have for the Queen; which is a salt-sellar of silver, the walls christall, with four eagles and four greyhounds standing up at the top to bear up a dish; which indeed is one of the neatest pieces of plate that ever I saw, and the case is very pretty also.<sup>5</sup> This evening came a merchantman in the harbour, which we hired at London to carry

<sup>1</sup> Sir Bevis of Hampton.

<sup>2</sup> James, Duke of Ormonde.

<sup>3</sup> The Earl of Manchester.

<sup>4</sup> Principal officers of the navy, of which body Pepys was one as Clerk of the Acts.

<sup>5</sup> A salt-cellar answering this description is preserved at the Tower.

horses to Portugall; but, Lord! what running there was to the seaside to hear what news, thinking it had come from the Queen. In the evening Sir George, Sir W. Pen and I walked round the walls, and thence we two with the Doctor to the yard, and so to supper and to bed.

28th. The Doctor and I begun philosophy discourse exceeding pleasant. He offers to bring me into the college of virtuosoes<sup>1</sup> and my Lord Brouncker's<sup>2</sup> acquaintance, and to show me some anatomy, which makes me very glad; and I shall endeavour it when I come to London. Sir W. Pen much troubled upon letters came last night. Showed me one of Dr. Owen's<sup>3</sup> to his son,<sup>4</sup> whereby it appears his son is much perverted in his opinion by him; which I now perceive is one thing that hath put Sir William so long off the hooks. By coach to the Pay-house, and so to work again, and then to dinner, and to it again, and so in the evening to the yard, and supper and bed.

29th. At the pay all the morning, and so to dinner; and then to it again in the afternoon, and after our work was done, Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Pen and I walked forth, and I spied Mrs. Pierce and another lady passing by. So I left them and went to the ladies, and walked with them up and down, and took them to Mrs. Stephens, and there gave them wine and sweetmeats, and were very merry; and then comes the Doctor, and we carried them by coach to their lodging, which was very poor, but the best they could get, and such as made much mirth among us. So I appointed one to watch when the gates of the town were ready to be shut, and to give us notice; and so the Doctor and I staid with them playing and laughing, and at last were forced to bid good night for fear of being locked into the town all night. So we walked to the yard, designing

<sup>1</sup> The Royal Society.

<sup>2</sup> William, second Lord Viscount Brouncker of Castle Lyons, born about 1620, was the first president of the Royal Society, and a respectable mathematician. Extra Commissioner of the Navy, 1664-66; Comptroller of the Treasurer's Accounts, 1660-79; Master of St. Katherine's Hospital in 1681. Died April 5th, 1684.

<sup>3</sup> John Owen, D.D., a learned Nonconformist divine, and a voluminous theological writer, born 1616, made Dean of Christ Church in 1653 by the Parliament, and ejected in 1659-60. He died at Ealing in 1683.

<sup>4</sup> William Penn, the celebrated Quaker.

how to prevent our going to London to-morrow, that we might be merry with these ladies, which I did. So to supper and merrily to bed.

30th. This morning Sir G. Carteret came down to the yard, and there we mustered over all the men and determined of some regulations in the yard, and then to dinner, all the officers of the yard with us, and after dinner walk to Portsmouth, there to pay off the Success, which we did pretty early, and so I took leave of Sir W. Pen, he desiring to know whither I went, but I would not tell him. I went to the ladies, and there took them and walked to the Mayor's to show them the present, and then to the Dock, where Mr. Tippetts made much of them, and thence back again, the Doctor being come to us to their lodgings, whither came our supper by my appointment, and we very merry, playing at cards and laughing very merry till 12 o'clock at night, and so having staid so long (which we had resolved to stay till they bade us be gone), which yet they did not do but by consent, we bade them good night, and so past the guards, and went to the Doctor's lodgings, and there lay with him, our discourse being much about the quality of the lady with Mrs. Pierce, she being somewhat old and handsome, and painted and fine, and had a very handsome maid with her, which we take to be the marks of a bawd. But Mrs. Pierce says she is a stranger to her and met by chance in the coach, and pretends to be a dresser. Her name is Eastwood. So to sleep in a bad bed about one o'clock in the morning. This afternoon after dinner comes Mr. Stephenson, one of the burgesses of the town, to tell me that the Mayor and burgesses did desire my acceptance of a burgess-ship, and were ready at the Mayor's to make me one. So I went, and there they were all ready, and did with much civility give me my oath, and after the oath, did by custom shake me all by the hand. So I took them to a tavern and made them drink, and paying the reckoning, went away. They having first in the tavern made Mr. Waith also a burgess, he coming in while we were drinking. It cost me a piece in gold to the Town Clerk, and 10s. to the Bayliffes, and spent 6s.

May 1st. Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Pen, and myself, with our clerks, set out this morning from Portsmouth very



early, and got by noon to Petersfield; several officers of the Yard accompanying us so far. Here we dined and were merry. At dinner comes my Lord Carlingford<sup>1</sup> from London, going to Portsmouth: tells us that the Duchess of York is brought to bed of a girl,<sup>2</sup> at which I find nobody pleased; and that Prince Rupert and the Duke of Buckingham are sworn of the Privy Councill. He himself made a dish with eggs of the butter of the Sparagus, which is very fine meat, which I will practise hereafter. To horse again after dinner, and got to Gilford, where after supper I to bed, having this day been offended by Sir W. Pen's foolish talk, and I offending him with my answers. Among others he in discourse complaining of want of confidence, did ask me to lend him a grain or two, which I told him I thought he was better stored with than myself, before Sir George. So that I see I must keep a greater distance than I have done, and I hope I may do it because of the interest which I am making with Sir George. To bed all alone, and my Will in the truckle bed.<sup>3</sup>

2nd. Early to coach again and to Kingston, where we baited a little, and presently to coach again and got early to London, and I found all well at home, and Mr. Hunt and his wife had dined with my wife to-day, and been very kind to my wife in my absence. After I had washed myself, it having been the hottest day that has been this year, I took them all by coach to Mrs. Hunt's, and I to Dr. Clerke's lady, and gave her her letter and token. She is a very fine woman, and what with her person and the number of fine ladies that were with her, I was much out of countenance, and could hardly carry myself like a man among them; but however, I staid till my courage was up

<sup>1</sup> Theobald, second Viscount Taaffe, created Earl of Carlingford, co. Louth, 1661-62.

<sup>2</sup> Mary, afterwards Queen of England.

<sup>3</sup> According to the original Statutes of Corpus Christi Coll. Oxon, a Scholar slept in a truckle bed below each Fellow. Called also "a trindle bed." Compare Hall's description of an obsequious tutor:

"He lieth in a truckle bed  
While his young master lieth o'er his head."

*Satires*, ii. 6, 5.

The bed was drawn in the daytime under the high bed of the tutor. See Wordsworth's "University Life in the Eighteenth Century." — M. B.

again, and talked to them, and viewed her house, which is most pleasant, and so drank and good-night. And so to my Lord's lodgings, where by chance I spied my Lady's coach, and found her and my Lady Wright there, and so I spoke to them, and they being gone went to Mr. Hunt's for my wife, and so home and to bed.

3rd. Sir. W. Pen and I by coach to St. James's, and there to the Duke's Chamber, who had been a-hunting this morning and is come back again. Thence to Westminster, where I met Mr. Moore, and hear that Mr. Watkins<sup>1</sup> is suddenly dead since my going. To dinner to my Lady Sandwich, and Sir Thomas Crew's children coming thither, I took them and all my Ladys to the Tower and showed them the lions<sup>2</sup> and all that was to be shown, and so took them to my house, and there made much of them, and so saw them back to my Lady's. Sir Thomas Crew's children being as pretty and the best behaved that ever I saw of their age. Thence, at the goldsmith's, took my picture in little,<sup>3</sup> which is now done, home with me, and pleases me exceedingly and my wife. So to supper and to bed, it being exceedingly hot.

4th (Lord's day). Lay long talking with my wife, then Mr. Holliard came to me and let me blood, about sixteen ounces, I being exceedingly full of blood and very good. I begun to be sick; but lying upon my back I was presently well again, and did give him 5s. for his pains, and so we parted, and I, to my chamber to write down my journall from the beginning of my late journey to this house. Dined well, and after dinner, my arm tied up with a black ribbon, I walked with my wife to my brother Tom's; our boy waiting on us with his sword, which this day he begins to wear, to outdo Sir W. Pen's boy, who this day, and Sir W. Batten's too, begin to wear new livery; but I do take mine to be the neatest of them all. I led my wife to Mrs. Turner's pew, and the church being full, it being to hear a Doctor who is to preach a probacon sermon, I went out to the Temple and there walked, and so when church was

<sup>1</sup> Watkins was a clerk of the Privy Seal, see *post*, May 9th.

<sup>2</sup> The Tower Menagerie was not abolished until the reign of William IV.

<sup>3</sup> Miniature by Savill, which cost £3, see *post*, June 11th.

done went to Mrs. Turner's, and after a stay there, my wife and I walked to Grays Inn, to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes. Thence homewards, and called in at Antony Joyce's, where we found his wife brought home sick from church, and was in a convulsion fit. So home and to Sir W. Pen's and there supped, and so to prayers at home and to bed.

5th. My arme not being well, I staid within all the morning, and dined alone at home, my wife being gone out to buy some things for herself, and a gown for me to dress myself in. And so all the afternoon looking over my papers, and at night walked upon the leads, and so to bed.

6th. This morning I got my seat set upon the leads, which pleases me well. So to the office, and thence to the Change, but could not meet with my uncle Wight. So home to dinner and then out again to several places to pay money and to understand my debts, and so home and walked with my wife on the leads, and so to supper and to bed. I find it a hard matter to settle to business after so much leisure and pleasure.

7th. Walked to Westminster; where I understand the news that Mr. Montagu is this last night come to the King with news, that he left the Queen and fleet in the Bay of Biscay, coming this wayward; and that he believes she is now at the Isle of Scilly. So at noon to my Lord Crew's and there dined, and after dinner Sir Thos. Crew and I talked together, and among other instances of the simple light discourse that sometimes is in the Parliament House, he told me how in the late business of Chymny money, when all occupiers were to pay, it was questioned whether women were under that name to pay, and somebody rose and said that they were not occupiers, but occupied. Thence to Paul's Church Yard; where seeing my Ladys Sandwich and Carteret, and my wife (who this day made a visit the first time to my Lady Carteret),<sup>1</sup> come by coach, and going to Hide Park, I was resolved to follow them; and so went to Mrs. Turner's: and thence found her out at the Theatre, where I saw the last act of the "Knight of the

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Philip Carteret, of St. Ouen, Jersey, married to her cousin, Sir George Carteret, Bart.

Burning Pestle,"<sup>1</sup> which pleased me not at all. And so after the play done, she and The. Turner and Mrs. Lucin and I, in her coach to the Park; and there found them out, and spoke to them; and observed many fine ladies, and staid till all were gone almost. And so to Mrs. Turner's, and there supped, and so walked home, and by and by comes my wife home, brought by my Lady Carteret to the gate, and so to bed.

8th. At the office all the morning doing business alone, and then to the Wardrobe, where my Lady going out with the children to dinner I staid not, but returned home, and was overtaken in St. Paul's Churchyard by Sir G. Carteret in his coach, and so he carried me to the Exchange, where I staid awhile. He told me that the Queen and the fleet were in Mount's Bay on Monday last, and that the Queen endures her sickness pretty well. He also told me how Sir John Lawson hath done some execution upon the Turks in the Strait,<sup>2</sup> of which I am glad, and told the news the first on the Exchange, and was much followed by merchants to tell it. So home and to dinner, and by and by to the office, and after the rest gone (my Lady Albemarle being this day at dinner at Sir W. Batten's) Sir G. Carteret comes, and he and I walked in the garden, and, among other discourse, tells me that it is Mr. Coventry that is to come to us as a Commissioner of the Navy; at which he is much vexed, and cries out upon Sir W. Pen, and threatens him highly. And looking upon his lodgings, which are now enlarging, he in passion cried, "Guarda mi spada; for, by God, I may chance to keep him in Ireland, when he is there:" for Sir W. Pen is going thither with my Lord Lieutenant.<sup>3</sup> But it is my design to keep much in with Sir George; and I think I have begun very well towards it. So to the office, and was there late doing business, and so with my head full of business I to bed.

<sup>1</sup> A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, which was written in 1611, and first published in 1613.

<sup>2</sup> For further particulars respecting Sir J. Lawson's fight with the Turks, see *post*, June 27th.

<sup>3</sup> Penn accompanied the Duke of Ormonde to Ireland in July, 1662, and he took the opportunity of visiting his estates in Cork and his government of Kinsale.







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